

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

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THE LARGEST
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MAGAZINE
IN THE WORLD

FEBRUARY
1931

MARION
DAVIES

JERBIT

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Predicts A FATEFUL YEAR
FOR TWO POPULAR STARS

Beginning—THE GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HOLLYWOOD
HERB HOWE DARES THE FILM MAGNATES TO ANSWER

When

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JAMES RENNIE

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by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia
Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version
by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD
PRODUCTION



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The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 2

Features

February, 1931

Cover Painting of Marion Davies by Jules Erbit

- Great Love Stories of Hollywood**.....*Adela Rogers St. Johns* 32
The famous Hollywood writer begins relating the true life romances of the movie colony.
- The Strangest Story Ever Told Me**.....*O. O. McIntyre* 37
They tell some bizarre yarns in Hollywood—but here's the strangest of them all.
- February as It Is Written in the Stars**.....*Evangeline Adams* 38
The celebrated astrologer tells how the planets guide Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro.
- Janet's Dad**.....*Thomas E. Lewis* 41
For the first time the dramatic story of Janet Gaynor's real father is told.
- That Boy from Odessa**.....*Jim Tully* 42
Lewis Milestone, the director, was born in Russia, and made raincoats when he first came to America.
- Noble Experiments**.....*Dick Hyland* 44
The matrimonial menaces are multiplied in Hollywood and the problems are many.
- Emperor Jones**.....*Ted Cook* 47
The famous humorist tells what will happen when the golf champion of champions gets to Hollywood.
- 3 Boys Who Won**.....*Harry N. Blair* 51
The real inside stories of Richard Cromwell, John Wayne and Lew Ayres.
- Will Hollywood Win a Title?**.....*Jack Beverly* 52
The movie colony believes George Arliss deserves a knighthood for his screen labors.
- How the Stars Bring Up Their Children**.....*Grace Kingsley* 64
Here you can learn exactly how the Hollywood kiddies spend their days.
- The Screen's Search for Beauty**.....*Adela Rogers St. Johns* 72
The beauty of awakened romance is expressed by just two stars, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor.
- Catching Up with Dorothy**.....*Norman Krasna* 79
Wherein are related the difficulties of signing a new contract with Miss Mackaill.
- Working Girl**.....*Adela Rogers St. Johns* 84
Broadway knew Kay Francis as a playgirl, but Hollywood has transformed her.
- Mystery of William Powell**.....*Evelyn Gray* 88
How the popular actor came to stage and film success.

Fiction

- Beautiful Things Never Last**.....*Lolita Anna Westman* 48
The fascinating romance of a love that was almost lost.

Departments

- Reviews**.....*Frederick James Smith* 54
Comments upon the important new pictures and personalities.
- The Hollywood Boulevardier**.....*Herb Howe* 56
Mr. Howe reports on Spain and returns to Hollywood.

AND: Music of the Sound Screen, 8; Dollar Thoughts, 10; Hollywood's Own Cooking Page, 12; Guide to the Best Films, 14; Gossip of the Studios, 27; How Hollywood Entertains, 81; First Aids to Beauty, 94.

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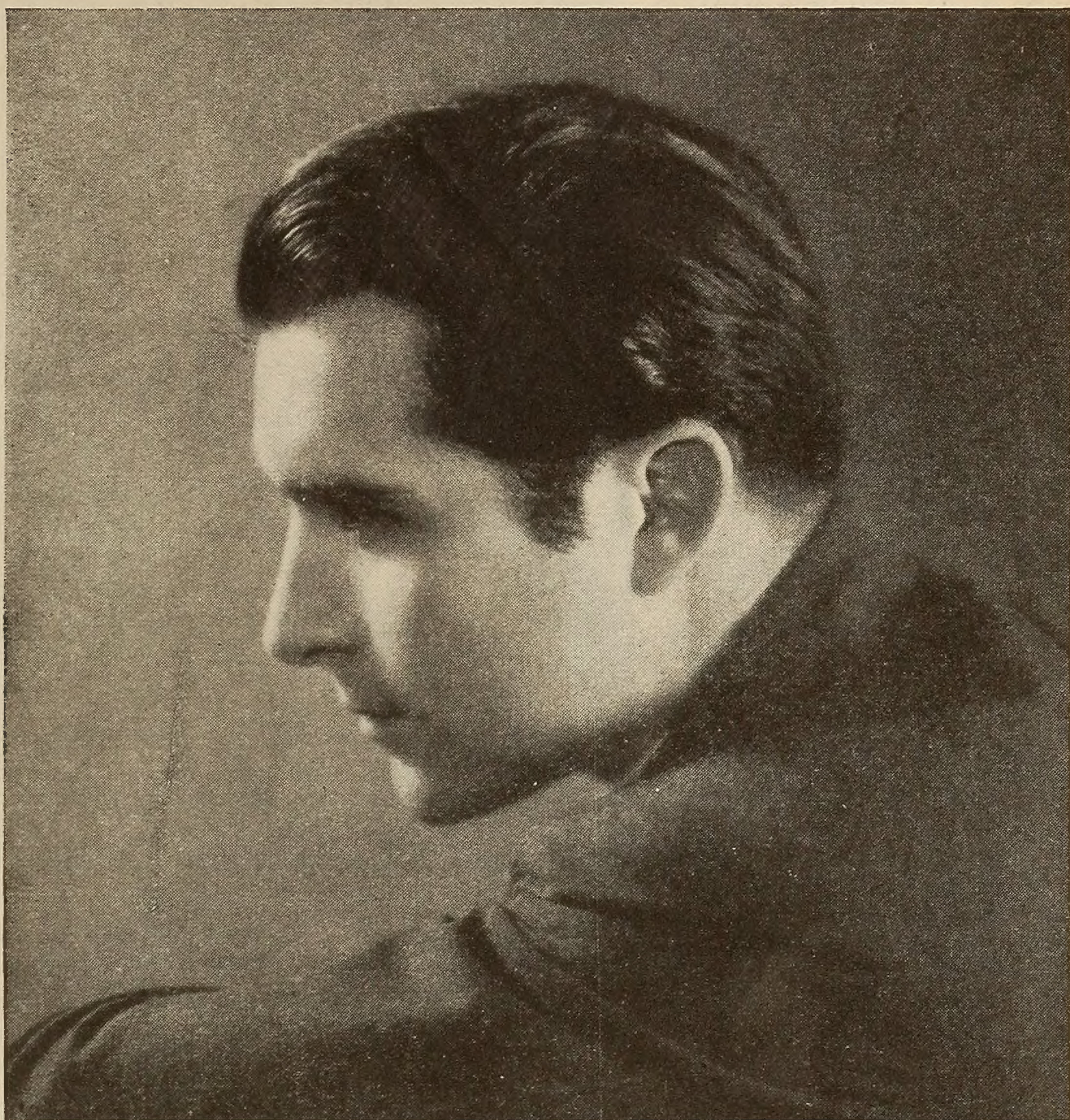
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"Don't Grow Old"

John Boles
warns you

*Learn the
Complexion Secret
98% of the Screen
Stars know*

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"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles, Universal, says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!"

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes."

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the stars keep youth! Learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth!"

Actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theaters everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin . . .

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin fresh and even-textured."



LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."



The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Harry M. Warner

BY LYNDE DENIG

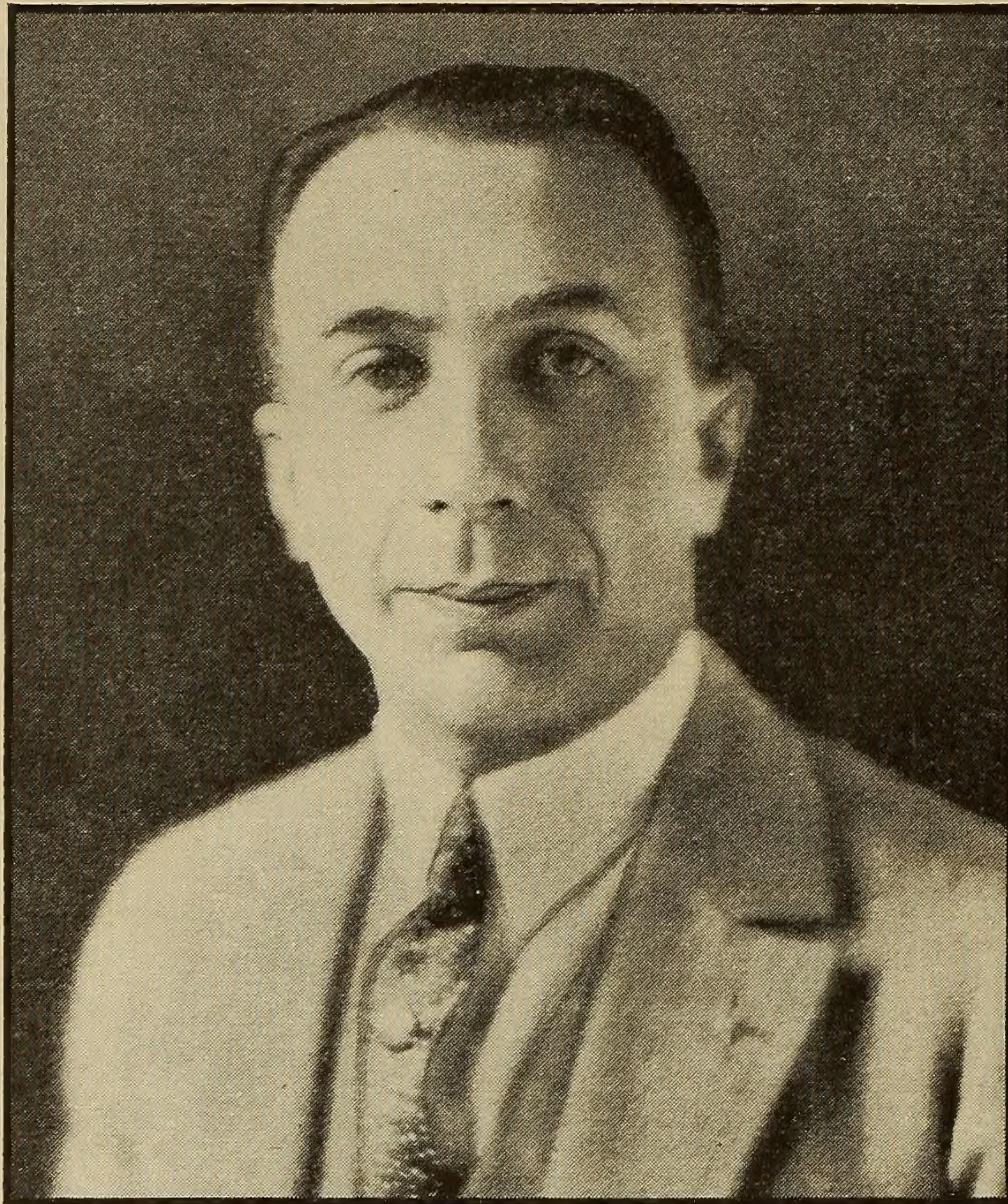
NOT long ago, Harry M. Warner was named throughout the country, throughout the world, in fact, as one of the fifty most important men in the United States. The list of leaders compiled by Ambassador James W. Gerard was published in practically every American and English newspaper of consequence. Mr. Warner is president of the world-wide organization known as Warner Brothers, producing pictures and showing them in thousands of theaters. More than anyone else, he is responsible for Vitaphone, which signifies talking pictures. Ambassador Gerard named Harry M. Warner in company with the most influential men of the period, indicating that Brother Harry is some pumpkin in or out of his old home town.

Like the Marx brothers, the Warner brothers are a family team. Harry is captain. The Warner team has bucked and dodged a lot of interference since the boys peddled newspapers in Baltimore, but they still hold the ball. There has been just one real tragedy in their lives: the death of Sam Warner, leaving Harry, Jack and Albert to keep up the drive. They still miss Sam, however, a good fellow and a smart one.

WARNER, SR., father of a dozen children, hailed from Poland and located in Baltimore. He opened a shoe-repairing shop and spent a large part of his time keeping his own offspring properly shod. The pennies brought home by the boys after selling their papers were banked in a sugar bowl. From that time on, the Warner brothers have shared alike in a family bank account.

Harry's first real, grown-up job was that of a traveling salesman for a wholesale meat dealer. Sam was developing his back muscles firing a locomotive on the Erie Railroad. One night, Sam dropped into a tent show in Sandusky, Ohio, where "The Great Train Robbery" was on view. He was impressed.

There came a meeting of the four brothers in Pittsburgh. They decided to get the jump on the new era—the motion-picture era—following the passing day of the safety bicycle. They hired a hall in Newcastle, Pa., rented chairs from a local undertaker; Sister Rose played a piano; Jack, a thirteen-year-old lad with a



HARRY M. WARNER

Mr. Warner is president of the world-wide organization known as Warner Brothers. More than anyone else, he is responsible for Vitaphone, which signifies talking pictures. It was Mr. Warner who gave the screen a voice.

New Movie is going to tell you—briefly and concisely—the life stories of the men who make your movies, so that you may better know these men who provide your entertainment and guide your taste in literature, fashions and all the things of life.

husky soprano, sang illustrated songs; while Harry ran the show, assisted by Albert. Brother Sam took "The Great Train Robbery" on a tour of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Harry handled both the cash and the credit for the Warner enterprises when there wasn't much of either. Now that there are millions of both, he still guards the family purse.

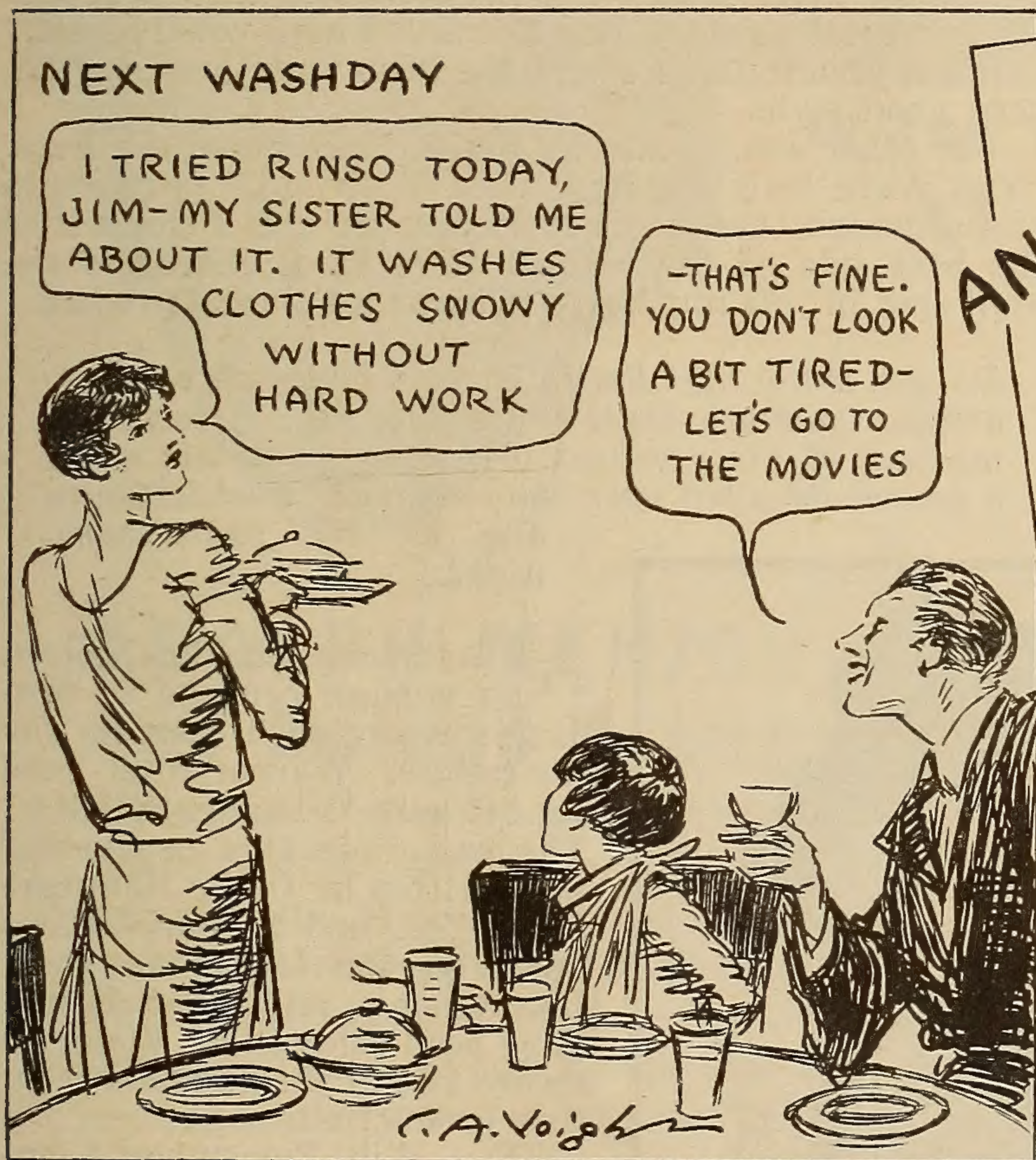
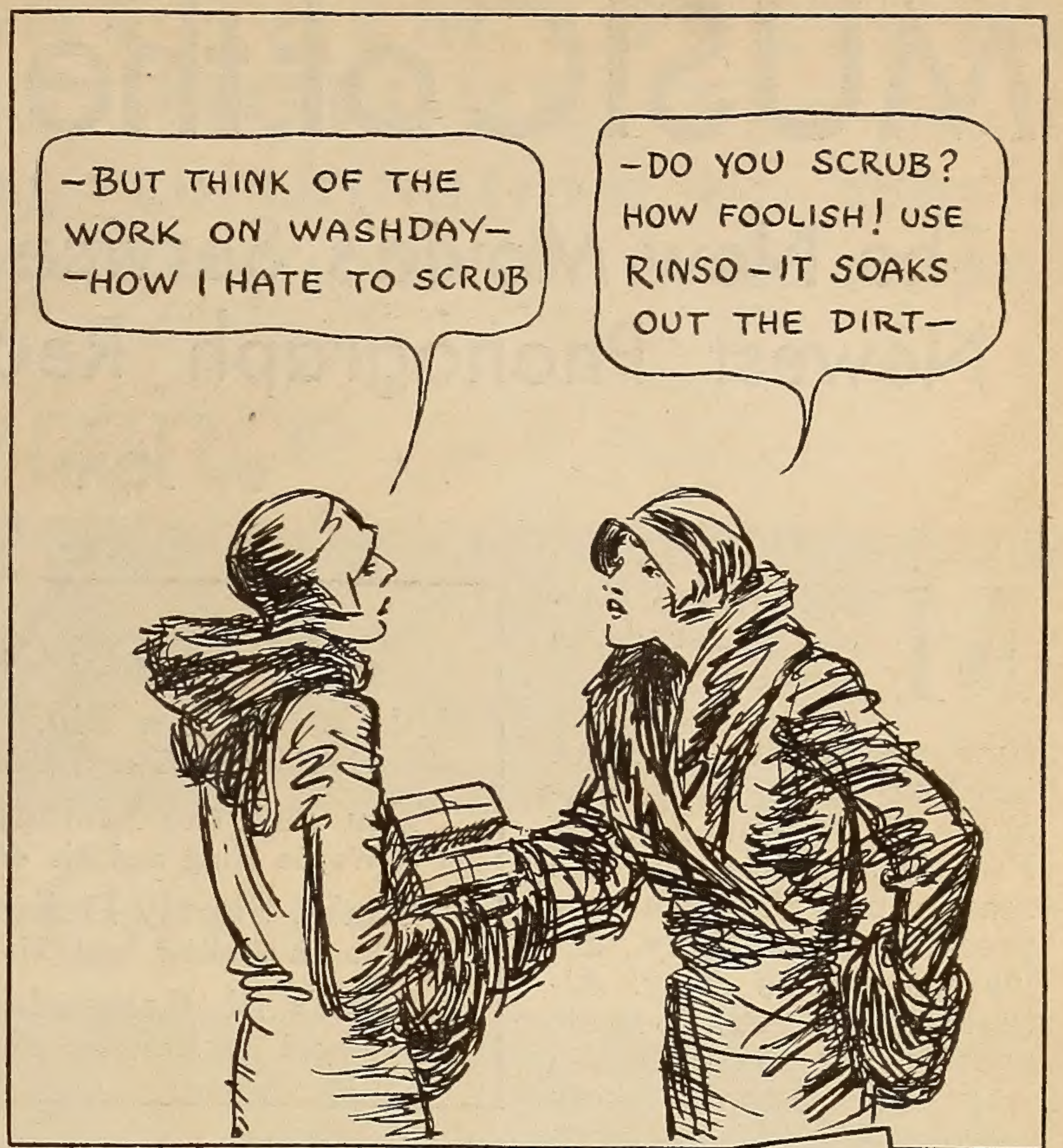
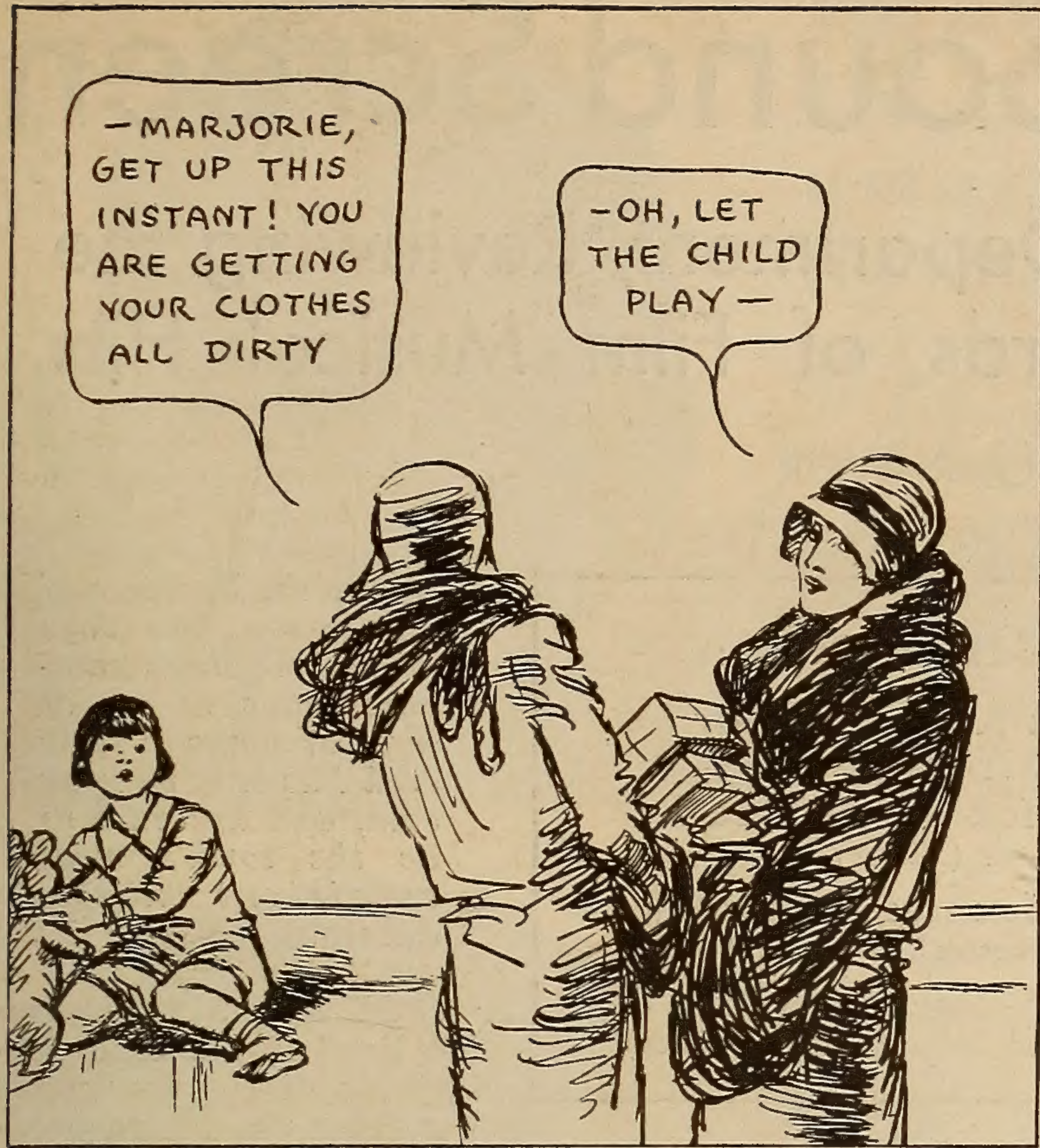
THOSE were the trust-busting days—the days of Teddy and his Big Stick, of Tom Lawson, of schooners of lager, of hot stew on the free lunch counter in the corner saloon. Also, they were the days of the General Film Company's monopoly. The Warners jumped into the first line of independents and defied the trust. They made some pictures of a sort, established a primitive exchange for the distribution of their films and promptly went broke. They took the count, smiling, and came up for another round with Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" in their tin cans.

The picture was a war-time favorite.

The stalwart Warners carried a pocket full of cash to Hollywood, borrowed a few thousand more and set up a studio, allowing room for Rin-Tin-Tin and his dog-house. For a considerable period Rin-Tin-Tin was the main support of a large family. While such memorable productions as "The Marriage Circle," "Lady Windermere's Fan" and other accomplishments of the redoubtable Ernst Lubitsch gave the Warners an artistic standing, the famous police dog barked away the creditors.

It never has been the policy of the Warners to hoard money. When the end of a year showed a balance, whether it was \$1,000 or \$100,000, the cash went right back into the game: More pictures, more stars (John Barrymore and Al Jolson, for example), more everything. The Warners have been pretty well sunk, now and again, but they always go forward by raising the ante. If a project is new and big in its possibilities, Harry Warner believes in giving it a ride, regardless of cost. But, oddly enough, he almost turned a deaf ear to the talkies. And it is for his promotion of the talkies that he will be remembered.

The year 1925 was one of the not-so-good years. As in the old General Film days, competitors were playing a game of freeze-out. (Continued on page 91)



AND Everyone cheers for these richer suds!

WE WISH you could see the thousands of letters we have received from women all over the country. "A little Rinso gives a lot of creamy suds that last until the wash is done," writes a Concord, N. H., housewife, Mrs. Louis W. Hoyt.

"It's great the way Rinso saves the clothes—they don't need to be scrubbed or boiled," says Mrs. L. J. Gage of Los Angeles, Cal.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. It's all you need—no bar soaps, chips, softeners.

Makers of 39 washers recommend it

Rinso is wonderful in washers, too. The makers of 39 leading washers recommend it for safety and for whiter clothes. You'll never bother with ordinary soaps, once you begin using Rinso for clothes, dishes, floors, walls and all cleaning. Get the BIG box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MCKINNEY'S Cotton Pickers have certainly turned out a pip this time, and the tune is from the Fox talkie, "Just Imagine." "Never Swat a Fly" is the title, and the reason for the swatting precaution is fully explained in the ditty. Although the tune itself doesn't rate so much, the way the Cotton Pickers tear through it is nobody's business. The number has lots of rhythm with a hot trombone and trumpet solo, besides a vocal refrain. The last chorus is all flares with a hot tenor sax change. Without doubt, it's the boys in the band who put the number across.

The reverse of this record carries a song which is far superior to the fly-swatting fracas. The title, strangely enough, is "Laughing at Life." This melody has everything to be desired in a popular song. It is thoroughly enjoyable to hear and very easy to hum. Needless to say, the Cotton boys are still at the front when it comes to this one. It opens with a sweet clarinet solo, and the sweet theme is carried all through the number. Following the vocal chorus is a trumpet solo which hits me right. I highly recommend this record, and I know you will surely enjoy it too. (This is a Victor record.)

Do you know that Don Redman, leader of McKinney's Cotton Pickers is said to be able to play every instrument in the orchestra and is famous for his tenor sax playing? And that this band also features Cuba Austin, the famous colored drummer?

THE next song is also from the Fox talkie, "Just Imagine." This is called "You Are the Melody," and is recorded by Wayne King and his orchestra, the boys who are pulling them in at the Aragon ballroom in Chicago. I think you'll enjoy this one and it is done quite nicely.

On the other side is another song from the same picture, "Old Fashioned Girl." This is played by Wayne King also, and the sweet theme still persists. Both of these numbers carry pleasant vocal refrains by Ernie Birchill. (This is one of the month's best Victor records.)

THE HITS OF THE MONTH:

"Never Swat a Fly," fox trot—played by McKinney's Cotton Pickers (Victor)

"You Are the Melody," fox trot—played by Wayne King and his orchestra (Victor)

"You're Simply Delish," fox trot—played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra (Columbia)

"You Will Remember Vienna," Waltz—played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra (Victor)

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the boys who wrote these numbers, have a list of popular songs to their credit as long as your arm, and are said to be the town's most consistent hit-producers.

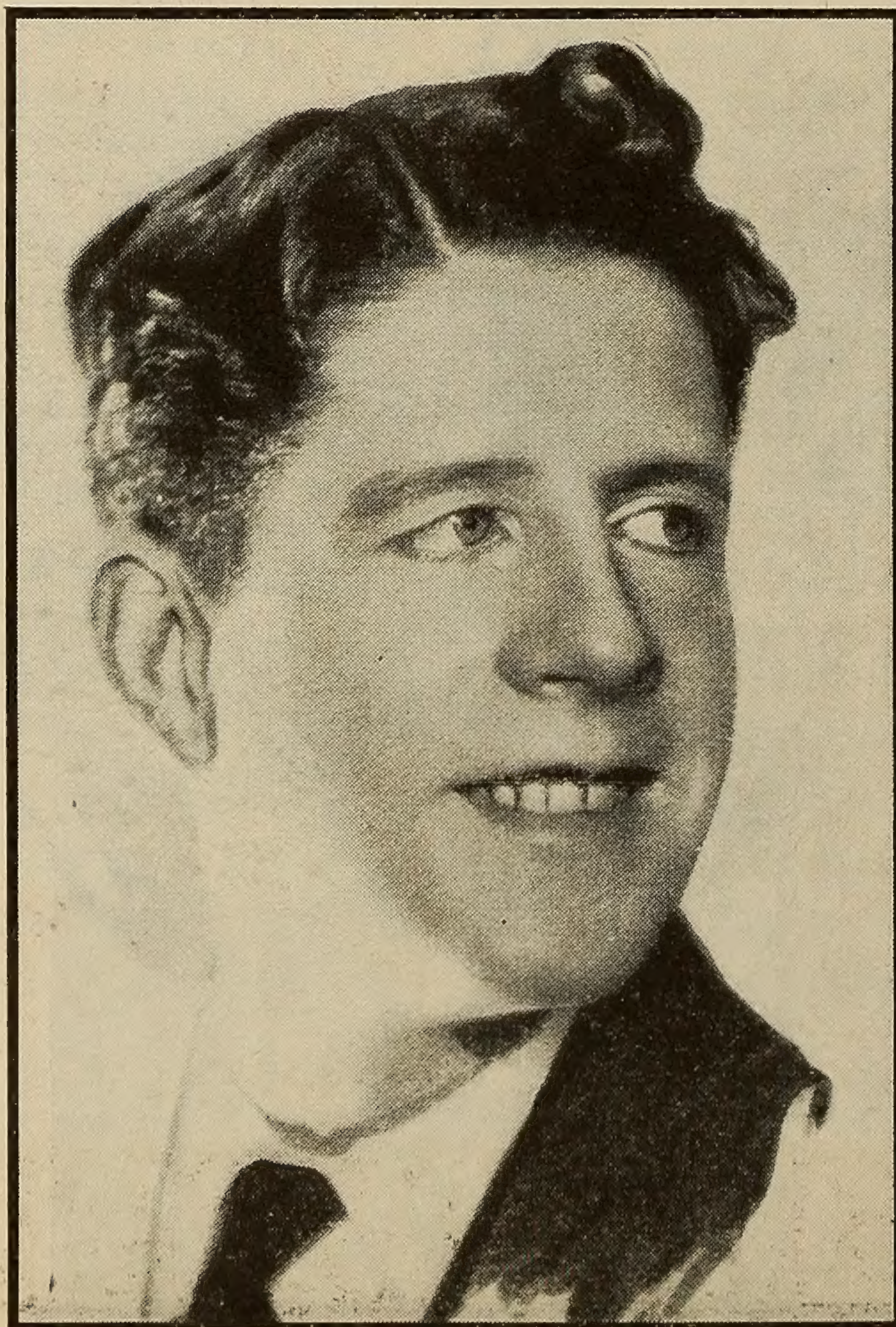
"YOU'RE Simply Delish" is the fond declaration of the new number from the Metro-Gold-

wyn-Mayer talkie "Those Three French Girls." This is played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra, and, to repeat the immortal words of Ben Bernie, "I hope you'll like it."

It's a pretty number and the boys toot through it in very good style.

The other side is also by Smith Ballew and the boys. "You Were Only Passing Time With Me," is the title and although this is not from any picture, I think it is the best side of the record. The vocal chorus is the high spot in this number. (This is a Columbia record.)

Do you know that Smith Ballew, although comparatively unknown three years ago, has, through the medium of his excellent orchestra, made his name a household word over the country? Just listen to him on the radio some night.



AT last some one has gotten up enough courage to produce a really good operetta for the talkies. Warner Bros. have done it with "Viennese Nights." The score for this production was written by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Sigmund Romberg, so you know it's good. Leo Reisman and his orchestra have been selected by Victor to record two of the numbers from this production.

"You Will Remember Vienna," a waltz, seems to me to be the headliner so far. It's a smooth flowing melody, done in the Reisman manner, sure to delight you.

The reverse of this record is the fox trot, "I Bring a Love Song," played by Reisman, and this also is an excellent arrangement. (This is a Victor Record.)

© G. Maillard Kessler

Rudy Vallee is represented this month by several excellent records for Victor. They reveal Rudy at his crooning best.

**IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER
IN ONE PICTURE!** *The most
amazing combination of world
famous stars ever brought to the screen!*

Lawrence

TIBBETT

and Grace

MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

**"NEW
MOON"**

with

**ADOLPH MENJOU
and Roland Young**

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



*...She drew him quietly into
her boudoir. Tonight she
was his, but tomorrow she
was to be the wife of another!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Cheers from
Scotland

Glasgow, Scotland

I have just received a copy of NEW MOVIE and I think it is the best film magazine because all the information and articles are so up-to-date. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor's pictures are greatly favored over here and we never seem to be getting tired of the singing and dancing pictures. "The Show of Shows" scored a success here.

Annie McKenzie,
160 Allander Street.

Malta Likes Talkies

Valletta, Malta

In Malta, at present, the talkie fever is raging and all other shows have sunk into insignificance beside them. However, I do not care much for them myself. I am conservative and I prefer the silent films. Talkies require too much concentration and the story has to be understood from the words the stars say. Besides, there are not as many different scenes as there used to be in the silent.

Denise Mifsud,
45 Mezzodi Street.

An English Admirer

Derby, England

I am an ardent movie fan, and recently have been very bored with the present-day movie magazines, both English and American. Then some time ago my chums in the States informed me that they were getting a real good magazine for a dime. And someone sent me a copy of this dime magazine. Now I like it better than any other magazine you can buy. I now drive all my American chums frantic, one after the other, asking for NEW MOVIE above all others. Another reason I like your magazine is, because it's a bit cleaner-minded and more wholesome than most. You do not find NEW MOVIE doing any mud-slinging, for which I thank you.

Edna S. Boothway,
91 Pear Tree Road.

NEW MOVIE in Mexico

Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico

Your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is sure the best reading matter on screen activities and Hollywood that I have seen. I am enjoying your magazine to such an extent that I am mailing it every month to a cousin of mine now living in France, who is also a true movie fan.

Gilbert Rueff,
107 Ave. Lero Sur.

That Perfect Trio

New York, N. Y.

It's been said before, I know, but may I repeat for emphasis? The world of movie fans is eagerly awaiting the reunion of the most perfectly blended trio on the screen: Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. They

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

were perfect in "The Love Parade" and they would be perfect in anything. I understand that "The Merry Widow" is being considered for them. By all means, try to arrange such a production, you movie moguls!

Pearl A. Katzman,
601 W. 189th Street.

Where Is Leatrice Joy?

San Francisco, Cal.
What has become of beautiful Leatrice Joy? She was a most

capable and charming actress, but since the advent of the talkies has not been seen on the screen. No matter how lovely and talented are the newcomers, we always miss the old familiar faces that we loved in the movies. The great public is not so fickle and forgetful as it is reputed to be.

Molly M. Wilds,
1735 Grove Street.

Too Much Chatter

Baton Rouge, La.

At last producers and directors are uniting sound and silence. I think most of us were getting pretty tired of the incessant chatter that went on in the earlier talkies. But, in "Raffles," the periods of talk were combined with tense stretches of silence which made it one of the most enjoyable talkies I have yet seen. This was also true of "The Dawn Patrol" and "Feet First." By joining sound and silence the results obtained prove that these movies are far superior to those in which people stand around and do nothing but talk, even though the talk is brilliant.

Clarence Norgress,
2010 Chestnut Street.

Films as Teachers

Pittsburgh, Pa.

When will school authorities awaken to the value of motion pictures as assistant teachers? No more effective instrument of entertaining and accurate instruction has been invented. And, as yet, except for the few noteworthy instances where its use has been adopted, this potent education medium is being shamefully neglected. Every alert teacher uses still pictures freely in the teaching of geography, history, nature studies, and reading; and she is rewarded for any extra trouble she may have taken by the rich returns in the form of her pupils' heightened interest and close attention. How much greater then would be the benefit from live moving pictures?

B. C.,
Georgian Apts.

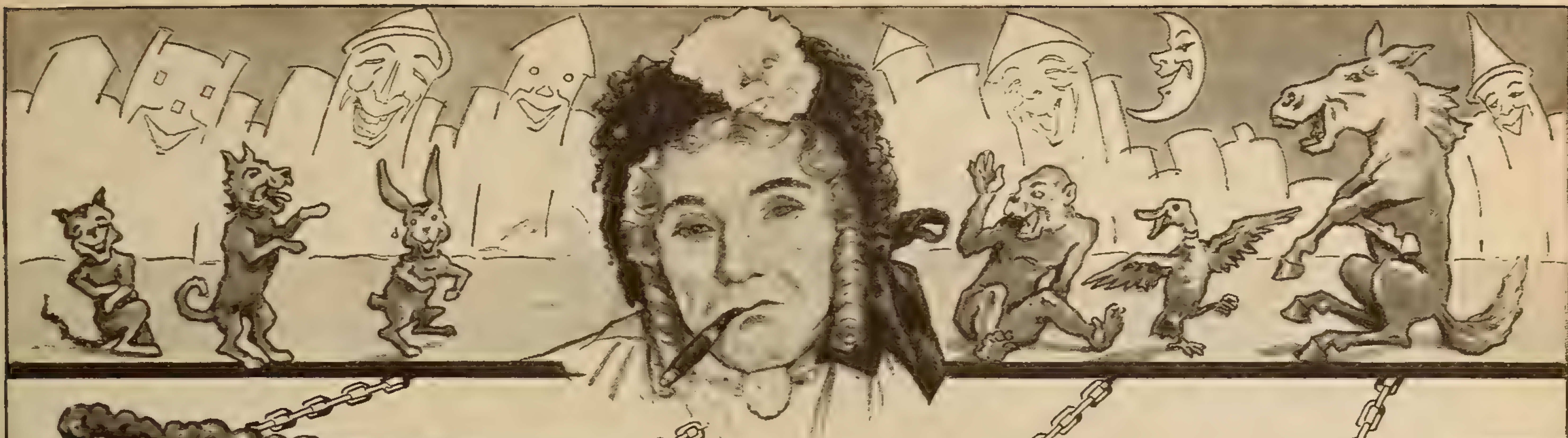
The Ten Wonders

North Hollywood, California

In the picture world today there are ten things that are very much overrated: Amos 'n' Andy, John Gilbert's salary, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell as singers, the come-back of Bebe Daniels, that "Sez you—sez me" team, Connie Bennett's wardrobe, Sue Carol's cuteness, Lilyan Tashman being the best dressed woman in Hollywood, Norma Talmadge's beauty and Rudy Vallee.

B. E. Jaques,
4133 Vantage Avenue.
(Continued on page 113)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



CHARLEY'S AUNT

Featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

You'll **LAUGH** as you
never **LAUGHED** before



FROM BRAZIL-
WHERE THE
NUTS COME
FROM!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



NORMA SHEARER, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who has won fresh laurels with the talking pictures, submits a recipe for cake that sounds good enough to try.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

2/3 cup butter
2 cups sifted flour (scant)
1/4 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder

The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Want to know how Norma Shearer makes her famous fruit cake? All the details are on this page.

7 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 1/4 cups powdered sugar
1/2 cup candied orange peel
2/3 cup seedless raisins
2/3 cup chopped walnut meats
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put the butter, which should be rather soft but not actually melted, into a mixing bowl and beat it with a wooden spoon until it is light and creamy. Sift the flour with baking powder and soda and add a little at a time to the butter and continue beating until it is well blended. Sift the powdered sugar into another bowl and beat into it the stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla and combine this with the flour and butter mixture. In the meantime cut the orange peel into small pieces, wash the raisins, put them in a colander and let steam over boiling water for five minutes, chop the walnut meats and add these ingredients to the cake mixture immediately after the beaten egg whites have been added. Have ready a loaf cake tin well buttered and sprinkled lightly with flour, turn the cake batter into it, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. If your tins are small you will need to use more than one.

AN appropriate spread for this cake is Lord Baltimore icing which Miss Shearer makes as follows:

1 egg white
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups seeded raisins
2 cups chopped nuts

Put unbeaten egg white, sugar and water in top of small double boiler. Let cook over boiling water 10 minutes, beating constantly with rotary egg beater. Take at once from the fire and let cool. In the meantime cut the raisins in small pieces with a pair of scissors and chop the nuts coarsely, add to the icing and spread over the top and sides of the cake. For unfrosted cake Miss Shearer makes a glaze by mixing one unbeaten egg white with four tablespoons of cold water and brushing lightly over the cake just before putting it into the oven.

You Can Use
these
**INDIVIDUAL
BAKING DISHES**
for Cakes and other
Interesting
Recipes . . .



Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.

CRINKLE CUPS

LESS work and less time spent in the kitchen . . . that's the modern way to cook. Use Crinkle Cups to help you make and serve cakes and many other dishes that are daintier and better in individual forms. No greasing, no burning, no sticking—and no washing up of pans when the cooking is done. Keep a supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will discover many different ways to use these dainty individual baking dishes for easier, better cooking.



Pour your cake mixture into Crinkle Cups, just as they come from their dustproof box. No greasing . . . no bother.



Heat the oven to the proper temperature and the cakes will bake evenly and come out delicately browned.

BOBOTEES—A Delicious New Recipe for Meat Cakes

(For other tested recipes, see the Recipe Book packed in every box of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup chopped cooked meat	2 tablespoons butter	1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 blanched almonds	1 egg	Cracker crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped onion	1 thick slice white bread	Salt and pepper
	1/2 cup milk	

Use any left-over cooked meat. If you are making the bobotees specially for a party use veal or chicken or a mixture of the two. Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a small saucepan, add the onion and let cook three or four minutes. Remove crusts from bread, break into coarse crumbs and put in pan with onion, add milk and stir over a low fire until you have a smooth sauce. Add chopped meat, chopped almonds, pepper and salt to taste and Worcestershire sauce or desired seasoning. Add the remaining tablespoon

of butter, melted, mix well and fill cups nearly full. Sprinkle the top lightly with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (about 375° F.) for about 30 minutes.

This will fill six of the smaller cups.

Serve at once in the cups with a sprig of parsley on each for dinner or substantial party refreshments, or let cool and pack in the paper cup in the box luncheon. When cool the Crinkle Cup may be removed, leaving a well-formed meat cake.



Then the cakes will slip out of their Crinkle Cups without sticking or breaking, daintily shaped and delicious.



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Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the big box-office hits of the year was "The Office Wife," the Warner Vitaphone production starring Dorothy Mackaill. As the faithful and decorative secretary, Miss Mackaill ran away with a big hit. Lewis Stone was excellent as the big business man who didn't appreciate her until almost too late.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective rôles. *Warners.*

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60s. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song o' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

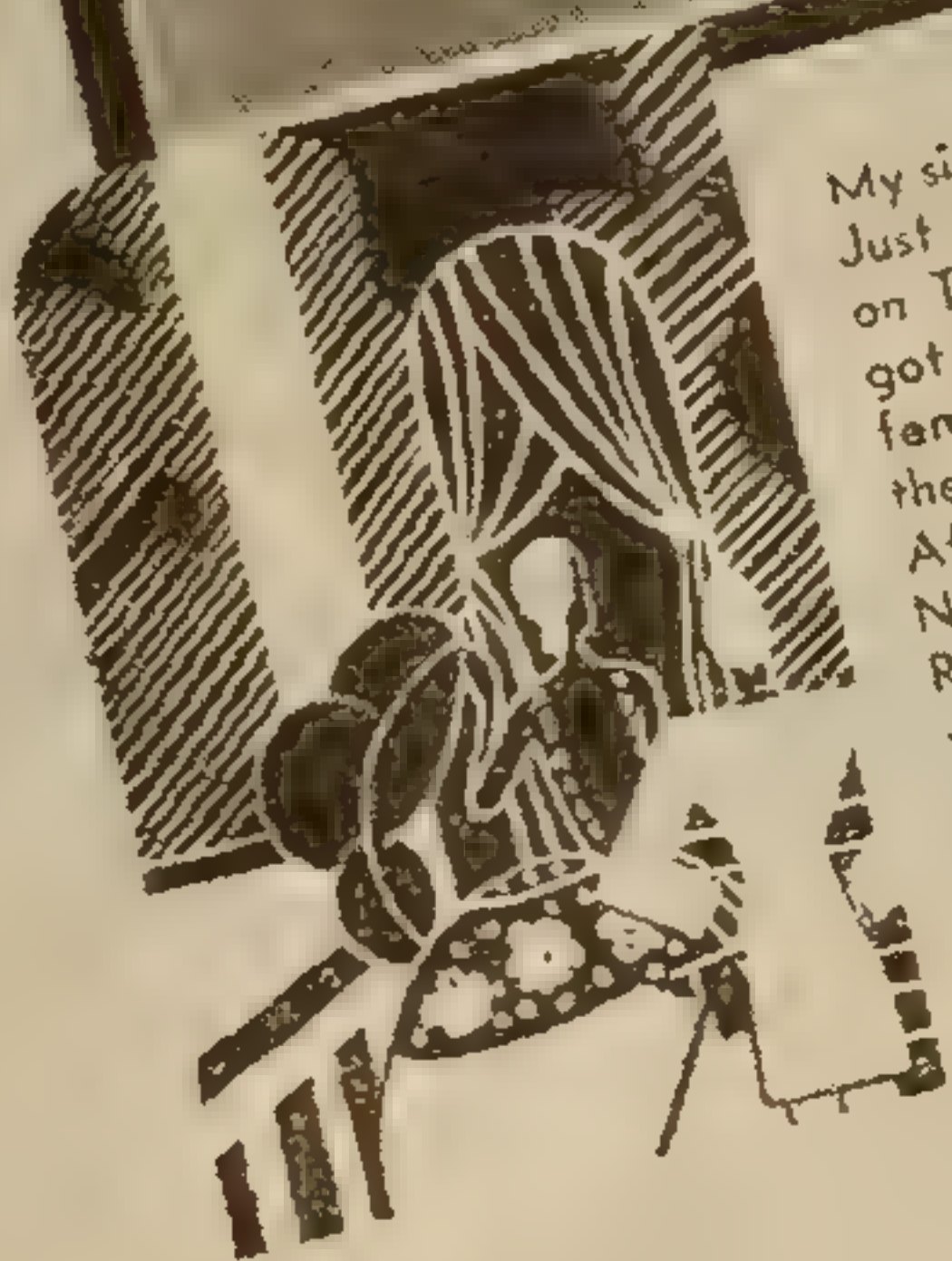
The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

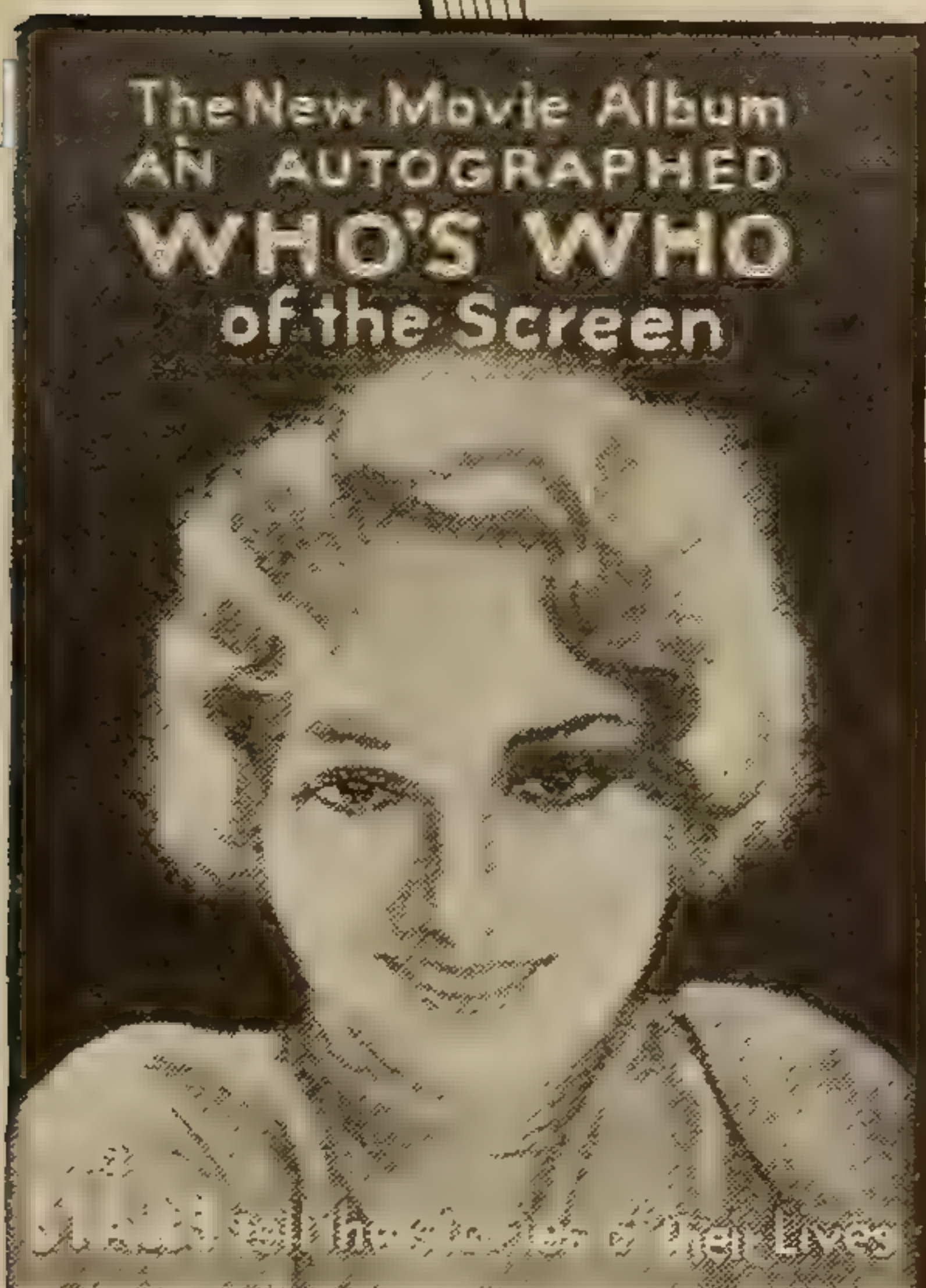
Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. (Continued on page 16)

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to confess that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenth Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine rôle in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topics of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame DuBarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in California in support of Nancy Welford in "Nancy," after which I appeared with Lupino Lane and Fanny Brice in two Music Box Reviews. It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading rôle in "Loose Ankles" which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Chicago." I did not feel I had any particular future in motion pictures, but after a screen test I was cast in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend. Ann Nichols, who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

Nancy Carroll



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It's different because it's autographed . . . the most interesting album of them all! New photographs. Career stories written by the stars themselves! Your record of the film famous can't be complete without this third New Movie Album. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents postage.

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)



The Warner Vitaphone production of "Outward Bound" takes an important position among the artistic films of the season. Here was a strange drama, superbly acted and produced. In the scene above are Alex B. Francis and Leslie Howard.

This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette McDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and haughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub."

With Frank Borzage directing, the Fox Studios made Franz Molnar's "Liliom" into an extraordinary production. Here you see Charles Farrell as the side-show barker and colorful Estelle Taylor appears as Madam Muskat.

in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

Group B

The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin's current magazine serial. It is the plot of the busy business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is mild. It has its thrills. *United Artists.*

Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer, gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. *Fox.*

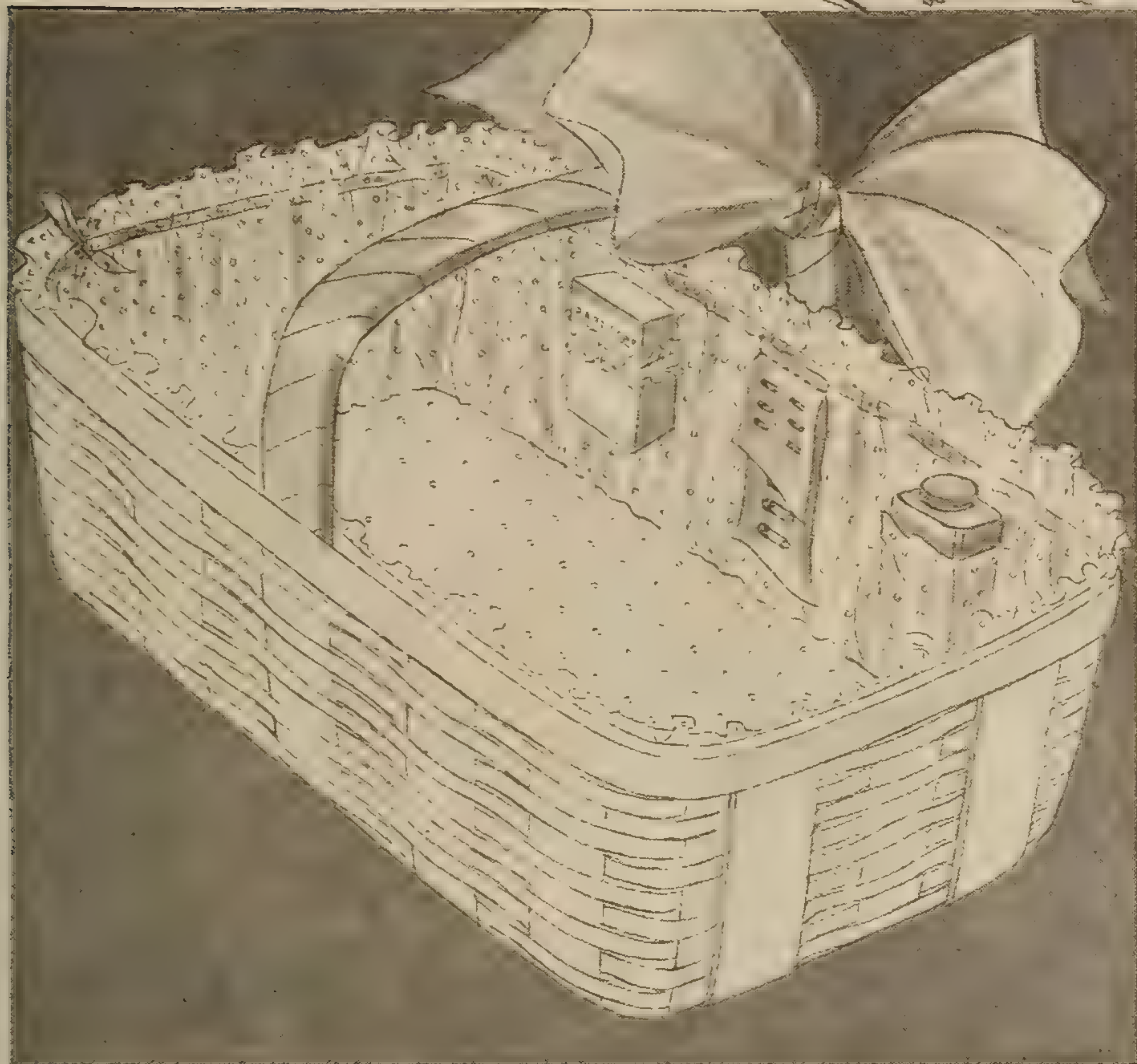
Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. *Warners.*



Things You Can Make for a Baby



F1. Jacket, cap and bootees made from blue or pink outing flannel finished with featherstitching and ribbon bows make a charming and inexpensive gift for the new baby. The circular gives diagram patterns and full instructions.



ALITTLE time will give the harmonious and beautiful surroundings which modern doctors realize help contribute to a normal happy babyhood. Baby's equipment should not only be sensible and sanitary but lovely to look at as well, and this page shows dainty things you can make at home, quickly for any baby.

Our New Method Circulars give full directions for making the pretty things shown on this page, according to short cut methods endorsed by busy modern women.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

F2. An ordinary market basket or small clothes basket, finished with enamel paint and lined with white net over light blue or pink cambric, makes a dressing basket that any mother would be proud to possess. Circular gives complete directions for making and equipping this useful addition to the baby's outfit.

F3. To make the high chair soft and cozy, baby must have one of the new chair pads, covered with white cheese cloth and tufted with tiny ribbon bows. The circular explains how to make this dainty accessory as well as the matching floor spread shown above.

F4. The smartest of the new carriage covers and crib spreads are decorated with amusing animal and bird designs cut from soft eider-down. The circular gives patterns for four different cut-out designs—elephants, cats, dogs and ducks—with directions for applying them.

F5. Toys for baby must be soft and made from washable materials. The circular explains how to make the Mary Jane rag doll and the yarn doll shown below, the wool-covered ball above, and two other easily made and harmless playthings.



WILL ROGERS

in HENRY KING'S production

LIGHTNIN'

WITH

LOUISE DRESSER

JOEL McCREA HELEN COHAN

SHARON LYNN

WILL ROGERS, wizard of wise-cracks . . . as the lazy, lovable landlord of a divorce hotel—in a far west Paradise of scenic beauty. Will Rogers—host to a houseful of love-loose, man-wise, marvelous divorcées. Will Rogers—helping a handsome six-foot hero fight clear to the most wonderful girl in the world. Will Rogers—after his success in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London"—in his role of roles—LIGHTNIN'.

A FOX MOVIEZONE adapted from the stage success
produced by **JOHN GOLDEN**

FOX



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

LEILA HYAMS

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Hurrell

FIFI DORSAY



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.



Photograph by Hurrell

ESTHER RALSTON



Photograph by Autrey

JANET GAYNOR



Photograph by Preston Duncan

JOAN BENNETT



DOROTHY MACKAILL Says—
Charming First National Star

"You, too, will find Life Savers 'always good taste'"



CAROLE LOMBARD

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2



Gossip of the Studios

THE annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were made at a banquet attended by 600 prominent members of the motion picture industry in the Ambassador Hotel.



Colleen Moore: In a Battle Creek sanitarium recovering from nervous breakdown caused by trials of touring with a new stage play.

These awards are made by vote of all the members of the academy and are the highest honors which can be given by those who work in pictures to their fellow-members for artistic effort.

A feature of the evening was a speech made by Thomas A. Edison and given to the guests by means of the talking screen. Will H. Hays was also a speaker, in person.

These honors were presented for pictures seen in Los Angeles during the year from Aug. 1 to

honors each received a bronze statuette, symbolizing achievement.

In the absence of William de Mille, president of the Academy, Conrad Nagel presided and made the awards.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE is

resting at a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. A complete nervous breakdown and the need of a rest are given as the causes for her entrance. Colleen went out on the road with a stage play, entitled "Foam," which she expected to bring into New York. Much re-writing was necessary to whip the play into shape.

"In the meantime," writes Colleen, "they change the script every day. I never know when I arrive at the theater what lines I'm to speak, those we used last week in Rochester, the week before in St. Louis or the ones we rehearsed that day. I've learned millions of words and forgot them, too. I rehearse all day on new stuff authors think is good, do a performance and then sit up all night while they all decide it wasn't so good after all. And I thought pictures were hard work! But if I get a good play, I'll show 'em. I'm set to do it now. Exhaustedly—I think my name is still—Colleen." And we know she will.



Ruth Chatterton: Going to Europe for a much needed vacation after which she plans to make her pictures in New York City studios.

July 31, 1929-30.

The award for the best performance given by any actress went to Norma Shearer for her work in "The Divorcee."

The best performance given by an actor was voted that of George Arliss in "Disraeli."

The greatest achievement by a director was credited to Lewis Milestone for "All Quiet on the Western Front." And the outstanding production award went to Carl Laemmle, Universal Studios, for the same picture. Two more honors for this dramatic hit.

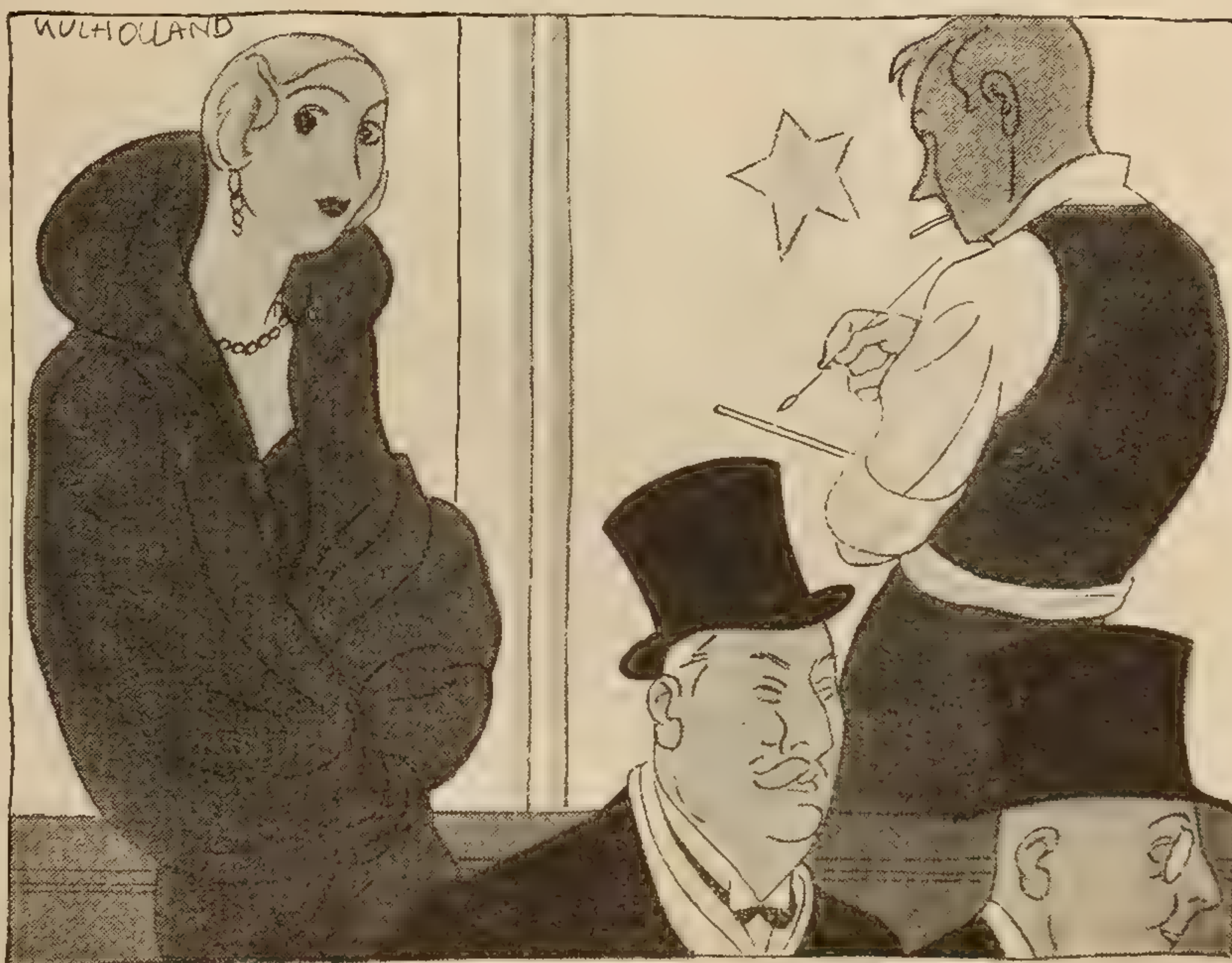
The stellar writing achievement was that of Frances Marion, who wrote "The Big House."

The sound department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio received the award for the best sound recording.

William Van Der Veer and Joseph T. Rucker were jointly awarded the medal for the best cinematographic work of the year for their photographing in "With Byrd at the South Pole."

Art direction achievement, Herman Rosse for "The King of Jazz."

The winners of these



* * *

GLORIA SWANSON

was granted a decree of divorce from Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray by Superior Judge Walter Guerin in a Los Angeles courtroom. Gloria alleged desertion. In order that she might be spared the crowds, the judge consented to come into court at one o'clock and the thing was over in a very few moments. The Marquis de la Falaise did not contest the suit. "If my wife wants it, she shall have it," he said. "The decree will merely

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Marlene Dietrich: Hollywood opening of "Morocco" staggered the movie colony and Miss Dietrich wept.

the major social and sporting event of the Fall in the film colony. It's a real tournament, conducted according to the rules of the Southern California Tennis Association, and the drawing this year was arranged by no less a tennis star than Louise Dudley, one time National Women's doubles champion.

The guests and tournament players were invited for ten o'clock and play began immediately, on Brenon's own court, and on the Malibu courts belonging to Allan Dwan, Robert Leonard, Buddy da Sylva and George Olsen. Mr. Brenon—who, by the way, directed such great screen successes as "Beau Geste" and "Peter Pan"—has the most delightful English cottage, and the back courtyard and gardens were filled with swings and canvas chairs under umbrellas where guests could watch the important matches, played on the main court.

At noon a buffet luncheon was served on small tables set under bright umbrellas in the front yard. Mr. Brenon was assisted in receiving by Betty Williams, who writes his scenarios, Mrs. Louise Dudley, and his mother. After luncheon tennis play was resumed, and the bridge players also went back to their games.

The tournament was won by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Ruby Jenks. The first prize for men was a brown leather and jade humidor presented by Ronald Colman, the first prize for ladies was a beautiful traveling watch.

All the matches were mixed doubles. Ronald Colman and Eileen Percy made a formidable team and were expected to go through to the finals, but were eliminated in an upset by Paul Scofield and Mrs. Witterson, after they had defeated Kay Johnson and Henry Hobart in the opening round.

Clive Brook and John Gilbert won their first match and defaulted the

place a legal stamp on our separation."

* * *

You can get almost every kind of an animal delivered to your door in Hollywood within one hour after you have ordered it. That goes for anything from a giraffe to a camel, from a tapir to a monkey.

* * *

THE annual tennis tournament at Herbert Brenon's Malibu Beach home has become

next because Jack developed cramps in his side. Dorothy Robinson, former state champion, and Clive Brook were eliminated in one of the most exciting matches of the day, 8-6, by Hyland and Mrs. Jenks. William Powell played with Ethel Sutton Bruce, Irene Mayer Selznick with Pan Berman, Teddy Von Eltz with Betty Williams, Ralph Ince with Florence Sutton, John Cromwell, who is Kay Johnson's husband, with Lou Rosson, holder of the women's singles title in the film colony, Oliver H. P. Garrett, author of "Street of Chance," with Mrs. Allan Dwan, and May Sutton Bundy, former world's champion, with George Olsen. The host, Herbert Brenon, was the partner of Mrs. Louise Dudley, but the couple lost in the first round to Lou Rosson and John Cromwell. Adela Rogers St. Johns and Buddy da Sylva, the famous song writer, were paired and defeated in the initial set by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks.

The final match, which caused much enthusiasm with the crowd, all the defeated players gathering about, was played between Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks, and May Sutton Bundy and George Olsen, the former team winning 6-0.

Among the guests who watched the matches were Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Mrs. Mary Forbes, Carol Lombard, Dove Armstrong, and Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman.

Sue Severence, Doris and Violet Doeg, sisters of the national champion, Johnny Doeg, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Steve and Dot Royce, David Butler and Louise Garrett, Milton Cohen, Solly Bianco, men's champion of the movie colony, who played with Mrs. Da Sylva, were other entrants.

* * *

ALAN CROSLAND, well known director, and Natalie Moorehead, are to be married soon. They're planning quite a wedding.

* * *

THIS Chester Morris is a quiet young fellow, who has risen to unusual heights of popularity without anybody in Hollywood being quite conscious that he was doing it. He is happily married, has a family and doesn't go out much. But everyone who knows him swears by him. He is probably headed for stardom soon, unless the dearth of good leading men makes it more worth while for him to continue as a featured player.

* * *

OPENINGS get bigger and better. "Hell's Angels" topped everything for crowds and attendance of celebrities. But "Morocco," starring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, electrified the professional first night audience at Grauman's Chinese



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Theater and brought forth more enthusiasm than any premiere ever seen in these parts. Miss Dietrich herself was present, accompanied by Josef Von Sternberg, who directed the picture. She wore a very simple white frock and wept quite openly as the cheers and applause for her great work swept through the packed house.

In the audience we saw Ruth Chatterton, accompanied by her husband, Ralph Forbes, Clara Bow, looking very bright and snappy and squired by Rex Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, William Powell and Carol Lombard, Gary Cooper with Lupe Velez, Kay Francis, in cloth of gold, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, The Marquis de la Falaise and Constance Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol), Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Harry Bannister and his wife, Ann Harding, who is never recognized by the crowds, Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Marie Dressler, getting the biggest reception of anyone from the fans, Lily Damita, whirling her silken draperies under a new ermine coat, Lew Cody, Wallace Beery, Victor McLaglen, towering over the rest of the crowd with his big smile, Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, pretty Marian Nixon, with her good looking husband, Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulateur (Hope Hampton), wearing the most magnificent jewels of anyone present, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), in shimmering white and ermine cape, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. George Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey, and Joan Marsh, in pale pink. It was really a great occasion.

* * *

The salary of a hippopotamus in Hollywood is \$600 a day.

* * *

BEN LYON and Bebe Daniels have remodeled one of their Santa Monica beach houses and expect to stay there all Winter.

* * *

THE biggest billboard advertising ever seen in Hollywood was given Marlene Dietrich just a few weeks prior to the opening of "Morocco." A twenty-four sheet, in pale green, simply bore those two words MARLENE DIETRICH in letters many feet high and bright scarlet. That's hard to live up to, but the gal does it.

* * *

RUTH CHATTERTON leaves for Europe shortly. When she returns she will stay in New York to make pictures. Jack King gave a delightful dinner party for her recently. Jack is the good looking blond young man who composes songs and

plays accompaniments for Elsie Janis. Among the guests were William Powell, Ronald Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Elsie Janis, Ramon Novarro, Jimmy Dyrenforth, who writes charming songs, Carol Gibbons and John Clare.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO was well enough to entertain a few of her friends at tennis on Sundays when she had a relapse and had to undergo an operation. She and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have been living in Cedric's beautiful new home in Santa Monica Canyon. Dolores' plans for future work are indefinite. Her United Artists contract was canceled because of her long illness with its attendant inability to appear before the camera. She's been rumored about to sign with Fox, where she was first starred.

* * *

Marlene Dietrich, the newest sensation of Hollywood, fiddles a mean fiddle.

Janet Gaynor plays the zither.

* * *

RENEE ADOREE and Lila Lee are both in the same sanitarium, near Prescott, Arizona. They've not been allowed to visit each other yet, but they can write notes back and forth and I imagine there are plenty of laughs in the notes, for both those girls have courage and humor enough to pull them through anything. Lila is getting better every day and Renee has showed a decided improvement since she went there for a complete rest and treatment.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S younger set had a very swell time at a party given the other night by Mr. and Mrs. William Ince at their home in Beverly Hills. Young Bill Ince is the eldest son of the late Thomas H. Ince, one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry.

It was a "hard time" party, and everybody tried to look as though they were the original fellow that got caught in the stock market crash. Some insisted they were. All came in old clothes.

Mrs. Ince wore a costume made out of old sail cloth and managed to look very pretty just the same. Among the guests were Maureen O'Sullivan, Mar-



Marie Dressler: On the stage since she was five, she now arrives at stardom and spurns \$10,000 a week.



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Charlie Farrell: An announcement of his engagement to Virginia Valli is expected at any moment.

tha Sleeper, Josephine Dunn, Sally Blane, Adrienne Dore, Nancy Drexel, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Tom Ince, Lew Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, and David Rollins.

* * *

WHEN Marie Dressler finished her last picture, called "Reducing," she gave a turkey dinner on the set for the entire company, electricians, grips, sound and camera-men, actors and all. Over fifty people attended.

* * *

Miss Dressler has been on the stage and screen since she was five years old. She recently turned down an offer of \$10,000 a week to make personal appearances in a New York theater.

* * *

NORMA TALMADGE is back in Hollywood and doesn't seem very happy about it. She had a marvelous time in Europe. No story has been selected for her next picture. We'd like to see Norma do one of the charming, romantic things that were so popular in the old days.

* * *

MADGE KENNEDY, who forsook Hollywood for the stage, was tossed through a windshield in an automobile accident near Boston. Her face was cut but she managed to appear behind the footlights that very night.

* * *

ON Armistice Night, Marion Davies was hostess to 3500 ex-service men and their wives and sweethearts, at a magnificent ball and supper given at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

It was really one of the most remarkable entertainments ever presented for any occasion. Miss Davies is Honorary Colonel of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry and on that evening presented new colors to her regiment. She appeared at the ball in full regimental uniform, sword and all.

The enormous Sala D'Oro at the Biltmore was gay with flags, lights and flowers. An orchestra played dance music. The boxes arranged around the glistening floor were reserved for wounded veterans. Decorations of all kinds were worn and many of the men came in their uniforms.



From eight until nine-thirty there was dancing. Then Miss Davies appeared on the platform with Governor-Elect James Rolph of California. Both made welcoming speeches and Colonel Davies was cheered until the "rafters rang," as the saying goes.

Followed a program including Eddie Cantor, who sang and told stories. An Albertina Rasch ballet danced. Grace Moore sang. Then more dancing and, at eleven-thirty, supper was served to 3500 of Miss Davies' guests in the banquet room, the small ball room, and the main dining room, which was closed to others for the night.

"We won't forget this in a hurry" was the comment of many of the boys of the A. E. F. Miss Davies made a tour of the boxes and talked to the disabled veterans and signed autographs for everyone who asked.

Among those who assisted her in entertaining the veterans were Norma Shearer, looking stunning in a gown of henna colored crepe, Bebe Daniels, who wore the uniform of a colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second flying corps, of which she is Honorary Colonel, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Carmen Pantages, Louella Parsons, Lily Damita, Eileen Percy, and Grace Moore.

* * *

JOHAN GILBERT'S trip to Europe was canceled because of studio obligations. He expected to leave at nine o'clock on the Chief. At four, he was told he couldn't go and the trunks, all packed, had to be taken off the trucks. The only casualty was Jack's valet, who wasn't used to such violent and sudden changes and suffered a nervous collapse. Jack was disappointed but he's so anxious to work that he really didn't grieve much. His next will be "Gentleman's Fate," a best seller by Ursula Parrott, who broke into the big time with "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer made that and they called it "The Divorcee."

* * *

Lew Ayres was asked how he enjoyed working with Greta Garbo. "She was fun," he said, "has a great sense of humor, and asked me a million questions about what boys thought about girls. And then she topped every one of them before I could say anything with the statement, 'But you are too young, you do not know. What do I ask you for?' Who was I to be arguing with Greta Garbo—so I shut up whether I knew or didn't know what she asked."

* * *

KAY FRANCIS is making a big bid for the title of Hollywood's best woman bridge player. Bebe Daniels has held that honor for some years now, but Kay is running her a close race. Kay Johnson and Constance Bennett are also up with the experts.

* * *

RICHARD DIX is happy again. Director Wes Ruggles

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

yelled, "Cut!" for the last time on "Cimarron." The picture is finished and Richard can get his hair cut. He's been letting it grow since last May! A flock of Indians was used in this picture and the Kaw tribe adopted Mister Dix. They gave him the name of "Gawani Oweri." It means "Big Heart" in English.

* * *

SOME time ago we told about a robber entering "Fairford" the beach home of Mary and Doug, and holding up the latter while Mary slept upstairs. He was caught, escaped, and was caught again. He and two companions were arrested after a gun battle with Hollywood police and lodged in the county bastille. The leader merely kicked out a fourth story window, jumped sixteen feet across an alley onto the roof of another building, jumped the alley the other side of that, went down a fire escape, into a room, socked a fifty-year-old man on the chin, took his clothes, and walked out the front door of a hotel. Only to be caught two blocks away. He broke his ankle on the second jump.

* * *

ONE of the most peculiar and startling of all censor stunts has Hollywood by the ears. Mickey Mouse has been CENSORED! And Hollywood says, "Holy Smoke! If they pick on that poor, inoffensive, lovable little fellow—what chance have the rest of us got?" It seems that among the things which have put Mickey in bad in several places are: a cow in one of his pictures wore a skirt, another cow read a book titled, "Three Weeks," a fish slapped a mermaid, an army of cats wore helmets faintly resembling the German helmet used during the late fracas and battled another army of mice.

* * *

ELINOR FAIR was given a divorce from Bill Boyd, of "Volga Boatman" fame. They met while playing together in "The Volga Boatman" and parted last month in the courts.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. CLIVE BROOK live in the house that was built by Wallace Reid. Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, occupy the home in which King and Florence Vidor lived when they were married to each other. How times do change in pictures.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON has just "done over" her bedroom, in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. It is all in a soft, silvery beige, with the most stunning long mirrors and specially built bed which in the daytime is a large and fascinating couch. The whole house is being redecorated. Gloria bought it several years ago, and while the rooms are big and stately, with

heavily beamed ceilings and a majestic staircase, she always felt it was too dark. Now the walls are to be in soft bright colors and the house will be much more livable.

* * *

DORIS KENYON, the widow of Milton Sills, has left Hollywood for New York, where she intends to take up her career once more. She will probably continue the concerts—a la Raquel Meller—which aroused so much interest last year. Doris feels that work is the best consolation for her grief.



Eddie Cantor: The comedian of "Whoopee" now specializes in telling comic automobile stories.

* * *

No one has ever accused Marie Dressler and Wally Beery of having that thing called sex appeal, yet they are two of the most powerful box-office attractions in motion pictures today.

* * *

YOUNG Irving Thalberg, Jr., son of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, is one of the handsomest little babies you'd want to see. Norma is a devoted mother, even if she won't have her picture taken with the new heir.

* * *

JEAN ARTHUR just returned from a trip to New York, her first vacation since she went to work for Paramount. Says she had a wonderful time and saw some very good plays.

* * *

AMONG the members of the Crusaders, the powerful Anti-Prohibition organization formed by the young men of America to combat the evils wrought by prohibition, is Lawrence Tibbett. Others are Bobby Jones, all-time golf champion, Peter B. Kyne, author of many favorite motion picture stories, James Joseph Tunney, better known as Gene, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jock Whitney, Charles Hamilton Sabin, Jr., Jess Sweetser, Bob Benchley, Leonard C. Hanna, Jr., and many other important young business men.

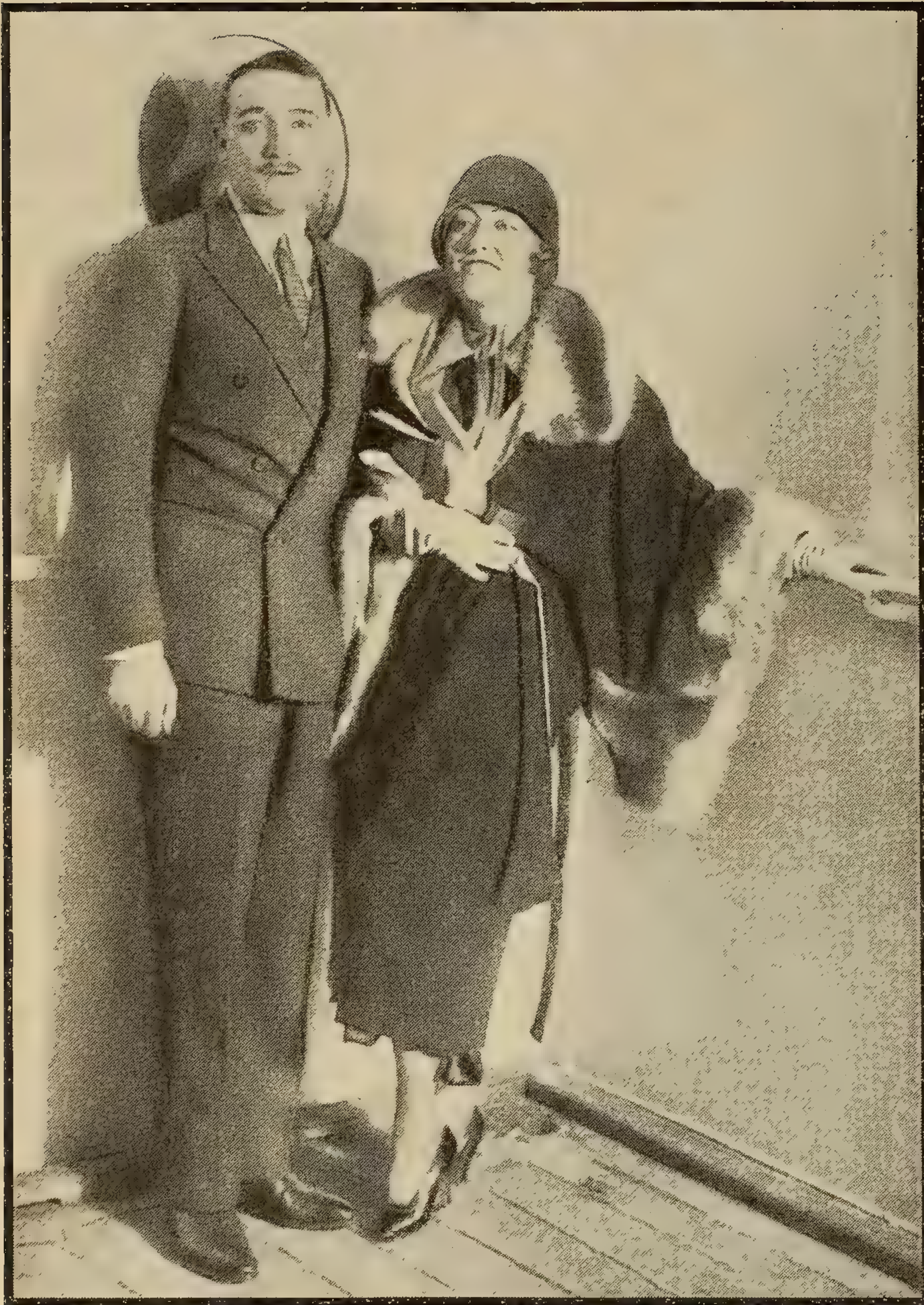
* * *

The Missouri River was the scene of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." But when the picture was made in Hollywood the Sacramento River in California doubled for the Missouri.

(Continued on page 91)



Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD



Wide World Photos

Gloria Swanson and the Marquis, when they first arrived in America. Soon after this the world closed about their romance. The Gloria who had followed her lover so gently, so willingly, in Paris, was reclaimed by her career. Once more she was a woman whose time was never her own. In a strange country, Henri felt himself lost.

A SLENDER young man immaculately dressed in light gray, with a bit of colored ribbon in his buttonhole, strolled leisurely across the Place Vendome upon a certain hot afternoon in the summer of 1924.

His air was gay, nonchalant, as though he were pleased with the world, with himself, and with the prospect of a cocktail at the Ritz bar. His bright blue eyes looked upon the moving crowds with amused affection.

A Parisian of Parisians, that was plain. And many passersby recognized Henri, Marquis de la Falaise and de la Coudray, for he was a well-known figure upon the Boulevards and in the press, where one saw him pictured at the races, at the opera, on the Riviera, between famous beauties and grandes dames. A friend of the

I GLORIA SWANSON AND THE MARQUIS

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Prince of Wales. A distinguished veteran of the War. Last of a long line of aristocrats.

In fact, one of the bloods of the French capital.

THE Marquis entered the Ritz bar. Yet once within a shadow seemed to fall upon his mood. There were times, since the mad and tragic business of the war, when he felt the world a little out of key. When he craved a new, even if brief, experience of unfamiliar things. Even as he joined a group which included the best dressed woman in France, a titled Englishman, a renowned sportsman and two famous dancers, he wondered if the coming day might not hold for him something a little different.

Beside him at the little table sat a tall, solemn looking gentleman, whom he did not know, who seemed absorbed in gloomy reflections and a champagne cocktail. They were introduced. His name was Forrest Halsey and he was an American scenario writer.

Henri de la Falaise made him a graceful little speech. "I'm so interested in your American pictures," he said. "You are doing remarkable things."

The gloom upon the writer's intellectual brow lifted. "You speak English?" he said. "Thank God for that. I'm so sick of the French language I get limp at the sound of it. I don't speak French. I drink it, but I don't speak it. I'm over here making a picture. It's a great country but the next time I hope we build sets in Hollywood instead."

The Marquis laughed. They talked about pictures. The writer brightened by the minute. He expounded on the greatness of the movies.

"**H**OW'D you like a job yourself?" he said, entering upon his next cocktail.

The Marquis drew himself up a trifle.

"Oh no," he said. "One grows a trifle restless, since the war. But it is not necessary to become an actor."

"I wasn't talking about acting," said Forrest Halsey. "Let me explain. I'm over here with Gloria Swanson. We came to shoot 'Madame Sans-Gene' in its native haunts. Real historical background and all that. I don't speak French. Gloria doesn't speak French. Nobody else on the picture including the director speaks anything else. It's terrible."

"Why not get an interpreter?" said the interested Marquis.

Their Romance Began in Paris in Springtime and it Swept Them Off Their Feet. But the World Was Their Mother-in-Law

"We've got nine," said Mr. Halsey wearily. "Miss Swanson doesn't like all nine of 'em. If we can understand their English, the director can't understand their French. And vice versa. Or they don't understand about pictures. They're dumb. They drive Miss Swanson crazy. I was going to suggest that you take the job."

For an instant the young Frenchman turned a very cold eye upon this gentleman from America. The Marquis de la Falaise an interpreter for a movie actress? Still—why not? A long dull Summer ahead. This might be the small adventure he had been beseeching the gods to bestow. To see a film made, to get on the inside, might be very amusing.

"It might be," said the Marquis. "Come right on up now and meet Miss Swanson," said Halsey. He knew his Ritz bar. He was taking no chances.

Half an hour later a surprised butler in a beautiful Parisian apartment was announcing to Miss Swanson that Mr. Halsey and the Marquis de la Falaise were in the drawing room.

Miss Swanson powdered her well known nose, glanced in the long mirror to be sure that her slim, black negligee, just home from Chanel, was quite to her liking, and went down.

"Miss Swanson," said Mr. Halsey, "may I present the Marquis de la Falaise. Marquis, Miss Gloria Swanson. How would you like to have him for an interpreter?"

The two shook hands, laughed a little, began to talk. Very casually. Miss Swanson thought he

Gloria Swanson's marriage was the peak of her happiness. She had always wanted to be married. She has always wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. So her marriage to the Marquis was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever.



A REAL LOVE ROMANCE WITHOUT A HAPPY ENDING

was handsome and had delightful manners. Henri was somehow surprised at a wistful sadness in the beautiful gray-green eyes which met his so directly. Glittering and gorgeous as she was, this lady of the cinema, she did not look happy. Perhaps she was lonely, or homesick, in this strange country.

He wasn't particularly impressed by the fact that she was Gloria Swanson. He knew many women of the theater, opera stars, dancers and actresses. They were fascinating, but they didn't belong to his world. He saw no reason to make a

fuss about them. He stayed for dinner, though. And his hostess wondered why he seemed a little nervous, a little distraught. She didn't find out until long afterwards that he had basely deserted a dinner party in the elegant Avenue Victor Hugo and that he didn't exactly understand why he had done it.

He was, for her—the French language.

She was, for him—part of an amusing adventure to fill a dull summer.

THEY met beneath the glaring arc lamps, within a few feet of the cinema. To Henri, very calm and elegant, Gloria would explain what she wanted to do with a scene. She would tell it in minutest detail, trembling with real excitement.

The Marquis would watch and then in a few swift, delicate French phrases, would pass it on to the director.

"But you didn't—you couldn't have explained what I want," Gloria would cry. "Oh, please, make him understand."

"He understands," Henri would say.

Apparently he did.

Then, as the weeks drifted by, they began to see each other after the day's work was done.

"It wasn't love at first sight then?" I asked Gloria.

Her eyes gazed, rather sadly, into the happy past, perhaps the very happiest time of her life.

"Not at first sight," she said, "but—I think it wasn't long afterwards."

What a setting it was for a romance. Paris, always the best beloved of cities, with her manifold charms, took them to her heart. She lent all her glamour, all her poetry, all her beauty, to this son of hers to aid in his wooing. The distilled essence of centuries of romance flowed about these two young lovers. The background which has always gone to the hearts and heads of men as no other background has ever done was the stage before which they moved.

A Summer in Paris. Her first Summer in Paris. And Henri, who knew Paris as few men knew it, gay and gallant and perfect in his own setting, to show it all to her.

Days spent wandering together in those very gardens where Marie Antoinette played her tragic comedies. Days in the parks and the countrysides, all abloom for this illustrious visitor. Days



Wide World Photos

Hollywood always looked upon the Marquis as just a charming playboy. They didn't believe he had ambitions. They didn't believe he wanted to work. They wouldn't give him a chance. No one would take him seriously.

European culture and elegance, which this little girl from Chicago had never seen.

Days and nights when the young Frenchman, the perfect Prince Charming of every girl's dreams, said softly, "*Ah, je t'aime.*" And Gloria said, "I love you."

They didn't dream then—how could they—that the fatal end was in those very words, since they spoke a different language.

A perfect setting—and a fatal one. A fairyland: America, Hollywood, the movies seemed very far away. Henri did not know and Gloria, all woman, had forgotten what it meant to be a movie star. They loved each other. I know that. You would know it, if you had ever talked to them, as I have, before and since the American courts ended that idyll. They didn't look ahead. They were neither of them practical people, at best. Then, in that Parisian Summer, madly in love, with everything about them singing just the song they wanted to hear, they didn't have a practical thought.

Gloria said, "You know, Henry (she pronounces it the American way), I have to go back to America, to my work. You will come, too?"

"I'd go to hell to be with you," said Henri, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, and didn't know how literally he was speaking the truth.

For the world stood ready to shatter their dream.

"The world," Gloria said the other day, "the world was our mother-in-law. The world was the villain in our story. The world—and circumstances."

ON January 28th, 1925, six months after they first met, they were married, in Paris, with only two friends present.

It was the peak of Gloria's happiness. She wanted to be married. She wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. This marriage was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever. It would go on as it had begun.

So Gloria Swanson became the Marquise de la Falaise.

There have been a lot of things said about that. People must have something to talk about. Rumor has suggested that Gloria married for a title and that Henri married for money. Gloria didn't care any more about a title than

(Continued on page 120)

Next Month Adela Rogers
St. Johns Will Relate Another
Great Love Story of This
Most Glamorous Town



Photograph by Russell Ball

The first camera study of Mary Pickford in her newest talkie role, "Kiki," played behind the footlights by Lenore Ulrich and in the silent films by Norma Talmadge. Kiki originally was a reckless little gamin of the Paris gutter who haunted the theaters for a chance. Miss Pickford has shifted the background from Paris to New York. Reginald Denny plays the young stage producer opposite Miss Pickford and Sam Taylor is the director.



GRETA GARBO—as you will see her in her next talking film, "Inspiration." Miss Garbo plays Yvonne Valbret, the inspiration of all the artists in the Latin Quarter. No, she isn't a model. The scenario describes her as "world weary and a little aloof towards men, yet capable of charming and fascinating all of them." You know how well Greta does that. The popular Robert Montgomery plays the young artist who combats that aloof attitude.



The strange, white-haired man followed me and asked me to listen to his story—the oddest ever told me in all my Hollywood experience.

The Strangest STORY Ever Told Me

By
O. O. McIntyre

IT was one of those gala Friday nights which bring the motion-picture folk to Eddie Brandstetter's Montmartre café in Hollywood. Here the favored occupy ringside tables, a guest star for the evening awards the weekly cup to the most graceful dancing couple and the well known are singled out by the master of ceremonies to take a bow.

If one attends these gatherings long enough, a close-up of every cinema celebrity is inevitable. As every American drifts some time or other to a marble-topped table in front of the Café de la Paix, so do all connected with the motion-picture industry

at some time or other appear at a Montmartre Friday night.

These affairs constitute nights when the movie colony relaxes and rubs elbows with hoi-polloi. The little girl from Big Creek, Neb., chaperoned by her aunt, may reach out and actually touch as they pass to their tables the Gloria Swansons, the Joan Crawfords and the Conrad Nagels—all indeed save The Great Garbo who, in all Hollywood, seems to be the only one to realize the box-office draw of complete isolation.

We were seated one night in Montmartre at a gala evening—
(Continued on page 122)

Drawing by Ray Van Buren

FEBRUARY as it is



Ramon Novarro is a typical Aquarian. He is serious minded, he always was sure of his ultimate success and it was fated that his voice would play a vital part in his career. 1931 will be a banner year for Novarro. But he must be careful of an overreaching ambition. Napoleon had his Saturn overhead just as does Novarro.

MY compliments this month to the editor for giving me two such splendid subjects to write about as Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro. The former has long been my favorite hero of the screen and the latter is an old client and valued friend. So, under the circumstances, the old saw about comparisons being odious does not apply. I approach my subjects without fear for their safety—or my own!

There is another reason for my enthusiasm about these two young men. They were born under Aquarius, my own sign. By that, I mean that they were born between January 21st and February 22nd, when the Sun was in that part of the zodiac ruled by Aquarius, the Man Pouring Water. The symbol is significant. Aquarians pour themselves out on the world. They are universal in their interests, humanitarian in their impulses. They work for others as well as for themselves. That is why eighty per cent of the people in the Hall of Fame are said to be Aquarian born.

Do you wonder that I am proud of my sign?

You Can't Get Away From Your Stars, and Miss Adams Tells How Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro Have Been Guided by the Planets

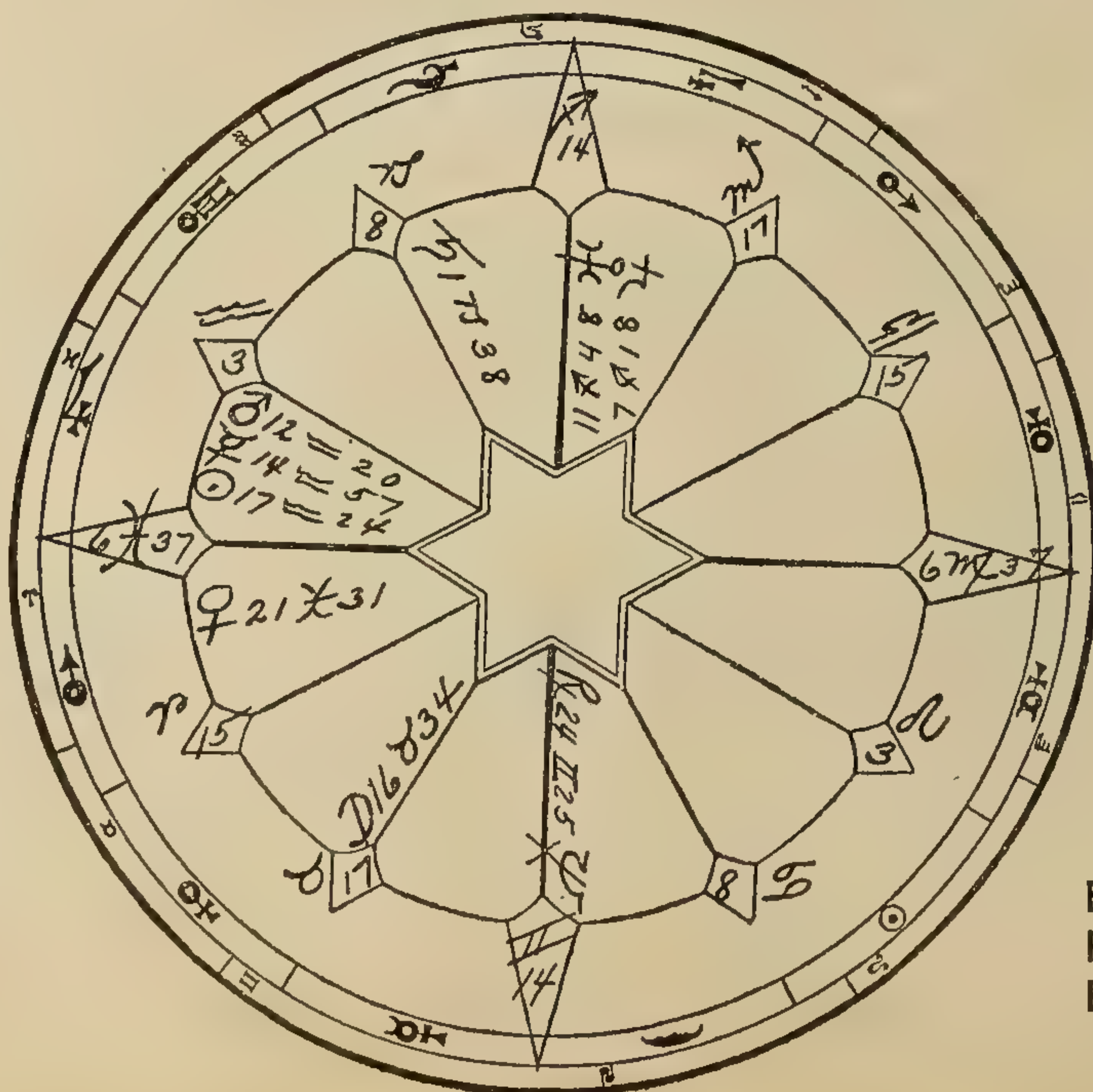
IF you *do* still wonder—if you, who were born under Aries or Leo or Scorpio or Pisces, are still unwilling to accept the desirability of us Aquarians—I can give you even more convincing proof of our ranking under the stars. Abraham Lincoln was born under Aquarius; and so were Thomas A. Edison and John Ruskin and Robert Burns and Victor Herbert and Fritz Kreisler and John Barrymore and Charles M. Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Elihu Root and Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Of course, there are Aquarians and Aquarians. I, for instance, cannot write like Robert Burns or play like Fritz Kreisler or act like John Barrymore or fly like Colonel Lindbergh. And it is not likely that any two men—let alone two such widely different men as Mr. Colman and Mr. Novarro—would combine all of the fine traits of this fine sign. One of them is almost sure to be more of an Aquarian than the other. And the first question I asked myself when I looked at their charts was “Which will it be?”

I could almost have told by looking at the two men that it would be Mr. Novarro. There is a certain masterfulness about Mr. Colman, a certain rough-and-readiness for all his polished manner, which indicates the presence of planets in his horoscope which would tend to modify the gentle, altruistic characteristics of his sign. On the other hand, Mr. Novarro's almost hypnotic eyes and that ethereal quality which is so much a part of his personality are unmistakable traits of the true Aquarian. The fact that he runs so true to type does not necessarily mean any superiority over Mr. Colman as an artist or as a man. It simply means that he is a better example for me to use in showing you the kind of person you yourself are most likely to be if you, too, were born in the last

week of January or the first three weeks of February. So I will tell you about him first—and then tell you how Mr. Colman differs from him.

Like most Aquarians Mr. Novarro is notably good to his family. His humanitarian instincts begin at home. He likes to do things for those of his relatives who have had less opportunity than he has to do things for themselves. He is the kind that would travel about with large crowds of elderly people, sharing with them all the comforts and pleasures which his



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Ramon Novarro, who was born at Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1900, at 4:45 A. M.

Written in the STARS

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

bounty could buy. And, as a matter of fact, he does do just that. I remember one trip to Europe about two years ago, when the Novarros young and old required a good part of one deck to house them!

MR. COLMAN, too, has this quality of interest in his family. But he is not likely to get anything like the same amount of pleasure out of his relatives while he is with them. He has Mars, the God of War, in that part of the heaven ruling brothers and sisters. It is seldom, that a person with Mars so placed in his chart achieves real happiness in the family into which he was born. If he has not suffered from this aspect, it is because of other influences in his horoscope which contribute to the charm and magnetism which we all know him to possess.

Mr. Novarro not only has the Sun in Aquarius but he has Mercury as well. The Sun is the principal factor in determining the character of a person, but Mercury is important, too, because it governs the mind and determines the whole mental outlook on life. Superficially, for example, Mr. Novarro is a very serious young man. He looks out at you from those great glowing eyes of his in a way that makes you feel he has been communing with all the spirits of unutterable sadness. Actually, thanks to Mercury in Aquarius, he is the essence of optimism. He never crosses bridges until he comes to them. He was just as sure of his ultimate success when he was an unknown dancer in the prologue entertainments of Sid Grauman's Hollywood theaters as he was when he was chosen for the much-coveted rôle of Ben Hur.

Mr. Colman, on the other hand, has Mercury in Capricorn, which causes just the opposite to be true. People with Mercury in Capricorn appear to be much more cheerful than they really are. They look out on the world with a happy mien on many an occasion when they are inwardly facing fate with grim eyes. They leave little to chance, but prefer to fight their way through every problem. It is a question, I suppose, which is the preferable attitude. Mercury in Aquarius often leads its possessors into literary channels. It encourages self-expression along imaginative lines. Mercury in Capricorn, on the other hand, gives an almost photographic mind; it enables its owners to recall every detail about things which have happened after the passing of many years; it is concrete rather than imaginative. Take your choice!

Ronald Colman's horoscope, as presented by Miss Adams. Mr. Colman was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9th, 1891, at 5:15 A. M.

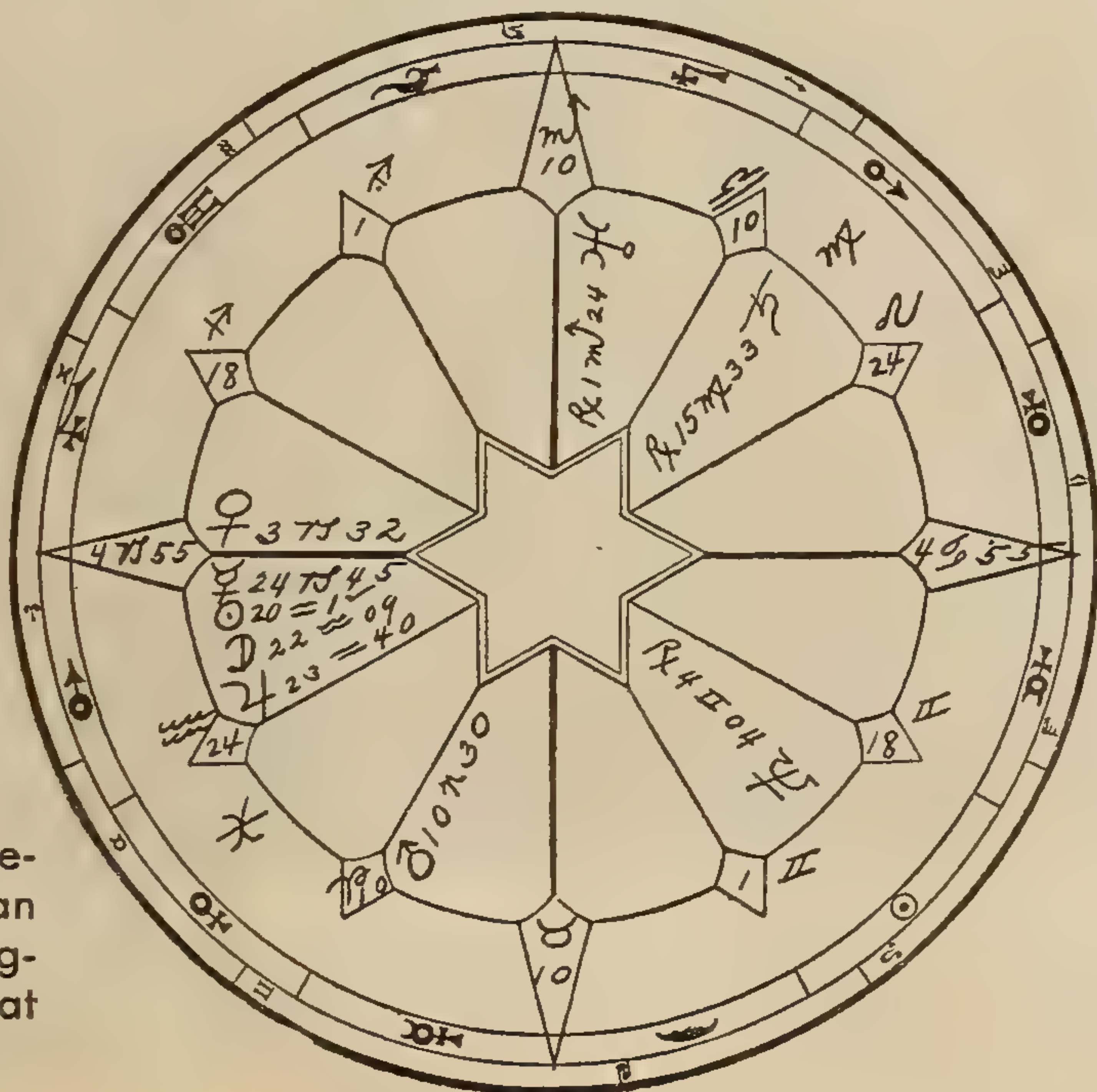


In the case of Ronald Colman, the gentle, altruistic characteristics of Aquarius are modified by other planets. He was destined to express himself along imaginative lines. Mr. Colman's outlook is excellent, according to the stars.

MR. NOVARRO has Venus in another universal sign, Pisces. This is the chief factor in making him so successful in romantic rôles. People who have Venus in Pisces are not only romantic themselves, but they are able to simulate or act romance. Neptune, the planet which rules acting, especially acting on the screen, is the ruling planet of the sign Pisces. Neptune is the shadow planet. It represents the semblance of reality rather than reality itself. That is why it is the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. To have Venus, the Goddess of Love, in this sign ruled by Neptune is the ideal situation for one whose fate it is to be cast for a romantic lover on the shadow stage.

Mr. Colman—to turn again to our other Aquarian—has Venus in the same sign in which he has Mercury, the more forceful and practical Capricorn. This again is a much more personal sign. Venus-in-Capricorn men are masculinity incarnate. They are what is known as "he-men." Ronald Colman is essentially that. The difference between these two men as lovers on the screen would

(Continued on page 98)





Batteries of flood lights front upon the Fox Carthay Circle Theater in Hollywood. The event is the premiere of the Fox extravaganza, "Just Imagine," disclosing just what life will be like fifty years from now. You know how Hollywood stages its opening nights. The premiere of "Just Imagine" was one of the biggest events in the history of the movie colony.

Janet's DAD

For the First Time the Dramatic Story of Janet Gaynor's Real Father is Told

BY THOMAS E. LEWIS

IT was as natural for Lolly Gainer—christened Laura, but known as Janet Gaynor in the movies—to become a mimic as it is for another Barrymore to step behind the footlights or into the glare of the klieg lights. It was in her blood.

That Janet Gaynor, diminutive star of "The Four Devils," "The Street Angel," "High Society Blues," and other cinema successes, rose to great heights while her father, Frank DeWitt Gainer, remained a contented interior decorator, is beside the point. Frank Gainer was, and still is, at heart, a mimic.

And, in that father's heart of his, as fathers will, he still feels he could teach his famous daughter a few tricks, even as, before she was eight years old, he taught her some of the acrobatic stunts she found so useful in "The Four Devils." He said so. And, incidentally, Frank Gainer was in the movies before "Lolly" had cut her back teeth. More than twenty years ago



Frank De Witt Gainer, the father of Janet Gaynor, is a painter and paperhanger in a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Gainer is as shy as his famous daughter and it was difficult to get him to pose for this picture, which shows his striking resemblance to the celebrated Janet.



he played character bits on the old Lubin lot at Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, in Philadelphia, where Janet was born.

A LITTLE more than two years ago Janet, on a visit to "the old home town," was asked by this writer how she came to try motion pictures. Was it a lifelong ambition? Was she movie struck as a child? What made her think she could act?

She replied with no hesitancy whatever, with that girlish frank-

ness which those who know her best say is so much a part of her: "For no reason at all, Jonesy thought I had talent, so I got a job as an extra. You know the rest."

Thus—and you will note she referred to Jonesy, her stepfather, who has since died—did she summarize her first step to stardom. On this occasion, for reasons of her own, she did not mention her flesh-and-blood father.

But the reason, although it did not become apparent until recently, when Frank Gainer himself let the secret out, was that at that very moment she was planning a reunion. Within an hour her press-agents began informing everybody she was "out," while into her luxurious suite walked Frank Gainer, the paperhanger. Janet wanted to be alone with him!

What went on between father and daughter during the hour they were together is nobody's business. Perhaps they just got acquainted again, for they had not seen one another for years, (Continued on page 109)



Above, the house at 1372 Gillingham Street, Frankford, Philadelphia, where Mr. Gainer resides with his nephew. Left, a picture of Janet at the age of seven, when, as a member of a Germantown Sunday School class, she was described as "very quiet, with a remarkable memory."



Lewis Milestone directing a scene of the grim "All Quiet on the Western Front." During the World War, Milestone served in the Photographic Division of the United States Signal Corps. After that he got a job in Hollywood as assistant cutter. In other words, he swept up the cutting room floor. But he licked Hollywood in a few years.

HIS face is broad. There is a glint of laughter in his eyes. He is well tailored, about five feet ten, and slightly heavy for his height. He gropes for a word now and then and has a slight accent; otherwise his English is perfect.

A Russian who came to this country after having received the equivalent of an American high school education in his native land, he is more keenly aware of the subtleties of the English language than most native educated men. Meeting him a half dozen years ago, it was the first thing I noticed.

So small a world is the film colony that a few words concerning him lodged in my memory several years before I met him. Rowland V. Lee, the Paramount director of George Bancroft, said to me when I saw the heavily built young Russian walking across the Ince lot:

"HIS name is Lewis Milestone, and he's a cutter. Look out for him, Jim; you'll be writing about him some day. He's going quite a distance in this business."

Milestone was gone by the time the words were said. But I remembered.

Born in Odessa, Russia, in 1895, "On the Black Sea, the home of Chekhov and Kuprin," is the way he speaks of his birthplace.

Milestone's father was a manufacturer.

The future director was sent to Germany to attend a university where he remained a short time. His father sent him the money for the return fare home

Lewis Milestone Was Born in Russia and He Has Worked His Way Up from Raincoat Maker at \$4 a Week to the Forefront of Motion Picture Direction

during the summer vacation period.

With this money, he suddenly decided to come to America and landed in New York with three dollars. His father cabled him, "Now that you are in the land of Liberty and Labor, roll up your sleeves and go to work."

He went to work in a raincoat factory at four dollars a week. A strike came in the factory and Milestone was thrown in jail. Within a short time, he was out of one jail into another—a raincoat factory.

WITH the future looking about as cheerful as Hollywood on a rainy day, he tried the various jobs in America out of which so many restless and ambitious fellows have eventually arrived.

In broken English he sold chromo photographs from door to door. Unable to look longer at such monstrosities on their walls, the citizens of America decided to enter the World War.

Milestone enlisted in the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps.

He told me quite sincerely that his reason for enlisting in this division was because of his keen anxiety to go to the front, and that he had been promised a chance to stop real bullets within six months.

We were drinking lemonade in New York in Jim Moriarity's place, at the time; and I concluded it would not be wise to dispute a man who was so anxious in youth to stop bullets. So I chimed right in with him, remembering that another very good friend of mine, Rupert Hughes, enlisted for the same purpose and humorously told me later that he had had thirty swivel chairs shot from under him in the terrible battle of Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY calls Milestone "Milly," and, as by this time NEW MOVIE readers know him as a brave soldier and an able director, they may as well be chummy with him too.

While Milly was pining in Washington to go forth and be shot for some idea but vaguely understood even by the people who started the fracas, there were in the same division three other young men who also wanted to die—Albert Kaufman, and the two future directors, Wesley Ruggles and Josef Von Sternberg. The latter, being more democratic in those days, had not yet become aware that his middle handle was Von.

Through these young fellows, Milly heard tales of daring on Hollywood lots that made his blood run so cold he decided the game was a good racket.

A keen logical mind, he had long ago realized that making raincoats and peddling chromos was a job for men with futures behind them.

That Boy from Odessa

BY JIM TULLY

When the World War ended and Milly had recovered from his grief at not being shot to make the world safe for democracy and the panic of 1930, Milly left his other fellow patriots, Kaufman, Sternberg, and Ruggles and got a job with the nice sounding title of "assistant cutter." It paid twenty dollars a week, and he did most of his work with a broom—sweeping the cutting-room floor. Every Saturday he washed the windows in order that the cutters might look down upon the lot and see the directors meditating on the Fourth Dimension and the meaning of life and art—in motion pictures.

After six months Milly went over to the Fox Studios at more money, and a better broom.

Leaving there he joined Mack Sennett, named in his Irish youth Sinot, and pronounced by the whimsical and lovely Mabel Normand, that is no more—"Sin-not."

THE sardonic Irishman sized Milly up and ordered a street sweeper for him.

He went next to another Irishman, more suave than Sennett, less sardonic, and more easily swayed by his own impulses—Thomas Ince.

With a powerful mind and as keen an apprehension as any man I have ever known, Milly learned swiftly from these two men—the fundamentals of films.

His next job as chief cutter and writer under William Seiter, the able director-husband of Laura La Plante, held him for three years.

With this rigid training as a background he began to look about for a chance to go on his own—as a director.

Here, his shrewdness was again in evidence. He refused offers to become an assistant director. A half-dozen years of observation as cutter and gag man—he waited.

If he took a job as assistant he might be a detail man for years in an already over-crowded field.

His ability and personality had impressed the Warner Brothers, then as daring as any producers in the business, but not in the strong position in which they are today.

He directed two pictures for them, "Seven Sinners" and "The Caveman," in which Matt Moore played a leading rôle.

A STRONG man, Milly had made enemies and friends in his climb upward. His most loyal friend was Matt Moore.

This actor, a shrewd judge and analyzer of men, met



Lewis Milestone was born in Odessa in 1895. His father was a manufacturer. Milestone was sent to Germany to study. The family forwarded money for him to come home for his first vacation—and he used it to buy a ticket to America. Milestone landed in New York with three dollars in his pocket.

everybody in films socially. Always at the proper time, he would put in praise for Milly.

His name at last came under the notice of the producer of "Two Arabian Knights."

Milly was chosen to direct it.

The story was barely in embryo at this time. It was utterly different from anything that had ever been done and, as in "All Quiet on the Western Front," the love interest was casual. It detailed the trials and tribulations of two vagabonds in the same gusty picturesque manner in which Cervantes handled Don Quixote and his befuddled follower.

It was the finest work of its kind ever done on the screen, far richer with the flavor of life than all the synthetic offerings of Lubitsch and his imitators.

The film made Milly and its chief actor, Louis Wolheim. It may here be said in passing that without Milly, Wolheim would not occupy the position in the film world he does today. The best work of Wolheim's career is in "Two Arabian Knights," "The Racket," and "All Quiet on the Western Front"—three Milestone pictures.

AFTER Thomas Meighan seemingly had departed from the screen, an effort was made by his friends, among whom was Milly, to bring him back to public favor.

Milly was given complete charge in selecting and directing a story in which he appeared. He chose "The Racket." It brought Meighan up again to being a highly successful box-office attraction.

It is likely that had Milly's advice been followed, Meighan would have remained in the Big League of films instead of retiring to the bushes of his Great Neck estate.

Gratified with Meighan's (Continued on page 118)



Wide World Photos

Janet Gaynor and her husband, Lydell Peck. "The first year is the hardest," says Miss Gaynor in referring to marriage. "You have to get used to it and to the other person. But now everything seems smooth sailing for us."

MARRIAGE anywhere today has assumed the nature of an experiment.

Marriage in Hollywood may be termed a noble experiment.

On every hand divorce statistics prove that the ancient institution isn't what it used to be. The majority of young folks who adventure today upon the sea of matrimony take along a life preserver in the shape of knowledge that if they don't like it they can always tell the judge about it.

Of all matrimonial seas, that of Hollywood seems to be the most dangerous. The rocks and reefs are multiplied by the peculiar circumstances of life in the cinema capital.

First, the fact that in a majority of cases both husband and wife have careers to think about. I may be going against the modern feminine standard, but I still think that is a difficulty, though I admit it can be overcome. But it's wrecked a number of marriages in the past—Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, King and Florence Vidor, and others.

Second, you may not have thought about it, but every relation between a man and his wife is magnified in proportion to the number of people who know about it. In Hollywood, where everyone lives under the searchlight of publicity and carries on private affairs in the proverbial goldfish bowl, things which ordinarily would be quietly adjusted or passed over, assume enormous proportions.

Then, long location trips, working different hours, sudden wealth and fame which upset the best of men and women temporarily. The fact that the place is overrun with attractive, exceptionally attractive, folks of both sexes who are "on the loose," to use a slang expression.

And also—a very big also—economic independence. Most women in Hollywood can afford to get divorced if they want to. Or most men can afford to run two households if necessary, to have their freedom. Many

NOBLE

Marriage Is a Problem Anywhere, but in Hollywood where the Menaces Are Multiplied It Is a Thing to Baffle Anyone

marriages—and Judge Ben Lindsey, whose court of domestic relations in Denver became so famous, supports me in this—are held together and weather storms to come happily into port, because economic conditions do not permit divorce.

HAVING presented the difficulties, let me tell you that there are a lot of these noble experiments going on in Hollywood right now and the log of their voyages to date is mighty encouraging. These adventurers declare that their eyes, having been opened to the perils of marriage, especially in Hollywood, they are able to avoid them. Most of our newest marriages—these that have lasted a year or two—are going to celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries.

Perhaps the most famous recent marriages in Hollywood are Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

None of these well-known couples had ever been married before.

Janet and Lydell have reached the year and a half mark and both are doing nicely, so they tell me.

"They say," said Janet, with her irresistible smile, "that the first year is the hardest. I believe that's true. There are so many adjustments to make. If you have always lived your own life independently it is difficult to mold your comings and goings to another person's life. And you have to get used to marriage and to the other person. I know I found that true. But now everything seems smooth sailing.

"Of course, marriage in Hollywood does have its trials. I remember one night I went alone with my mother to an opening night. Lydell had a lot of work to do and he wasn't very much interested in whatever the play was. So I took mother. The next day the papers printed the rumor that we were separated. Every time Lydell goes to San Francisco to visit his people, I hear all over town that we are going to be divorced.

"But at the same time, Hollywood marriage also has its advantages. From what I can gather, one of the great menaces of modern marriage is boredom. Here we have so much to interest us, so many things to talk about, so many interesting people to meet, that it keeps you very alert. . ."

YET Janet and the young San Franciscan she married have had numerous problems to meet that wouldn't be encountered anywhere else. To begin with, there was Charlie Farrell. Both Janet and Charlie state that they never considered marrying each other. But their millions of fans would have it otherwise. They wanted Diane and Chico to team up in fact as well as fancy. They wrote thousands of letters condemning

EXPERIMENTS

BY
DICK HYLAND

Janet's marriage to anyone but the other half of her screen success.

You can imagine how Lydell Peck, a very proud and reticent young man, must have felt about all this. But it has adjusted itself now. At a dinner party the other evening I noticed how friendly Janet and Lydell, Charlie and Virginia Valli, all were. And the Pecks often chaperon Charlie and Virginia on weekend trips on Charlie's boat.

"Charlie is my best friend," said Janet, "and we are just the same friends we always were. I hope people will understand that now."

Another problem came to Mr. and Mrs. Peck when little Janet Gaynor had her recent battle with the Fox organization. You will remember that she walked off the lot and refused to make any more pictures until Winnie Sheehan returned and they could reach an understanding about Janet's stories. Lydell Peck was a lawyer, before he became a scenario writer in order to stay in Hollywood with his wife. Naturally, he wanted to advise her in this crisis. But it is a good deal like a doctor operating on his own wife. If he is wrong, it has a serious



Hollywood considers the marriage of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to be an ideal match, if ever there was one. They are congenial. They laugh together, they play together, they are vitally interested in each other's work.

effect on domestic relations as well as professional ones.

Still, it looks right now as though Lydell and Janet would make a go of it, though I wouldn't say that they were a cinch.

HOWEVER, I'd stake the family fortune, if any, on Doug and Joan.

There is an ideal marriage, if ever there was one. We happened to spend a day with the younger Fairbankses recently and came away feeling that the world was a much brighter place than we imagined it at times.

The truth is Doug and Joan don't act married at all. It's my own idea that marriage itself is apt to be a bugaboo to everybody. It implies ball and chain, giving up freedom, being restricted in contacts. People get the habit of standing on their rights, which is always fatal. Our own recipe has always been to pretend we weren't married and that we would stay together as long as we wanted to and not a moment longer. It works like a charm, because then each tried to keep the other happy.

Joan and Doug do much the same thing. They are together because they want to be, because they love each other. Marriage is regarded only as the rite or

ceremony which legalized their union, not as a thing giving them rights over each other. They are so congenial in everything, they laugh together, play together, are vitally interested in each other's work.

Irving Thalberg, the motion picture executive, and his wife, Norma Shearer, are still wildly happy over the arrival of Irving, Junior. Irving and Norma make a congenial and delightful couple.



ALL THE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES ARE DOING WELL

No marriage that I have ever seen has made such improvement in two people. The slightly sullen, discontented Joan, who tried to fill up her life playing around, is radiant with happiness. Doug has become a man, instead of a restless boy.

"I don't think marriage in Hollywood is so difficult," said Joan. "In fact, I think it has decided advantages. There isn't any place where you appreciate a happy home, a haven from work and worry, as you do here. You have so much else outside, so little time for the things you want to do, that your home becomes a heaven to you. The more you see of how worthless and unsatisfactory most 'wild life' is, and the more you see how little people get out of chasing around and being 'free', as they call it, the more you cling to the beauty and safety of real love and fidelity."

"You spoke a mouthful," said her husband.

OF course, Ben and Bebe are still in the most experimental stages. They've just completed the first six months. But again I'll put the old bankroll on their continuing in status quo at least for a long, long time.

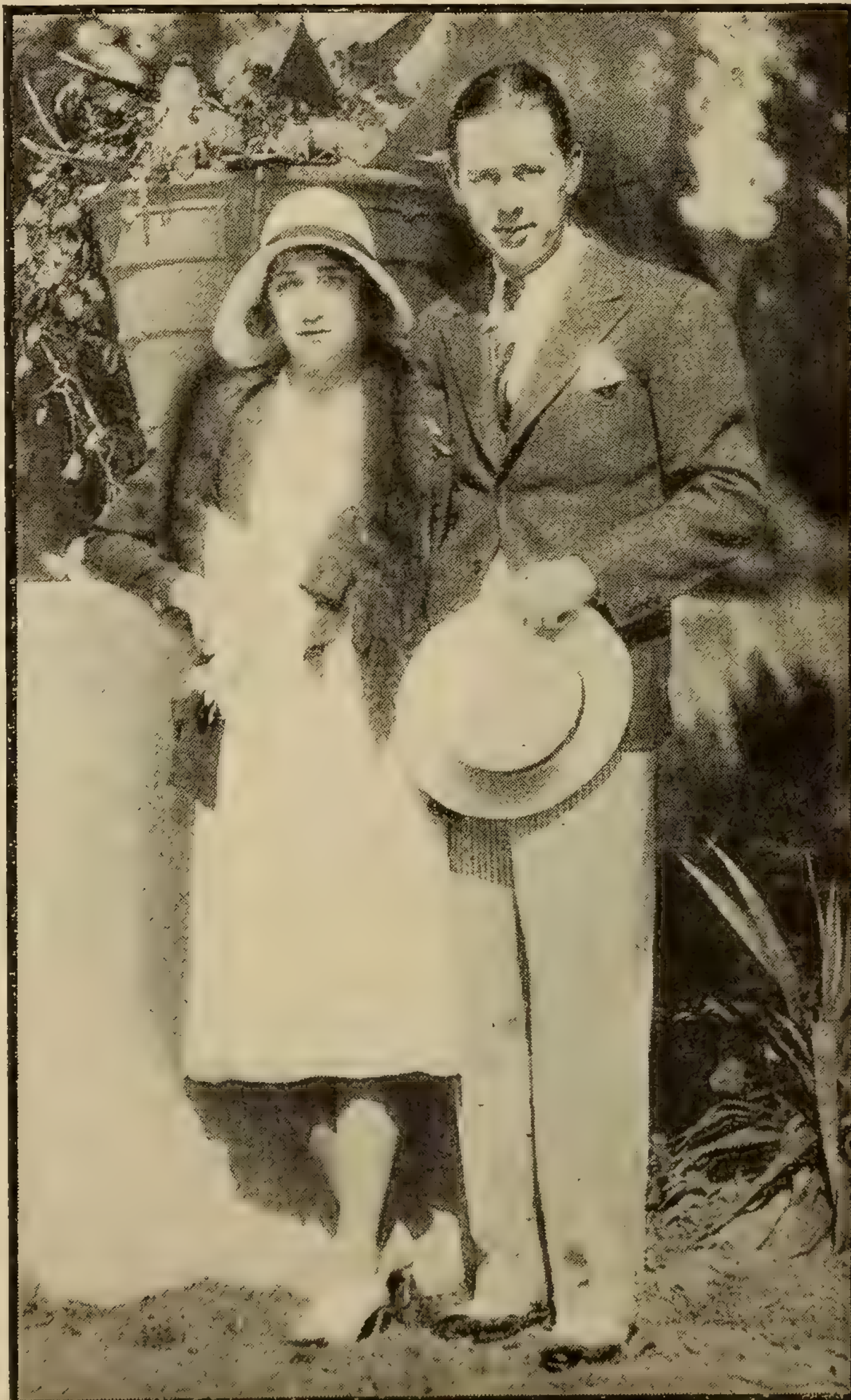
Ben and Bebe were engaged for two years. Neither of them wanted to make a mistake. So they waited until they knew each other very well. And now they seem a perfect team. Ben is steady, clear thinking, and very business-like. He offsets Bebe's emotional, too-generous, too excitable temperament. While Bebe gives him flair and a warmth that he never had before.

"I waited a long time to get married," Bebe told me. "I don't believe in divorce, if it can possibly be avoided. I mean, I could never get married and divorced in the easy way a lot of people seem to nowadays. That's why I wanted to be sure. It's my opinion that Hollywood isn't any different from any other place where marriage is concerned. The trouble is most people go into marriage without sufficient thought."

"I remember that years ago my grandmother told me, 'Bebe, when you marry, let it be for always. And let me tell you this: Every



Above, Richard Barthelmess and his wife, who was Jessica Sargent. Below, Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon. Here are two happy Hollywood couples.



person has faults. Otherwise he would not be here but in heaven. So when you get married, see to it that you know your husband's faults and that they are the kind you can understand and tolerate.'

"Both Ben and I worked it out that way. We didn't deceive each other. We learned to know each other first. So there could be no rude awakenings when it was too late. I think Ben is nearly perfect and he thinks I am. That's all that's necessary. We belong together and we have sufficient knowledge and poise to weather any storms, I'm sure."

THERE are no rifts in the lute where Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer are concerned. The arrival of young Irving Thalberg, Second, is pretty good proof of that. Both Irving and Norma wanted a baby badly and they decided that Norma's career shouldn't interfere with carrying out that dream. Neither Irving nor Norma had been married before, either. They are very happy and wrapt up in each other, their work, and now their new son and heir.

Irving is Norma's producer and they are bound together in every interest and thought. That one is sure to last. They're a delightful couple.

Another matrimonial venture that flies all the banners of complete success is that of Richard Barthelmess and Jessica Sargent. This marriage is successful because both parties used their heads before it happened. Both Dick and his wife had been married before. Both had children. Being mature people anxious for a peaceful and contented life, they thought the thing out carefully. Dick is temperamental, works very hard, needs a mothering hand and a wise, calm woman who knows the world for his wife, one capable of running his home, his social life, his everyday affairs.

Over a year ago Bessie Love married William Hawks, brother of Howard Hawks, the director, and Ken Hawks, who met such a tragic death in an airplane. Bessie is so happy she is incoherent. She hasn't any thoughts about

(Continued on page 114)

Both photographs on this page by Underwood & Underwood

Emperor JONES

Or What Will Happen
When the Great Golf Cham-
pion Comes to Hollywood

BY TED COOK

Scene—A conference room in a Hollywood studio.

Time—Any day, now.

Characters—Film magnate, production manager, supervisor, dialogue writer and BOBBY Jones.

AN IMAGINARY COMEDY IN ONE ACT

THE film magnate and the production manager are facing each other across a rococo flat-top Spanish desk, surfaced with red cordovan. There are innumerable pearl-faced push buttons and a battery of many colored fountain pens standing erect on a marble slab. A brocaded pull-cord hangs within easy reach from the ceiling. The paneled walls are cluttered with framed photographs showing various picture stars posing informally with the smiling executives—clinging to each other on the friendliest terms, arm in arm, or hand about waist or over shoulder. The executive, thickset and well fed, is one of those dynamic personalities who talk too fast and too loud. He swivels from side to side, with nervousness, as he sits in his high-backed chair. The production manager leans forward as he listens, eagerly, elbows on desk. He has not troubled to remove his cap. He wears a sweater but no coat.

Executive—Are you all set for the golf educational?

Production Manager—All set, Chief.

Executive—Give me a quick idear what you plan to do.

P. M.—Well, they're going to be educational pictures so I ain't going to permit no sex stuff except what you would naturally look for on a golf course. This Jones is a high-class mug, I understand, and don't want no love interest. Besides, girly stuff wouldn't be educa-



Photograph by Will Connell

Ted Cook writes and illustrates a hilarious column, "Cook-Coos," which appears daily in eighty newspapers in the United States and Canada. He shuttles between New York and Beverly Hills, where he owns a Basque farm house, and raises Old English Sheep Dogs. Gilbert Seldes, the critic, recently wrote a warm appraisal of Ted Cook for "The New Republic," in which he said: "Ted Cook is a fresh and individual humorist who seems to have none of the habits, interests, and mannerisms of his contemporaries, but shares with the best of them an attractively oblique mind . . . his work shows a disabused mind, mocking at everything with extraordinary good humor and exceptional effectiveness."

tional—that is, not exactly good for the kiddies.

Executive—The idea is to have this Jones show people how to play golf. Mebbe we better make it miniature golf—there's more box-office interest in pee-wee golf. We can build a fancy course—modernistic. If Jones is a high-class fellow let's put some production in it—class. Have him play in a Tux and stiff shirt. He can do that on a miniature course—with a lot of swell broads and cuties in sports clothes. How about doing it in technicolor?

P. M.—(Enthusiastic)—That's a great idear, Chief. A GREAT idear.

(Continued on page 87)



BEAUTIFUL THINGS NEVER LAST

By LOLITA ANNA WESTMAN

Can a Lost Romance Be Recaptured? This Is the Story
of Two Screen Idols Who Loved—and Lost

IT was midnight and they were broadcasting the program from the Marlborough Roof.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Stephen—the radio announcer, alias the leader of the orchestra. "Miss Winifred Conroy, the motion picture star, has just arrived in company with her former husband, Larry Conroy, the director. Just a moment and I'll see if she will say a few words to you—"

"It's a wonderful night here, ladies and gentlemen. There is a gorgeous crowd of celebrities and they are enjoying themselves hugely. The younger generation is flashily represented. Miss Conroy is wearing her hair in the newest fashion. She seems more beautiful than ever tonight. Her dress is blue—just the right shade for her eyes—. Hello there, Winnie. Will you say something to the folks on the air?"

"Surely, Steve. Glad to see you. Howdy, folks. I'm just here in New York for a little shopping between pictures. I'm having a wonderful time—tonight especially—for you see, this is my anniversary."

"Anniversary of what?" asked Steve.

"Of my divorce," was the laughing audacious answer.

"You little devil," Steve grinned in a voice that only carried to the fans in a blur. "Do you think we can get Larry over here?" He turned to the microphone again.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said Winifred Conroy. "He couldn't make an important speech if his life depended on it. Good-bye, everybody. I'm glad to have had this opportunity to thank you all for your wonderful reception of my last picture, 'Peril.' I'll have another one for you soon—I think you'll like it even better. So long." Turning to Steve she whispered behind her hand, "Bunk! So long, old dear. Give us some hot stuff tonight, will you? Larry and I are celebrating."

"Will you give us an exhibition; one of those famous foxes?"

"Nothing doing. Larry and I haven't danced together for three years. Next time, maybe."

"Will there be a—next time?" Steve inquired curiously as, with a little farewell wave of her hand, she dodged tables and waiters and patrons to reach the chair that Larry Conroy was indicating for her.

"Well, did you do your duty for publicity?" he smiled.

"Yep. That's over. Now we can enjoy ourselves." She moved her chair closer to the table.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I can't get over the luck that made me run into you out there—in that jam on Broadway, of all places."

"Was it luck?"

"I'll say so. You've been dodging me for three years. I concluded you didn't mean what you said about always being friends. Did you?"

"Certainly," she nodded cheerfully. "But, if I had met you before, we couldn't have been friends. You see it's taken me that long to stop being in love with you—and, of course, one can't be just a friend if one is in love. But now—well, everything's fine. I worked

awfully hard, Larry, trying not to be in love with you—but at last I've succeeded. It was foolish of me to be crazy about a married man, wasn't it?"

"How long have you been over it?" he queried.

"Oh, let's see; well, for about eight months, I guess—only I haven't run into you. We've been over in Italy, you know, for the last six months. A perfect tape that picture was. I thought we'd never get back to the good old land of bacon and eggs."

Larry Conroy made a little bow.

"I COMPLIMENT you, my dear. You've done some wonderful work in your last pictures."

"You showed me how to act, Larry dear. I've never had a director I liked as well."

"Haven't you—really?"

"Really. You've made strides too. That Monte Carlo thing is a whopper."

"You were in Monte Carlo when I was shooting that. I searched for you. . . ."

"Why?" she murmured, coquetting.

"I was terribly in need of a gab fest with someone who spoke my language—"

She pouted.

"I thought you were going to be nice and say you wanted to see me."

"Did you know I was there?"

"Uh-huh. I left the day after I knew."

"Were you sore at me?"

"I tried not to be, but I think I was—a little."

"Over that too?"

She nodded gayly.

"Oh, yes. I think one only gets really sore at someone they love."

"Well—let's order. Hungry?"

"Starved."

He laughed.

"I was wondering if you'd make that answer. You always used to. Remember?"

"Did I?"

When the ordering had been dispensed with, he moved the forks out of his way and leaned toward her.

"Fess up now," he coaxed. "Where were you going when you met me tonight?"

"Really want to know? I've ditched my estimable German director—my new one—"

"For me?"

"For you."

"Why?"

"Oh, I thought it'd be quite a novelty to pal around for the evening with a former husband. Something I'd never done, you know. Excitement."

"YOU'RE out for excitement these days, aren't you?"

"Indeed yes."

"I hope I can qualify. Let's start in with a dance, shall we? That ought to be exciting after three years."

On the dance floor she said serenely, "You are qualifying."

Larry held her close and Winifred's hair brushed his face—that tousled, copper-hued hair. He didn't speak. Couples swirled about them; beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men. Larry's embrace tightened. "Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart," he pleaded. "Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you."

"We always did hit it off in dancing, didn't we?" he replied.

Winifred forgot everything in the ecstasy of that dance. Not a false move. Her cheek against his. She had never danced like that with anyone else. Memories crowded back. Beautiful memories. Steve, waving his baton, grinned and dived into a nerve-thrilling encore.

Back in their places again, the next few moments were occupied in surreptitious doings under the table. They touched their glasses of ginger ale.

"Here's to the sweetest charmer of them all!" he toasted gallantly.

"And—here's to the handsomest hero the screen ever lost—in a director!"

She laughed; a dimply, infectious laugh.

"You'd think we were in love to hear us talk."

"Does it seem long ago — our wedding night?"

"It's indecent—speaking of that now," she chided.

"Perhaps, but rather—exciting, isn't it?"

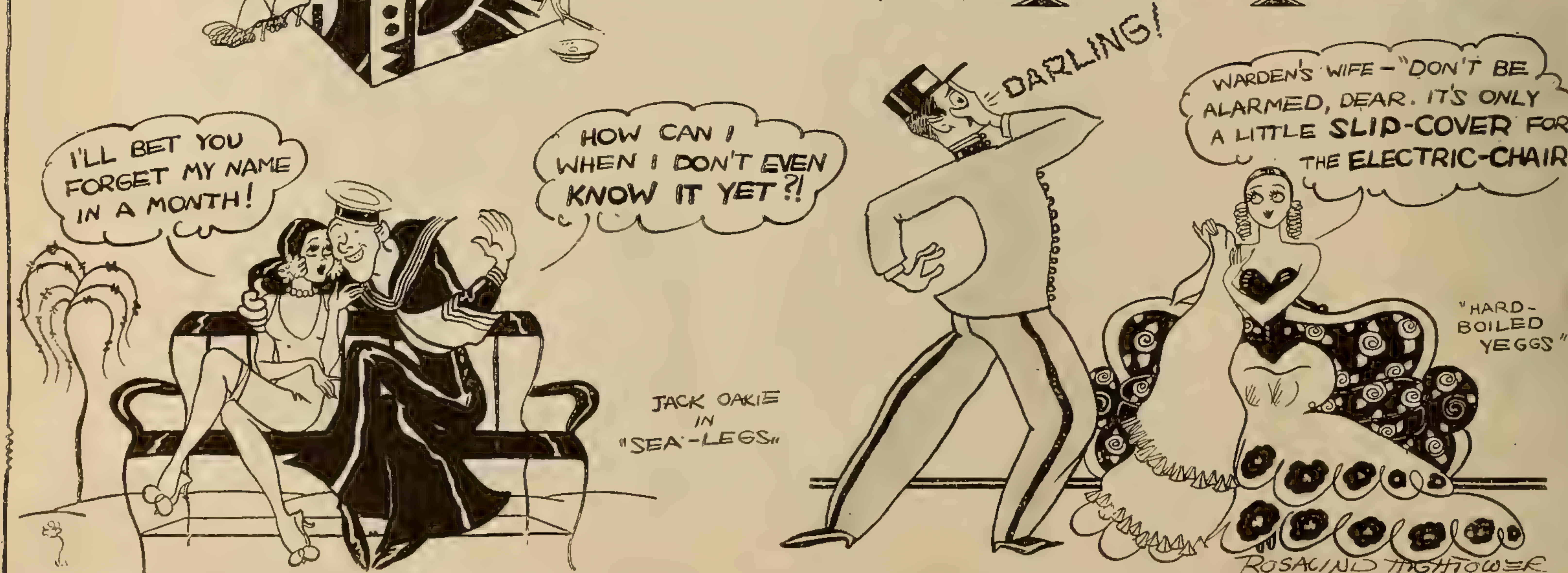
"We do love reminiscing, don't we?" she countered.

(Cont'd on page 126)



ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES D.
MITCHELL

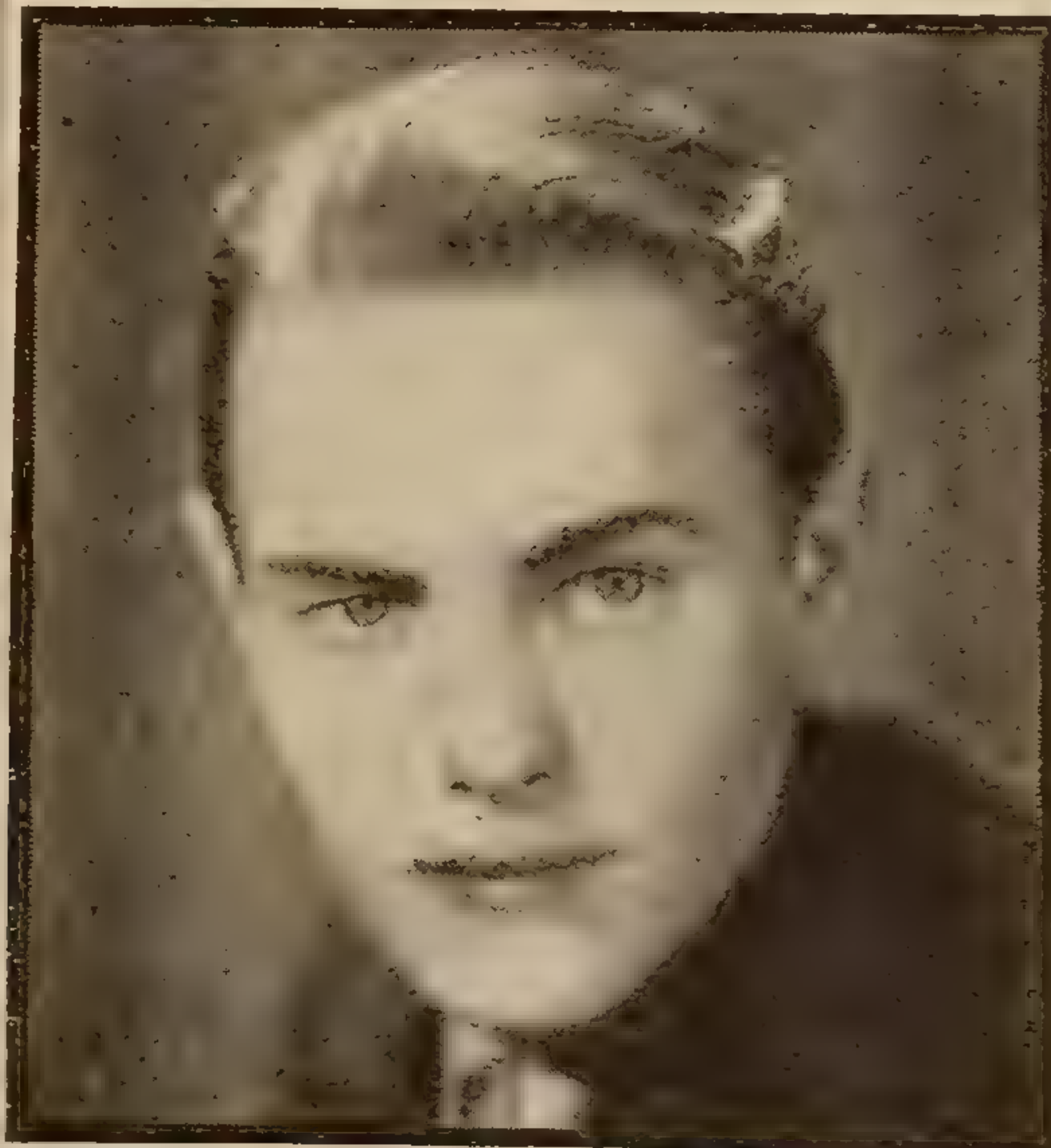
LAUGHS of the FILMS





Lewis Ayres, above: He quit his job as a banjo player in an orchestra to try his luck as a screen actor in Hollywood.

Richard Cromwell, below: As Roy Radabaugh, he was an artist living in Los Angeles when screen opportunity knocked at his door.



John Wayne, above: Formerly a star football player and for five years a Hollywood extra waiting his big chance to come along.

3 BOYS Who WON

John Wayne, Richard Cromwell and Lewis Ayres All Had a Tough Time Getting Their First Screen Opportunities

By HARRY N. BLAIR

EVERY once in a while comes a breathless announcement from Hollywood that a new discovery has been made from the studio ranks. A little extra girl is propelled from poverty and obscurity to wealth, fame and power. A property boy is noticed on the set and given the leading rôle in a big feature. With each announcement of this kind, hundreds of screen-struck boys and girls pack their best duds and set out for the Hollywood gold coast, each confident of being discovered and set-on the road to fame. That the chances are one in a million has often been publicized.

The bald truth is that most of these so-called discoveries (high-powered publicity men to the contrary), didn't just happen. The real facts, so often clouded, usually reveal careful planning, an abundance of patience and not a little of that decided asset, known so tersely as "pull."

JOHN WAYNE, picked by Raoul Walsh for the leading rôle in "The Big Trail," is by no means the callow and inexperienced youth the press stories would have you believe. He was formerly a member of the University of Southern California football team and, as such, had numerous chances to play in college pictures, at the various studios. Under the name of Duke Morrison (his real moniker) he doubled for Francis X. Bushman, Jr., in "Brown of Harvard." That was more than five years ago and since then he has taken part in practically every football picture of any consequence. In all that time he came under the direct notice of dozens of directors and yet was never given so much as an opportunity to prove his ability as an actor, despite his striking appearance!

For two of those five years Wayne did extra work only during Summer vacation, but when his father lost

a lot of money in business and he was obliged to find a job, he again turned to the studios. He first found work as an electrician's helper and later as prop boy, meanwhile taking any part that came along. While working in the property room on the Fox lot he gained the friendship of Edmund Grainger, Fox supervisor and youthful son of J. R. Grainger, sales head of the Fox organization. It was at Grainger's suggestion that Raoul Walsh gave Wayne the test which resulted in his big chance. He happened to measure up physically besides showing the necessary amount of acting ability, with the result that he was given the leading rôle in "The Big Trail." When you see him on the screen in that picture, remember that it took him five long years of plugging and the friendly interest of an important executive to get where he is.

WHEN Columbia Pictures announced that they had bought the talkie rights to "Tol'able David," half of the young actors in Hollywood immediately saw themselves in the choice title rôle. Besides being a grand acting part, it was sure to center attention upon any one who played it. Hadn't the silent version of "Tol'able David" set Dick Barthelmess on the road to fame? At any rate, hundreds of tests were made, but none seemed to be the exact type for which they were searching. Among those tried out was a young actor named Harry Ellerbe, who had appeared with the Stuart Walker Players in stock. Walker at that time being connected with Columbia, Ellerbe was given every opportunity, even to special coaching. Finally it was decided that he was a bit too mature for the part.

While the search was at its height, Ellerbe was invited by friends to visit a young artist who had turned out some interesting masks of Helen Hayes, Bee Lillie, and other stars. Ellerbe (*Continued on page 121*)

Will HOLLYWOOD Win a TITLE?

BY JACK BEVERLY

IS Hollywood keeping George Arliss from that lifelong ambition of all Englishmen—a knighthood?

Two years ago Arliss left the British shores to try the talkies. No one knew exactly what this new medium might bring forth and no one suspected that the splendid character actor would become a sensational success in the movies.

Will he pay for that success by being deprived of the right to be called Sir George Arliss?

Other English actors who haven't spread England's glory over the globe as Arliss has done, have been so honored during the past hundred years—Sir Charles Wyndham. Sir Henry Irving. Sir Herbert Beer-bohm Tree.

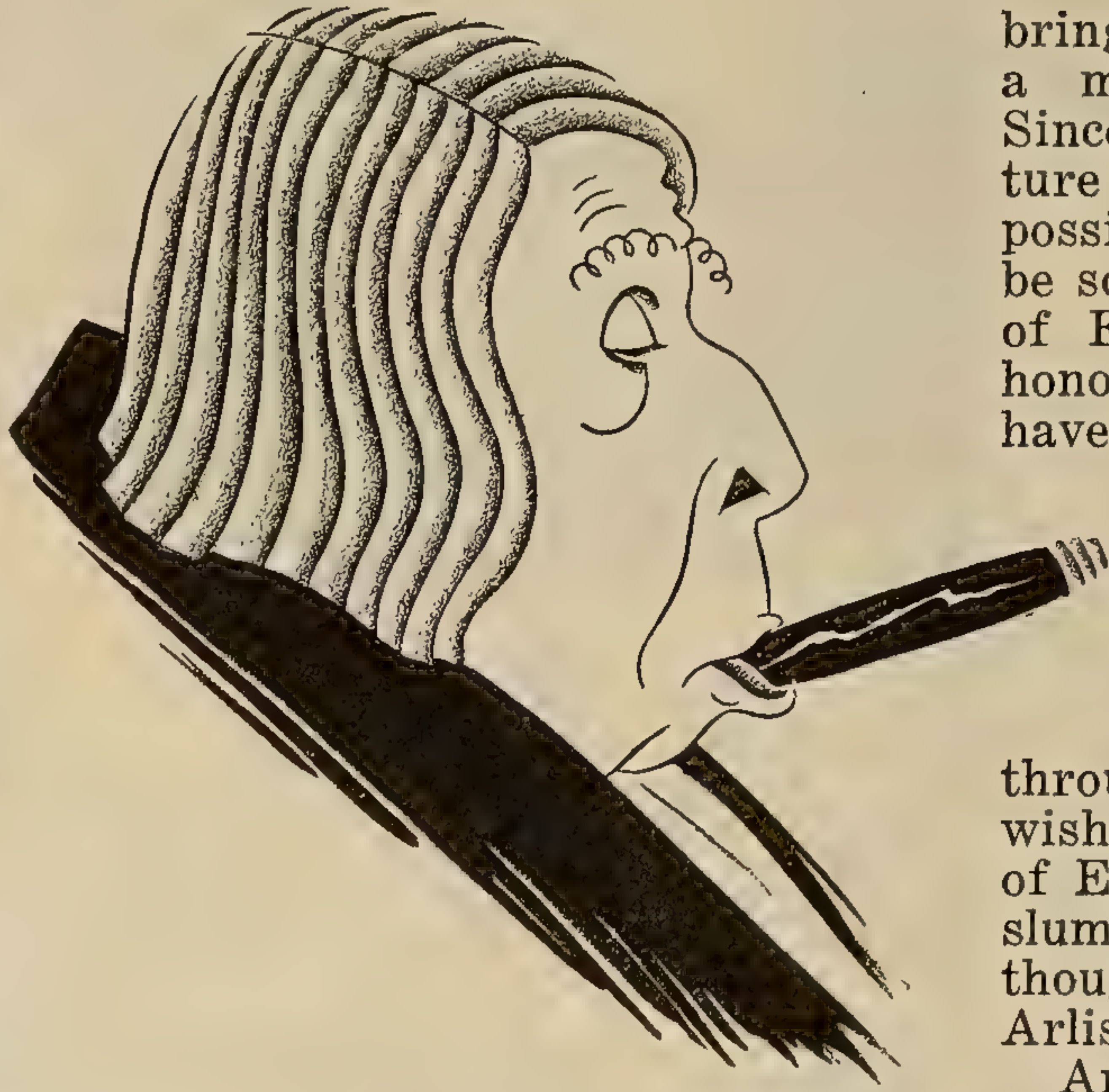
It looked for a while as though King George would summon George Arliss to his court and confer upon him a knighthood in recognition of his ability as an actor and his services to the English speaking stage.

NOW Hollywood—six thousand miles away from the Court of St. James—has claimed Arliss for its own. He's a successful movie actor now. Perhaps the finest on the talking screen. He has lifted the standard of acting, he has proved to producers and critics that the public appreciates and will pay for a higher grade of pictures, will patronize such excellent dramatic art as "Disraeli" and "Old English."

While English kings have honored their subjects for deeds of glory performed in foreign lands, none of them have been actors.

And *never* has a knighthood been conferred upon a picture star. They have acquired titles. Gloria Swanson became the Marquise. Pola Negri married a Georgian prince. Mae Murray wedded his brother. But these titles were bestowed by marriage, not in recognition of art on the screen.

There has to be a first time for everything, they say. Now Hollywood is hoping that the talkies will



Joe Grant's impression of George Arliss as Disraeli is given above, while, below, is Jenner, the Arliss valet, who sees to it that his master quits work exactly on time each day and who summons Mr. Arliss to tea at exactly 3:30 each afternoon, no matter what the studio demands.



bring to it the great honor of having a motion picture star knighted. Since sound turned the motion picture world upside down anything is possible and maybe the old order will be so far changed that this greatest of English actors will receive the honor which he would most certainly have obtained if he had remained to grace the London stage for the years he is spending in the cinema capital.

IN talking pictures Arliss is gaining friends throughout the universe. And if wishes carry weight the good King of England will fall into his nightly slumbers well burdened by the thoughts of those who have become Arliss fans.

Arliss deserves all the credit he's getting.

When he first arrived, nobody in Hollywood paid much attention. Great actor, of course. But—too old. And a character actor. Movie audiences wouldn't stand for that sort of stuff. It was over their heads. Disraeli? Picture audiences didn't know anything about the famous English prime minister, nor care. Nope, Arliss was too high class for pictures.

Well, picture audiences, as usual, turned the tables. They did what they have always done, flocked to support real ability and fine stories. They know about Disraeli now, and they adore him. Just another step in that universal brotherhood which Will Hays claims pictures do more to promote than all the politicians in the world.

As for being too old! Better not say that when Arliss is around.

HE is, doubtless, a veteran of the stage. But he hates the term. One sure way to become unpopular with him is to label him a veteran. I'll have to risk it, though, because of a story about him which I think is priceless.

Wilton Lackaye and Otis Skinner, honored names in the American theater,

The Movie Colony Hopes That King George Will Give a Knighthood to George Arliss

walked onto the stage where Arliss was working at the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood. They were old friends of his; known each other for forty years. The three of them had been stage stars before a lot of us were born. An enterprising cameraman sat the three of them at a table and took a picture which was immediately used by a Los Angeles newspaper man and printed under the caption, "Three veterans of the stage."

Oh dear, oh dear!

Next day George Arliss went storming into the publicity department with fire in his eye. "Who did this?" he demanded. "I say, who did this?"

The man he addressed stammered, "W—what's the matter?"

"Look what they printed under it," roared Arliss. "Look! *Three* veterans, it says. I won't be classed with those old buzzards, Otis and Wilton. They are ten years older than I am. I am not old. I'm only sixty-two."

His ruffled feelings were finally smoothed. But from then on everybody was warned that Arliss and the word veteran do not go in the same sentence.

In a way, he's right. Even if "Who's Who" does proclaim his sixty-two years, even if he admits it, he doesn't look it nor act it, nor think it. He's a young man in ideas, plans and association.

TWENTY-TWO years ago George Arliss became a full-fledged stage star.

Long before film salaries went skyrocketing, when Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin zoomed into the hearts of the world, Arliss was getting big returns on the stage. Long before films boosted an actor's audience from thousands to millions, the name George Arliss stood for the top as far as acting is concerned.

For all that, he's a modest if slightly brusque gentleman, who detests fake, pretense and ostentation.

His movie salary is pretty good sized, believe me. He's a good business man, as I find most actors are when it comes to getting the price they think they are worth. Some of them aren't so good at keeping it.

Arliss always carries small change in a vest pocket and disclaims any idea of wealth.

He lives most unostentatiously in Hollywood or wherever he happens to be. His two homes in England are pointed out as "show places." The reason is partly that he loves quiet and peace and wants to conserve his energy for his work, which can't be done at his age—if he'll pardon me—if one is dashing about all the time and entertaining constantly. He always stops work at 3:30 every afternoon to have tea. His valet, Jenner, sees to that.

HIS clothes are always made in London, and are conservative to the point of being old-fashioned. No one ever has or ever could mistake George Arliss for



George Arliss is sixty-two but he refuses to be called a stage veteran. He became a full-fledged stage star some twenty-two years ago, before Hollywood was Hollywood. He lives unostentatiously both in England and in Hollywood and he never goes about socially.

anybody else. Once you've seen Arliss both his clothes and his face forbid you forgetting him.

I have yet to see George Arliss at any Hollywood function. They very rarely dine out, he and his sweet-faced, devoted wife. Aside from a natural reticence and a love of their own home, there is a peculiar reason for this which only a few of their intimate friends know.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss do not eat meat. Which in itself is nowhere near as unusual as the reason for it.

A number of years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss made a trip across the continent during a period of drought. Passengers on that train were greeted for miles and miles by the sight of cattle starving and dying along the fences of the railroad company's right of way.

Before the end of that journey, Mrs. Arliss—you will remember, by the way, that she *played* his wife in *Disraeli*—had declared her intention of never eating meat again.

"If it is possible that animals must be tortured like that in the process of providing meat for our table, I'll never touch it again," she said.

And she never has.

GEORGE ARLISS didn't make any such promise. But the idea was planted in his mind and Mrs. Arliss saw to it that it (Continued on page 119)

REVIEWS

WHEN five of the outstanding films of a single month are originals, constructed especially for the screen, it becomes obvious that the Hollywood producers are trying to create their own drama and operetta. Which is a laudable intention, anyway.

The best of the pictures—because it offers Paramount's significant new personality, Marlene Dietrich—is "Morocco." An examination of the plot reveals what appears to be just another yarn of the Foreign Legion. But this story, developed from a Continental novel by the director, Josef von Sternberg, is far more. It is a story of a sort of French Sadie Thompson, a music hall entertainer who drifts to North Africa. There she catches the eye of two men. One is a Légionnaire who takes his women as he finds them. The other is a suave man of the world, weary of adventure and seeking someone upon whom he can center his battered affections. There is a long range duel between the soldier who will give nothing and the man who will give everything. In the end, the woman trudges into the Sahara after her man, to become a mere camp follower.

The newcomer, Miss Dietrich, plays with a fine slumbering fire, Adolphe Menjou is superb as the man of the world and Gary Cooper is lifted to the point of actually acting as the Légionnaire. The direction of von Sternberg is splendid. As in his other pictures, there is missing a certain human warmth, but he does catch a lot of the color of Robert Hichens' Africa. You must hear Miss Dietrich sing "Who Will Buy My Apples?"

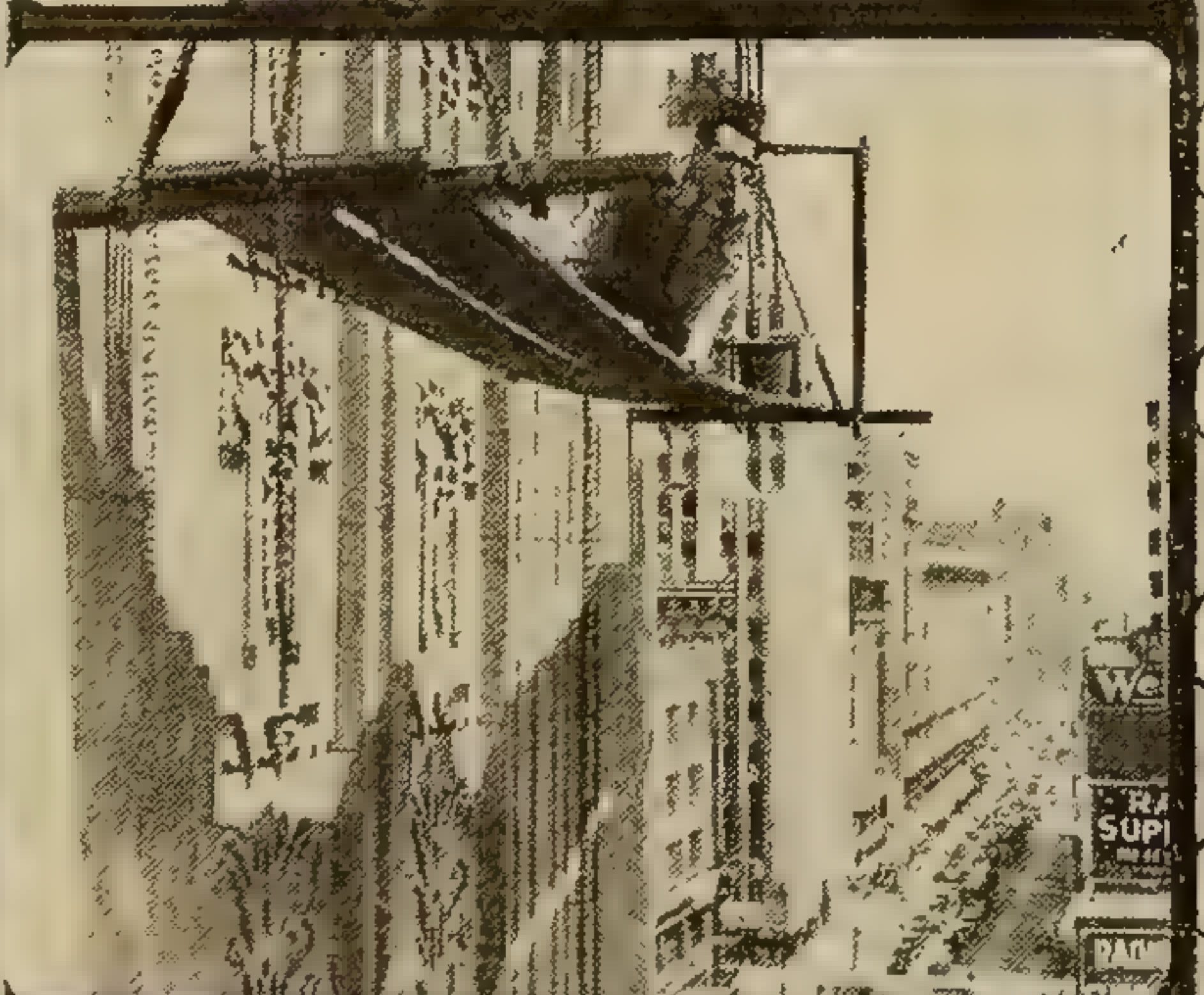
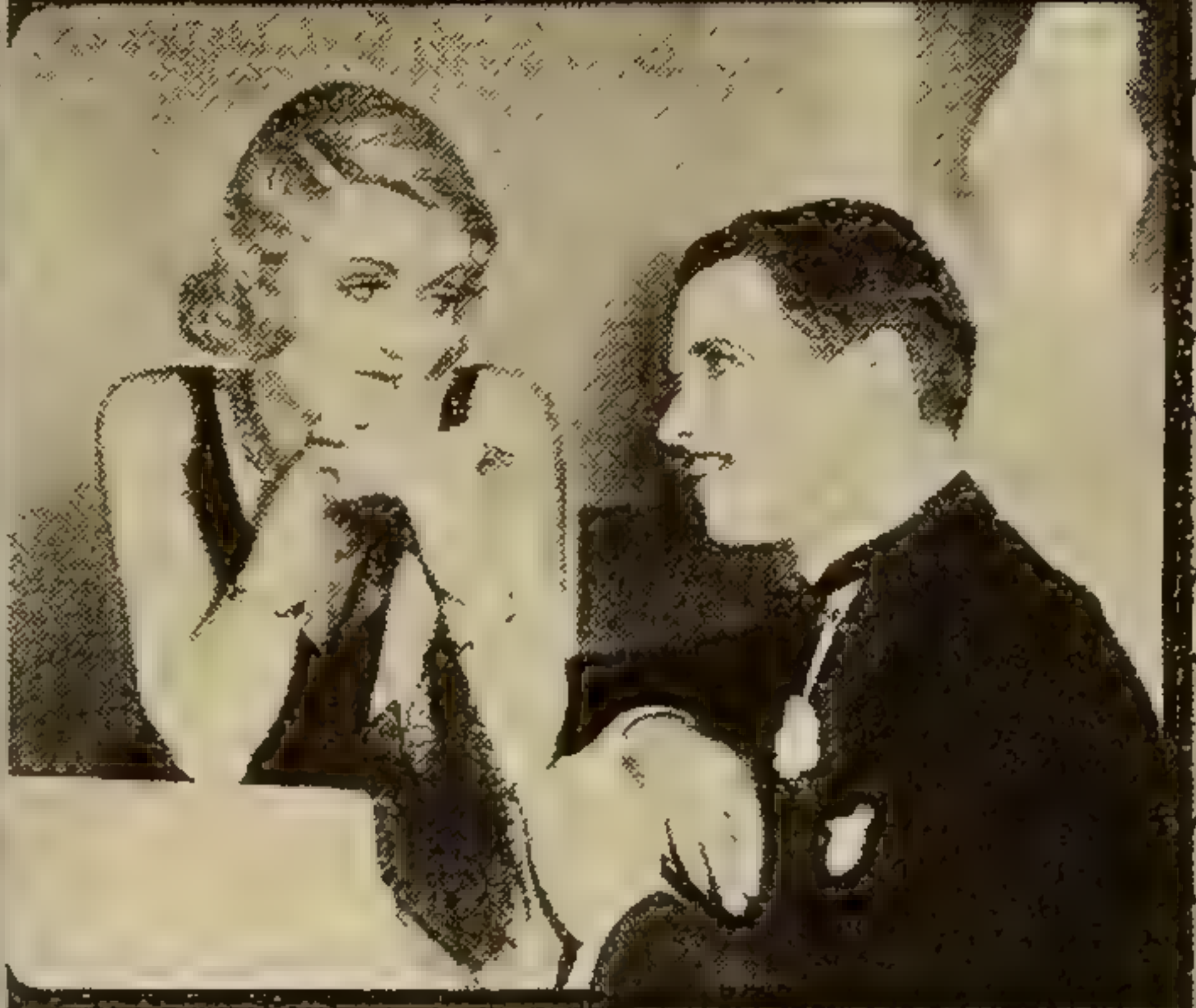
TURN to another original, "Laughter" (Paramount), starring the chubby-faced Nancy Carroll, who always surprises me when she acts. This was written by the director with the picturesque name, H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast, and by Douglas Doty, with dialogue by the whimsical wit, Donald Ogden Stewart. Here again is an old yarn enlivened by fresh treatment. A chorus girl from the Follies marries a wealthy fellow who has forgotten how to play—and she repents the young musician who dashed away to Paris. When the musician returns, she throws off the diamond handcuffs and goes off to Paris in quest of love. Old stuff, but you will be attracted by the adroit handling. This D'Arrast is an able director and the acting of Miss Carroll and Fredric March, who was never better, helps a lot.

Which brings us to a third film, "Sin Takes a Holiday" (Pathé), which also has a flippant and cynical slant upon life. Besides it has the decorative Constance Bennett, who just now comes close to being our favorite star. Miss Bennett plays an efficient secretary who marries her lawyer-boss in order to save him from a designing blonde. It is merely a matter of business, bringing with it a salary and a year in Paris. But the secretary-bride blossoms out and— You've guessed it. The lawyer discovers how lucky he is. Miss Bennett gives a gorgeous performance (her clothes will hold breathless the feminine readers of NEW MOVIE), but Basil Rathbone, who speaks such meticulous English, seems to steal the sympathy from Kenneth MacKenna, who acts the lawyer. Mr. Rathbone plays a worldly bachelor whose *savoir faire* collapses before the blossoming secretary. Paul Stein, whom I must report less civilly further on, directed "Sin Takes a Holiday" with smooth urbanity.

NOW for the three musical films built especially for the sound screen. First, because it is the best, let us take "Viennese Nights" (Warners), an operetta of old Vienna, dealing pleasantly in sentiment and lost love. It is by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, experts in building stage shows, and follows the operetta pattern. There's a beautiful daughter of a Viennese bootmaker, a penniless musician in the Emperor's army and a dashing baron. The girl marries the aristocrat and, fifty years later, the lost romance unites the grandchildren of Elsa and the musician.

The screen seems to magnify the

The strip of sound film at the left presents scenes (top to bottom) of "Morocco," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "Laughter," "Viennese Nights," "Feet First" and "Just Imagine," all of which are reviewed here.



Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

artificiality of operetta. Behind the footlights you can somehow accept the heroine and the hero when they pause to sing loudly of their innermost feelings in the most public places. Brought up to gargantuan proportions on the screen, the thing seems at least a little unreal. Still, "Viennese Nights," despite its time lapses and loose construction, is prettily sentimental and Vivienne Segal will surprise you when she plays the toast of the Prater, white-haired and feeble, fifty years later. And there's a lovely number, "You Will Remember Vienna."

I LIKED the Fox musical film, "Just Imagine," built by those veterans of stage musical shows, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. "Just Imagine" is an imaginative adventure. It shows life in 1980, when folks are known by number rather than name, when food and drink come in capsules, and when everyone longs for the staid, quiet, old-fashioned girls of 1930. In "Just Imagine" the hero, No. J-21, wins his sweetheart, No. LM-18, by making a plane trip to Mars and back. Mars, it develops, is inhabited by classic dancers, but No. J-21 is awarded the girl, anyway. I like El Brendel as 0 and Maureen O'Sullivan as LM-18, and I shall continue to recommend the over-long "Just Imagine" even if the fractious Marjorie White is terribly present.

The third musical effort, by Rudolph Friml, is "The Lottery Bride" (United Artists), and is far less successful. In fact, despite the presence of Jeanette MacDonald, I hand it very little. It is a singie of Norway and is the romance of a young vocalist and a student who goes on a Polar flight in a Zep. The subsequent disaster was suggested by the Nobile dirigible tragedy. Paul Stein directed.

Don't miss those picture thieves, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, at work in "Min and Bill," based on Lorna Moon's novel, "Dark Star" (Metro-Goldwyn). Now that these two players are co-starred, the rest of Hollywood is breathing easier.

Miss Dressler plays a tough old girl who runs a saloon on the Pacific waterfront. Beery is her side kick. Min cares for a little girl deserted by her drunken mother. Just as little Nancy is on the edge of a real happiness, the sodden mother turns up, bent upon wrecking things. So Min shoots her. "Min and Bill," you see, isn't slapstick, except in spots. It has touching moments.

Miss Dressler is excellent, shading Beery, who is good, too, with fewer opportunities. And a fine performance is turned in by Marjorie Rambeau as the drunken Ella.

"TOL'ABLE DAVID," that yarn of a dreaming mountain boy who wants to carry Uncle Sam's mail through the hills, has been refilmed as a talkie by Columbia Pictures. The job is an excellent one and the work of the new David, a discovery named Richard Cromwell, is good, particularly for a lad fresh to films. But the original "Tol'able David" was one of those rare once-in-a-lifetime events. It was the happy combination of a glorious young actor, a director with high ambitions and an author, Joseph Hergesheimer, who helped immeasurably. Barthelmess, Director Henry King and Hergesheimer all pulled together to make an unforgettable hit.

Seeing "Tol'able David" as a talkie, I am confronted with the thought that the original owed a great deal to Ernest Torrence, then a Scotch musical comedy comedian suddenly transformed into a murderous mountaineer. Remember the gusto of Torrence's bloodthirsty Luke. The present Luke, done by Noah Beery, is effective but it falls short of the original.

I am happy to report that Harold Lloyd's newest, "Feet First," is a corking comedy. Once again Lloyd gets thrown upon his own on the front of a skyscraper and has to become a human fly to save his skin. This part of the comedy is almost too breathtaking. I liked better the earlier half, depicting the troubled experiences of a young shoe clerk trying to acquire a selling personality.

(Continued on page 100)

The sound film at the right offers interesting scenes (top to bottom) selected from such important films as "Min and Bill," "The Doorway to Hell," "The Big Trail," "The Dancers," "Check and Double Check," and "War Nurse."



The HOLLYWOOD

I Seville, Spain:
WAS drawn to gay Seville not by the Call of the Flesh, as M.-G.-M. calls it, but by a postal from a bullfighting friend who said it was the place for me. He was not facetiously inferring, as you probably suspect, that my work relates to the same animal as his.

"Come to Seville where you can see two movies at the same time," wrote Luis luringly.

"What do I have to drink?" I flippanted on arriving.

Luis' reply was a wounded look. The Latins are embarrassingly temperate.

That evening Luis led me to a plaza filled with little tables where two screens were placed side by side. On one Doug Fairbanks was disporting and on the other Ronald Colman.

After the first shock it is not so amazing to find you can watch two pictures simultaneously. All movie yarns are pretty much the same and can be guessed from the outset. Indeed, I see no reason why a movie critic could not review an entire month's output at one sitting. It requires a far less athletic eye than for perusing a flock of chorus girls when, as in the Folies Bergere and Vanities, each presents an anatomical study all her own.

Mr. Howe Visits Spain and Watches a Bull Fight—One Glimpse of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" Makes Him Decide to Return to Dear Old Hollywood

Meet King Alfonso:
A lot of Spaniards are agitating against King Alfonso. He is personally very democratic. Too democratic for the Spaniards apparently. So they want a republic. A Wall Street, too, I

suppose. They'd better stick to their own bulls. Less dangerous.

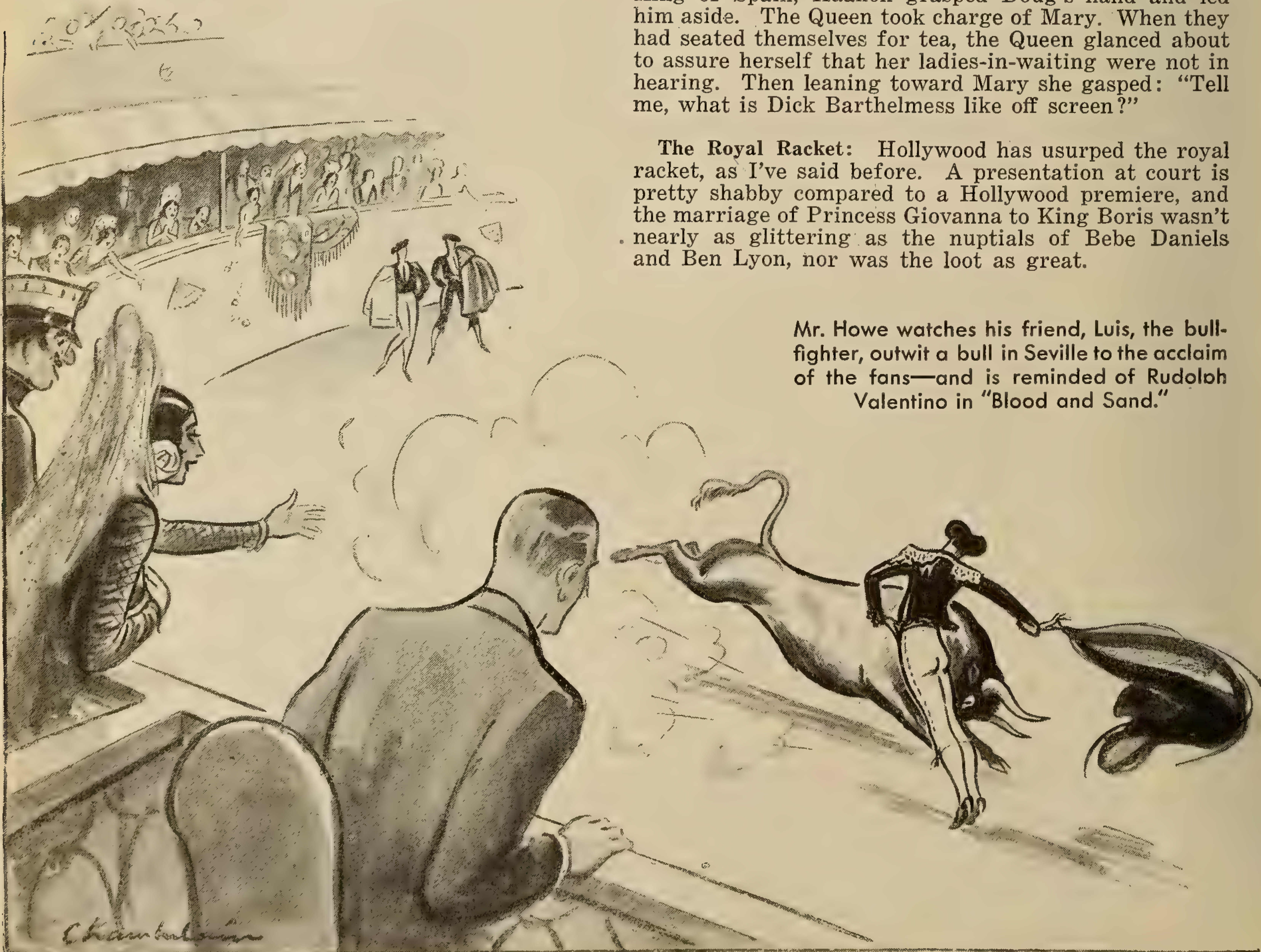
Doug Fairbanks is a great favorite in Spain. He was decorated in Madrid. He wore the decoration when he and Mary were presented at court. Doug was terribly impressed as he hustled through long lines of courtiers toward the throne. He told me afterward that he felt as though the decoration on his bosom were sweeping the floor. His speech for the occasion had given him much thought. It had to do with two great nations clasping hands across the sea on this momentous occasion. He was hoping it would be a suitable reply to the King's and was muttering it over to himself when the King stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I am glad to know you, Doug," said the King. "Tell me, what's happened to Fatty Arbuckle?"

A Queen's Query: Doug and Mary were presented, likewise, at the Norwegian court. As informal as the King of Spain, Haakon grasped Doug's hand and led him aside. The Queen took charge of Mary. When they had seated themselves for tea, the Queen glanced about to assure herself that her ladies-in-waiting were not in hearing. Then leaning toward Mary she gasped: "Tell me, what is Dick Barthelmess like off screen?"

The Royal Racket: Hollywood has usurped the royal racket, as I've said before. A presentation at court is pretty shabby compared to a Hollywood premiere, and the marriage of Princess Giovanna to King Boris wasn't nearly as glittering as the nuptials of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, nor was the loot as great.

Mr. Howe watches his friend, Luis, the bull-fighter, outwit a bull in Seville to the acclaim of the fans—and is reminded of Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand."



BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Queen Marie of Rumania has tried to bolster the old racket with Hollywood technique. In fact, Queen Mary of England is quoted saying that Marie ought to go to Hollywood and stay there. Maybe Marie would like to! There's a lot more money, as well as glory, in being a Hollywood queen. They say Marie could have named her own price for appearing in "The Command Performance." But Marie is shrewd. She's biding her time. She has a life contract where she is and she knows all about those Hollywood options.

When a Bull Is Not a Bull: I watched my friend Luis outwit a bull to the acclaim of the fans, and it seems to me that the Spanish are a lot more human than we are. We are always for the animals, whereas they are all for the human fighters.

A bullfight should make a great sound picture. "Blood and Sand" was a favorite silent. If you saw that picture you may recall that only the front half of the bull appeared. I never could get Rudie Valentino to tell me who played the other half. He'd always laugh it off. Anyhow, whoever played it got a bad streak, and I'll bet the producers told him it would establish him on the screen forever.

The Brooklyn Bullfighter: Here's a suggestion for Messrs. Thalberg, Warners, Lasky, Sheehan and Sennett: Why not make a real bullfight picture with Sydney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter? When Syd appeared in the Madrid arena wearing his skin-tight, flesh-tint pants, mantillas and combs were thrown into the ring with Spanish whoops. With Syd you could use a real bull and so save the expense of two actors.

A Sheik Looks at American Girls: From Gibraltar I crossed to Tangier in Africa where I was the guest of Sheik El Beji whom I knew in Tunis. The Sheik shows American pictures in his palace but not to his harem. (He doesn't like Gary Cooper's looks!) Being a sheik he is somewhat interested in women.

"It appears from your films," he mused, "that if a girl has not got the figure of a boy she does not feel a woman."

I quoted what La Bruyere said: "From the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-one a girl wishes she were beautiful; afterwards she wishes she were a man."

"According to La Bruyere," smiled the Sheik blandly, "your American girls are precocious."

P. S. The Sheik had not seen Loretta Young who, though she may fall short of harem weight, has that certain thing that's appreciated by sheiks of all nations.

Mare Modesty: Over in Sardinia they held a bathing beauty contest. After the little girls had squirmed around in their scanties the judges retired behind the bath house to make a decision. A few minutes later they returned leading a horse which they pronounced the winner and crowned "Queen of the Sea."

"Let this be a lesson," intoned the judges. "A girl should dress more modestly."

Like a horse?

Those Hollywood Horses: I visited my old friend Rex,



When Doug Fairbanks met Alfonso of Spain, the king inquired: "Tell me, Doug, what's happened to Fatty Arbuckle?"

King of Wild Horses, a few days before sailing for Europe. Rex and his wife are living in retirement in a suburban stable of Universal City. I don't like to add to the scandals of Hollywood but I found a curious situation. The "other" horse is living with them. Mme. Rex conceived a fancy for him when he doubled for Rex in some of the Universal pictures. That may account for Rex's ill temper. Apropos of modesty, Rex is the only star in Hollywood who uses a double for close-ups and does the stunts himself in the long shots. The reverse is the procedure with human (so-called) stars. Rex has such a detestation for cameras that he has been known to smash them. In this respect he's as modest as Tunney. Even his trainer—Rex's I mean—is afraid of him. "Most temperamental star on the lot," said my guide impressively, "excepting Mary Nolan."

Going Wong: Anna May Wong, daughter of a Chinese laundryman of Los Angeles, has been triumphing on stage and screen in Europe. You recall her in many films. She went to school with Bessie Love, Carmel Myers and Colleen Moore, and along with them entered the Fine Arts kindergarten. Recently the English film censor forbade English actors to kiss the celestial Anna. That's how dangerous Anna has become. Now she's on the New York stage playing a gangster's moll, and along Broadway the saying is, "Many a good man's gone Wong."

THE BOULEVARDIER Decides to Return to HOLLYWOOD

Seville Better in Screen Version: After seeing the screen version of gay Seville (*Call of the Flesh*) you probably would be disappointed in the original. A Hollywood picture is always flattering. At least I heard no one who could sing Spanish songs as Novarro sings them. Anyone with a voice can whoop operatic stuff, but it takes a particular gift to make a folk song glow like a classic.

French Silliness: George de la Fouchardiere, columnist of the Parisian journal, *L'Oeuvre*, seeks revenge on those Americans who affect an unseemly admiration for Maurice Chevalier, "most representative type of French silliness."

Says Monsieur: "These people pretend to humiliate us by choosing such an ambassador. So we name our choice—Mr. Jack Diamond. He is the most representative type of a truly curious race."

In reply we would say, cher Monsieur, that while your choice of "Legs" may be taken as a personal affront by Monsieur Alfredo Capone—whom we personally wouldn't affront for the world—your idea of a racketeer as a representative of our funny race is not at all bad. (And can't we take you for a ride some time?)

A friendly neighbor always has a much better perspective on one than one has on one's self. For that reason we feel in a position to say that, much as we admire M. Chevalier unseemingly, you, cher M. de la Fouchardiere, have ably demonstrated how easily he is surpassed as a representative of French silliness.

Dangerous Red: Sergei M. Eisenstein, Russian director, refused a cocktail at a Hollywood party. He said that on entering this country he had sworn to obey its laws. Mr. Eisenstein may be sent back to Russia. One of those dangerous Bolsheviks.

Russia Sees Hollywood: After Mr. Eisenstein had been brought to Hollywood under contract the studio began to wonder what for, as is so often the way with studios. Someone suggested that the Russian should do "An American Tragedy." For some season this idea was abandoned, possibly on the ground that Mr. Eisenstein hadn't an understanding of Tragedy. The next idea was that he do a Western because he had



In North Africa Herb visited Sheik El Beji. The sheik loves American films but he refuses to allow members of his harem present during the showings. He is afraid his beauties will see Gary Cooper!

photographed wheat fields rather nicely in a Russian picture. So it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Eisenstein, after listening to these conferences, wanted to do "Once in a Lifetime," a play about Hollywood—but he wanted to do it in Russia.

Hollywood Menace: Mr. Eisenstein's real menace to Hollywood lies not in his Bolshevik attitude toward cocktails, however, but in his preference for real people over professional actors in his pictures.

"Training makes actors sterile," he says. "Actors do not represent the people. You have to use the people themselves."

I confess that I, too, prefer the newsreel, "Nanook of the North," "Byrd at the South Pole" and "The Martin Johnsons in Africa" to pictures with professional performers. Which may explain why I find Europe more congenial than Hollywood.

Herb Answers Letters: My mail, forwarded to me over here, has gone shamefully unanswered. I appreciate all letters.

There's hardly a knock in a carload. The only alibi I can offer is that my large staff of secretaries has gone the way of all flesh in Europe. I herewith undertake to answer a few of the most urgent:

Here's Why: I thank Mr. Challiss Silvay of Santa Monica for suggesting I do a colyum headed "Here's Howe!" Adela Rogers St. Johns made the suggestion some time ago. But it happens that there already is an excellent column headed "Here's Howe," syndicated by Ed Howe. (No relation—as he would want it known.)

Love Will Find a Way: I know that Pola Negri will appreciate the letter of Marie Sweeney of 1907 S. 23rd Avenue, Maywood, Illinois, and so I'm taking the liberty of passing it on to her. Miss Sweeney says: "The screen seems so empty since Pola returned to Europe. There are other actresses who are very good, such as Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, etc. . . . but they cannot fill the place in our hearts that was left open when Pola went away. She is the greatest, and we won't (Continued on page 130)"



Anna May Wong, born in Los Angeles of Chinese parents, is playing a gangster's moll in a successful New York stage play.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG



Photograph by Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY



Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD



Photograph by Otto Dyar

PHILLIPS HOLMES



Photograph by Otto Dyar

PAUL LUKAS



Ann Harding and her two-year-old daughter, Jane Bannister. Little Jane is being reared along decidedly modest, not to say safe and sane, lines. Whether or not she is working, Miss Harding devotes the first half hour of every day entirely to a romp with Jane.

Here You Can Learn Exactly How the Hollywood Kiddies are Raised, for the Famous Mothers and Fathers are Just as Proud and Just as Loving as Parents Anywhere

YOU are wrong if you think that the children of picture folk are being brought up in haphazard fashion. No matter how confused the life of their parents, due to changing hours, location work, etc., the children are as carefully supervised as any children in the world. Perhaps they receive more attention, as the parents themselves realize the uncertain conditions of their own lives.

For instance, take Victor McLaglen, devil-may-care roisterer on the screen, who is one of those English fathers in real life, meaning that he is devotion itself to his family, and thoughtful for every detail of their lives.

Not too indulgent, he nevertheless maintains a fine camaraderie with his two children; the boy, Andrew, nine years old, and the girl, Sheila, seven.

"I want my children," he said the other day, "to have a good, thorough American education, first of all. When my wife was at home in England last year, her greatest concern was to get the children back to Hollywood in time to continue their school. I like the American educational methods, and my children go to the public schools.

"Andrew goes to Foxe Military Academy. He inherits a taste for the army from me,

Sheila McLaglen, daughter of Victor McLaglen, and the elaborate playhouse her dad has provided for her at their Beverly Hills home. The playhouse is electrically equipped and modern in every other feature.

seem inclined to be an actor, but neither did I at his age. If he wishes to go into the army, it is of course all right with me. Even at home on holidays he seems to take a sort of pride in maintaining his military hours, and, indeed, makes life a bit miserable for the rest of us by getting up early in the morning and expecting us to do the same."

Andrew is the champion boxer of his school, and his dad not infrequently puts on the gloves with him. Victor takes great pride in his son's achievement.



How the STARS Bring Up Their CHILDREN

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

Sheila, on the other hand, is being trained in all the arts of home-making and housekeeping. Victor has had a practical playhouse built for his daughter. The playhouse is electrically equipped for doing housework of every kind, and Sheila especially delights in it, being the envy of every little girl in the neighborhood. Her mother sees to it that all her work is thoroughly and correctly done, yet does not supervise her to the extent of taking the joy out of it. Here she sews for her dolls, often in company with some little playmate, and here also she cooks for her family of dolls and for those of other children who bring their doll families to lunch or tea.

But Sheila is happiest when she gets tea in her playhouse for her dad! He has to double up pretty much to get into it, but get into it he does, as he wouldn't disappoint Sheila



Josef Erich Von Stroheim, the eight-year old son of the famous director, attends a Los Angeles military academy and can salute with all the precision of his father. Right now Josef wants to be a cowboy when he grows up.

for worlds when she has cooked something especially for him.

In this playhouse Sheila practices the cooking and sewing lessons she studies at school.

"I don't want my daughter to become an actress," said MacLaglen emphatically. "I know too well the heartbreak of it, especially for a woman."

MacLaglen owns a home at LaJolla Beach, where his family spends the summers and week-ends, and where the children can bathe and play tennis and ride horseback to their hearts' content.

Lawrence Tibbett's twins, Richard and Lawrence. The twins attend public school and are under rigid discipline. Larry inherits his father's love for singing while Richard is inclined to be bookish.

That Barrymore Baby!

A WONDERFUL baby, indeed, is Dolores May Ethel Barrymore,



Harold Lloyd and his daughter, Gloria, on Harold's own golf course, a part of his elaborate estate. Gloria, who is the image of her popular father, has been a system child since she was a tiny infant.

daughter of John and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

This young lady is the idol of her parents, naturally, but so far isn't a bit spoiled, exhibiting, indeed, the sweetest temper imaginable.

"She isn't a bit temperamental," declared Mrs. Joe Cawthorne, a lifelong friend of the Barrymores.

Little Dolores May Ethel goes to sleep on the dot, eats on the dot (she is a system baby of the very latest model) has her sun baths on the dot, and is altogether a most admirable child.

At this writing the Barrymores are out on their yacht, sailing in Mexican waters, and the baby is with them. But so careful are the parents of their child, that a

Charles Bickford's children, Doris, aged thirteen, and Rex, aged five. These children have been raised in the open. Both are expert riders and both are fine swimmers.

mere nurse is not enough. A special physician, a woman, who makes the study of children's health her life work, has accompanied the expedition. So far, according to communications received by friends and relatives here, the baby hasn't needed the doctor to any extent. She isn't even seasick.

Nothing is permitted to interfere with the system under which the baby is being raised, even on shipboard. If she requires vegetable juices, why, they have been brought along for her.

The baby has her little bed aboard ship, with her cabin made to look as much like a nursery as possible.

While there isn't much said as yet in the household concerning her future, I think it is tacitly taken for granted that she will be an actress.

And, as though in prophesy, she is the first baby to join the Domino Club, which is the little sister, you know, of the women's stage organization, the exclusive Twelfth Night Club, of New York; and which boasts the membership, in Hollywood, of all the best-known stage and talking-picture actresses in the West. The club presented the little one with a silver toilet set.

Which makes two toilet sets, inasmuch as her fond dad had already given her a solid gold one.

Dolores is a wonderful mother, and Jack is a great dad.

Lucky little Barrymore baby!

Gloria's Children

"GLORIA SWANSON is one of the most devoted mothers I have ever known," Lois Wilson once told me. "If either of the children is ill, she will sit up all night with the child, even when she is working."

So that is the record for this actress, ultra-sophisticated on the screen, heartless in her film rôles, the last word in smartness, but a most maternal lady at heart.

Little Gloria is nine years old, and the boy, Joseph, adopted, is seven. His nickname is "Brother."

The children go to public school although they have a nursery governess at home. They have a lot of school chums, and other playmates too.



"I believe in bringing up children so as to preserve their individuality," said Miss Swanson. "I try in every way possible to avoid having their lives directed for them in any certain channels connected with my own career."

Joseph seems to be mechanically minded. He likes to study mechanical toys and toy airplanes, and to take them apart and put them together again.

Both take music lessons on the piano and, in addition, Gloria is taking lessons on the harp and is showing much musical ability. The children play duets together nicely. Gloria has much more liking for music than Joseph has.

Little Gloria looks very much like her mother.

The children have a nursery, but love playing in the outdoors in their big yard. They both have bicycles, which they ride about their big Beverly Hills home. Both love to swim in the ocean.

There is no hard or fast rule about the children's up-bringing except that servants must neither over-indulge them nor on the other hand be too severe in method with them. And they must not be allowed to over-exercise, either.

They have several dogs as pets. There is a litter of chow pups at present on the premises, and there is a cute little animal story connected with these and with the children's special pet, a Scotty named Tam. While the pups were being born, Tam was just as interested as anybody. He sat about and observed proceedings, and seems to have a great interest in the brood. The children call him "Nurse," such a lively interest does he show in the young strangers. The mother resents the interest of everybody and every animal in her young, except that of Tam. And she freely permits him to play with the pups.

The children are encouraged to understand the value of money, though not to be parsimonious. Little Gloria is very sensible



Johnny Mack Brown and his wife (above) are mighty proud of their daughter, Jane Harriet, as you can see from this picture. Johnny has decided that he doesn't want his daughter to be an actress. At the left, Skeets Gallagher and his son, Skeets, Junior.



in money matters, either from training or a natural sense of thrift.

Between pictures Gloria is with the children a great deal. She rides with them and takes them to the beach or plays with them about the big grounds of the home. They dine with her and she sometimes reads to them.

When Miss Swanson has guests, even interviewers, the children are not restrained from joining their mother. There is no effort to shut them out, although she never permits them to be photographed for publicity, thinking this would make them self-conscious and perhaps influence them toward desiring a publicity unwholesome for children.

Miss Swanson dwells with her children in a large mansion in Beverly Hills. It is a big, somewhat old-fashioned house, surrounded by huge grounds, and the children are very happy there. Indeed its owner has been frequently advised to sell the place, but refuses because she feels that the



Harry Carey and his children, Adobe and Cappy, aged nine and five. Raised by Indian nurses, the children speak two or three redskin dialects and are highly proficient in Indian lore.

children come first, and that a love of a home they know and grow up in is a wholesome factor in character building.

In short, Miss Swanson wants her children to be good, wholesome, natural youngsters.

Tom Mix's Little Girl

TOM MIX'S daughter, nine years old, Thomasina, bids fair to follow in her father's footsteps when it comes to ridin' and shootin'.

Ever since she was a tiny girl, Thomasina has had her own pony, and has ridden horseback. Rules, however, were strict. She must always be accompanied, even when riding on the grounds of the big Mix estate in Beverly, by either her father or her mother, or some highly trusted servant.

Victoria Mix, Thomasina's mother, took almost entire charge of the girl's education when she was little. "I never

John Miljan is the step-father of the two boys at the right, Robert, aged eight, and Creighton, aged twelve years.



tell Thomasina 'Never mind, don't bother me,' when she asks a question," her mother said. "In fact, we have one given hour together every day when I read to her or talk with her in her little study, and she asks me any question she wishes. Am I stumped? Very often I am you may be sure."

She had a French nurse when she was small, and she stayed a long while with her mother in France, so she became a fair French scholar even while yet a tiny girl.

She is a modest, well-behaved child, given to keeping regular hours.

"And she always rises at five or six o'clock, at any hour I do," said her father proudly, "to have breakfast with me. No matter how dark the Winter morning, she never has to be called twice to get up and eat with me."

On the other hand, I have positively never known such adoring affection as Tom lavishes on his little girl. He is putty in her hands—not nearly so strict as her mother—but all the same she minds him.

Thomasina lately has been with her father in Tom's circus!

"Oh, she was great!" Tom told me, when I spoke to him recently on his return from the East.

"She did a riding act and a trapeze act!"

But now that Thomasina is at home, she turns to her books, which she loves almost as much as she does her horses.

"We've been shopping today, Thomasina and I," her father said. "She bought a whole lot of books, and I bought her a bowling-alley set, too. We like that game, Thomasina and I!"

All during her circus tour, Thomasina had her governess with her, and made rapid progress with her books.

"I want her to take up any career she likes when she grows up," said Tom, "but first of all I want her to be well, strong and happy."

Will Rogers' Children

"**W**E ain't bringin' them up, they're just springin' up!" answered Will Rogers with his grin, when I asked him about his three prides and joys.

They are Mary, Jimmie and Bill, you know.

However, I happen to know all the care that is bestowed on these favored youngsters.

And sensible care, too, it is.

They obey their father implicitly, and their mother,

too, for that matter. But they stand a little in awe of their famous dad, just can't get quite used to him.

Jimmie goes to high school, but Bill and Mary attend private schools. And all are athletic, Mary being as great a rider and polo player as her brothers.

The whole house is for the children. And the grounds, too.

Out there in their Santa Monica Ranch stands an old-fashioned ranch house, which has been turned into one big room. The bedrooms and dining room are housed in plain two-story structures. And there is a gymnasium for the children.

But it was the polo field outside, a polo field covered with greensward, that caught my eye. There the children ride their ponies wildly.

The youngsters are taught thrift, and they also have their little daily tasks to perform.

They like the theater fairly well, but prefer the outdoors.



John Ford, the director, has a son and a daughter, Pat and Barbara, shown above. "They're just every-day children," says their mother, "and not hot-house plants."

Lawrence Tibbett's Twins

IT was Mrs. Grace Tibbett, wife of the singer, who I told me about their children. There are two boys, you know, twins, named Richard Mackay and Lawrence Iven Tibbett.

"I am trying to keep the children unsophisticated," said Mrs. Tibbett. "Lawrence and I both agree that is one of the main considerations. And it is difficult to do this amid all the hectic life to be found in connection with the stage and pictures.

"Not that we don't love professional life and professional people. Of course we do. But we want the children to remain just children, instead of becoming

worldly wise. That, we want to guard against."

The children are never allowed at the many big parties which the Tibbetts give.

I went to one the other night, and outside the house, wistfully watching the guests as they arrived, was one of the twins! Doubtless he had escaped parental supervision, and was taking a hungry peep at the famous guests.

The twins are not permitted to eat sweets or desserts.

The children attend public school and are excellent students. Their mother and father both help them with their home study lessons.



"Larry wants to be a conductor of a big orchestra," his mother explained. "He will take a long stick, turn on the phonograph records of 'Carmen' and Ravel's 'Bolero,' and conduct an imaginary orchestra. These compositions are his favorites.

"Oh, yes, he loves to sing and
(Continued on page 92)

Buster Keaton has raised his boys, Joseph and Bobby, to be athletes. Here they are in a corner of the Keaton estate, a corner given over to their playhouse, tracks for their electric train, etc.



JEANETTE MACDONALD

The charming heroine of those two piquant sound screen musicals, "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," Miss MacDonald has moved her make-up box from the Paramount Studios to the Fox Studios—and you will next see her in a lively comedy, "Oh, For a Man." Although Miss MacDonald won first attention with her lovely voice, she will be seen in light comedy sans music. Maybe, if the public ever shows a real liking for singing pictures, you will hear her soprano once more.



Photograph by Fred R. Archer

MARIAN NIXON

Photographed for NEW MOVIE in the bathing pool of her Beverly Hills residence



Photograph by Bert Longworth

The Real and Elusive Beauty of Awakened Romance Is Expressed by Just Two Motion Picture Stars

THIS is the third of Adela Rogers St. Johns' striking articles on screen beauty, each complete in itself. Mrs. St. Johns has declared that the screen has had but two great and indisputable beauties—the late Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. What do you think?

MUSIC produces reactions by its beauty.

Some songs produce romance, some produce passion, some reawaken memories, some lift the spirit to sublime visions.

Beauty in women has just as wide a series of reactions.

The beauties of the screen have to be judged also by the feelings they awaken in the beholder.

To me, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor have the real beauty of awakening romance.

THERE are some women who suggest love affairs—maybe for a day, a week, even a year. Some that suggest intriguing friendships that would probably be fleeting.

Mary and Janet—I couple them, because I think they are exactly alike in the appeal they make to the heart—suggest the girl who really loves and wants to marry.

Why do the people love Mary? Because of a certain aspect of her face in its highest mood. Botticelli painted her portrait many centuries ago when, by some necromancy, she appeared to him in this phase of herself. The people are hungry for this fine and spiritual thing that Botticelli painted in the faces of his muses and heavenly creatures. Because the mob catch the very glimpse of it in Mary's face, they follow her night after night in the films.

Vachel Lindsay said that in his very fine book, "The Art of the Moving Picture."

Loretta Young is one of the prettiest girls on the screen today. Pretty, too, are Jean Arthur, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Joan Marsh and Jeanette MacDonald. Mrs. St. Johns places Marion Davies at the forefront of the screen's division of prettiness.

And it is a very true saying. People do crave fine and spiritual things. Even today, when we make a fetish of not craving them, there is a hunger for something that makes us believe in goodness.

The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



Mary Pickford's beauty is physical and evident. Her face is camera perfect. On no matter what basis you estimated the beauties of the screen, "America's Sweetheart" would have to be included. It is her peculiar power to stir certain feelings that gives her a special kind of beauty.

MARY PICKFORD'S beauty is physical and evident. Her face is camera perfect. Out of a sitting of photographs which includes twenty or thirty negatives, Mary will have to discard only one or two—and those usually because of some fault in lighting. On no matter what basis you estimated the beauties of the screen, "America's Sweetheart" would have to be included.

But it is her peculiar power to stir certain feelings that gives her a special kind of beauty.

For some reason—perhaps it is the contour of her face—Mary is ornamented by our own sweetest memories. She touches the strings of our treasures, the treasures we don't talk about.

The first time we read the story of Lancelot and Elaine. The first time we heard some beloved song. A first kiss. A moonlight night in—Carmel, or Lake Geneva, or Central Park. The lace wedding veil hidden away in a cedar chest in the attic. A young mother bending above her first-born.

Bootleggers and prohibition, gangsters and lipsticks, haven't destroyed the yearning for romance, for sweetness, for gentle goodness, that persists century after century, and in every place.

The woman who can supply that need has beauty. Whether she is sixteen or sixty, whether her face meets all or none of the physical requirements of the immortal Helen—that woman has beauty.

I remember one time being introduced to a girl about whose beauty a mutual boy-friend had told me much. Frankly, I was staggered when I saw her. It

seemed to me that I had never encountered a plainer face. Yet I knew that the boy had been perfectly sincere.

A year or two later, I found myself telling someone else how beautiful this girl was. I meant it. You see, in the meantime I had grown to know her.

That kind of beauty lasts. Unless it is destroyed by some pretensions of youth, it is ageless.

Not long ago I was at a house party given by Marion Davies. There were a number of the most beautiful young girls in pictures at the table. My seat was next to that of a man famous on two continents as an explorer and scientist—an adventurous, daring, hard-living man of the great world. Never having met him before and not wanting to start on his trips into unknown lands, I asked him which woman there he thought the most beautiful.

"How could I tell?" he said "I don't know any of them."

"But you can see them all," I said.

He looked. "I suppose they are beautiful," he said, at last, "but will you think me ungallant if I say I do not see beauty in any face here except Miss Davies'? They are

like lamps without a light inside."

LATER, when we became better acquainted, he showed me a picture of his wife, who he said was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in all his travels. I don't think, really, he knew anything about how she looked. Even I, just looking at the picture once, could see why he thought her beautiful.

"It wasn't Mary Pickford's face alone that made her the most famous of all stars. It was a beauty that could rest, comfort, satisfy the tired longing in many tired people. You can't get that beauty in beauty parlors." — ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor Are the Only



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Clara Bow is a living symbol of our idols—speed and pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Then, too, she has a thing we all prize highly, youth. Real youth. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant.

She looked so good, so kind, so true, so—oh, as if she'd always understand, always be there in the pinches.

It wasn't alone Mary Pickford's pretty face, her charm of personality, that made her the most famous of all stars.

It was a beauty that could rest, comfort, satisfy the tired longing of many tired people. Probably they weren't conscious of it, probably they never analyzed it. But you can't overthrow human nature in a few short years of freedom and license. Woman has been for centuries a part of religion, a part of spirituality. Upon her breast, man has sought surcease from burdened existence.

Mary suggests that Woman. The little Mother. James Whitcomb Riley's "The Girl I Loved."

You don't get that kind of beauty in beauty parlors, Paris dress salons, gymnasiums. You get it by high thinking and clean living. You get it by unselfishness and charity. Which still pay dividends, even in the world of screen beauty.

Even when Mary is a little devil, even when she's a vixen and a termagant, she still has that face which suggests beauty of soul. You can't get away from it.

JANET GAYNOR has much the same thing, though in a little different channel. Janet is the romance of life. The girl for whom knights battled. Her physical aspect also awakens a definite and unusual emotional response. You look at her, you do not think particularly whether she is beautiful or not. But you want to rescue her, protect her.

Mary and Janet are our romantic beauties of the screen.

It isn't, you know, a bad idea. Even in fashions, we have had to come back in some respects to the romantic.

Marguerite Clark was the Janet Gaynor of her day. The doll you couldn't bear to see handled by careless hands. Mae Marsh, too, had the ability to awaken quick and loving feeling—that was her beauty, though in truth she was a plain little person. The lamp was lighted within, always. Its glow drew you, made you love her.

I wonder if, in the last analysis, anything that awakens love isn't beautiful.

THERE is another screen beauty who has a typically modern appeal. She is a beauty today, a great beauty in popular estimation, yet I doubt if she would have been called beautiful in other ages. Clara Bow.

They call her the "IT" girl.

Short, to the point, goes well in headlines and twenty-four sheets.

But I don't think Clara's beauty is merely that of sex. After all, sex is biological and, as the great and sedate Plutarch once remarked, "All women are fair when the candles are out."

This is distinctly an age of speed, of movement. We love fast motion. Our dances of the past few years—the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Varsity Drag, the Shimmy, have all been rapid movement.

Our lives are a succession of going quickly from one place to another, one thing to another, and our great national idol of the moment is the man who went farthest fastest—Colonel Lindbergh.

Sports have speeded up terrifically. Records on

Romantic Beauties of the Motion Picture Screen

the track are seconds faster than they were a decade ago. Baseball is speedier. Football has developed speed and forward passes—faster, more open than the games of a few years past.

Trains, boats, automobiles—everything is speed and movement.

All that speed Clara Bow represents in a girl.

SHE has the national quality—pep. We adore pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Her eyes sparkle with an inward fire, which is another outward sign of an inward pep.

It isn't just the beauty of graceful motion. That can be slow. Clara has all the beauty of a very fast thoroughbred horse. Whether she does the modern dance that we think fascinating, every movement suggests that she might start it at any moment.

A symbol is Clara Bow. A symbol of our idols, speed and pep.

Many young girls of today have that beauty. Clara does less than nothing to keep hers. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant. Or perhaps it is because she doesn't exercise or bother about her looks that she manages to keep up that terrific pace of hers.

Clara takes care of her looks by fits and starts—a good deal the way most young girls do. For two or three days, she has massages, puts on her cold cream every night and rubs her face with a piece of ice every morning. Then for a week, she forgets all about it.

Again, Clara has a thing that we prize highly—youth. Real youth. It is her problem now to approach thirty as distinctively, as stunningly as Swanson or Norma Talmadge.

I sometimes wonder if men don't prefer prettiness to beauty. There is a fragile, feminine, lovable quality about prettiness that beauty doesn't have. Sometimes great beauty creates a feeling of awe. Prettiness does just the opposite.

Pretty women are pettable—if there is such a word. And they have a gayety, a lightness which I love.

"A pretty little woman" still has a good deal of an edge on most of her sex.

THE prettiest woman on the screen is Marion Davies. There were shots of her in that delightful picture "The Florodora Girl" that were prettier than anything else I have ever seen in pictures.

She has every true element of prettiness. Divine dimples. Little golden freckles on her pert, uptilted nose. Curly blond hair. Wide blue eyes. Even, white teeth. Big blue eyes with black lashes that curve back and are tipped with gold.

She knows how to make the most of it, too. Probably her clothes are smart and up to the moment in fashion. But they are always pretty clothes. I have never seen her attempt the striking, the ultra, the severe. Her dinner gowns are soft blues and exquisite orchids and very pale pinks.

Her hats always have a little softly curved brim.



Photograph by Autrey

Janet Gaynor is the romance of life, says Mrs. St. Johns. Her physical aspect awakens a definite and unusual emotional response. You look at her, you do not think particularly whether she is beautiful or not. But you want to rescue her, protect her.

Her sweaters are woolly ones, of angora, with adorable woolly collars. She is essentially dainty in every little appointment.

And she has the prettiest laugh in the world.

Most pretty women are blondes, have you ever noticed that?

Mary Miles Minter was one of the prettiest girls who ever won stardom. And I wonder if you remember Wanda Hawley? There was a scene in the prologue of that great picture made by Cecil De Mille, "Old Wives for New," in which Wanda, dressed in a gingham apron, came down to a little stream. I will never forget that.

THERE are a lot of pretty girls on the screen today. Jean Arthur, Loretta Young, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Laura La Plante, Joan Marsh, Jeanette MacDonald.

In fact, unless you have something to go with prettiness—such as Marion Davies' great comedy talent or Mae Murray's dancing and instinct for the picturesque—you don't get above the level of a good leading woman.

June Collyer is pretty, but she must watch herself for the affectation of a set smile that is becoming almost as objectionable as Buddy Rogers' omnipresent dental ad.

(Continued on page 125)

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
HURRELL



Kay Johnson's boudoir is a perfect example of the modernistic spirit. The walls are a silver gray, finished on heavy plaster. The wall brackets and the lamps all have shades of soft opaque silver. The oddly shaped chest of drawers, shown at the left, serves as a perfume and dressing table. Above it is an old portrait of a Chinese woman done on pale gray silk and carrying out all the colors of the room. The chaise longue, barely in view in the picture at the left, is covered with a striped glazed chintz in apple green, rose, peach and lemon yellow. The reading lamp has a twisted silver stand and a parchment shade of soft rose. The pillows are Chinese silk.

Miss Johnson and her modernistic bed, at the right. The head board carries out the severe lines. It is enameled silver gray and the coverlet is of old Chinese satin, with figures of all the pastel shades. The doll represents a Chinese lady of high degree and makes a brilliant splash of color.





Above, Miss Johnson in her modernistic boudoir. The chair is upholstered in glazed chintz, with crossing stripes of rose, apple green and yellow. The background is soft gray. Note the small collapsible table of metal enameled a delicate green. This is a most convenient article for any room. The boudoir is carpeted in gray velour.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

KAY
JOHNSON



At the right Miss Johnson is wearing Chinese pajamas in brocaded jade green silk. The tiny dressing table is enameled a silver gray, but the border strikes the color note, painted in many pastel shades of rose, green, lemon yellow and peach.



Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO

As you will see him in his next Metro-Goldwyn vehicle, "The Gay Caballero."



After flying all over Europe on her first vacation in years of hard work, Dorothy Mackaill is back in Hollywood. When she went away on her trip, she said she might not come back. But Miss Mackaill got homesick for the maddest town in all the world.

Catching Up With Dorothy

BY NORMAN KRASNA

AT twenty minutes after eleven o'clock on the night of May 12, Dorothy Mackaill got up from the floor and yawned. Then she sat down, yawned, and got up again. It was the last sequence taken in the filming of the highly successful "The Office Wife." Dorothy's maid got her things together from her dressing-room, they both tramped out of the studio to their waiting coffee-colored Cadillac, and away they went, Dorothy driving lickety-split, never to come back to the studio, they thought.

It was Dorothy's last picture on her old long-term contract. This had been her last day. The yawning had been her last "shot." This was very appropriate. At seven o'clock the following day Dorothy and her mother were ensconced on the Chief, eastward-bound from Los Angeles to Chicago, from which delightful

city they would be rushed to New York on the Twentieth Century.

AT nine in the morning the Twentieth Century pulled into Grand Central Station where Car 147, called Pocohontas, Compartment Six, was met by various gentlemen purporting to be, and who

undoubtedly were, First National executives. Most of them bore papers "Sign here, Dorothy," or "Sign there, Dorothy."

For five minutes the redoubtable Miss Mackaill refused to turn the key that would open the compartment door, although the executives certainly were making themselves known. After which time, realizing that while she was able to drop out of a window her mother was not, she opened the door.

Now Dorothy isn't like other stars, in social contacts. First National (Continued on page 87)



Photograph by Preston Duncan

RAYMOND HACKETT



Mary Brian invited some of her girl friends to a "Brunch" the other day. A "Brunch" is an early luncheon designed for young women who eat no breakfast. Left to right, Frances Dee, Elva Boggs, Mary Brian, June Collyer and Rosita Moreno

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY
Photograph by Otto Dyar

LAST month we told you about a Hollywood luncheon. Now we are going to introduce you to a form of entertainment to which Hollywood is very partial and which is a most convenient and intimate way of getting together for a group of girls or young matrons.

They call it "Brunch."

You will probably guess at the origin of that unusual name. It's a combination of breakfast and lunch and was, as nearly as I can remember, invented by Bebe Daniels a few years ago when she used to give Sunday morning brunches before a long afternoon of horseback riding in Griffith Park.

Now it has been adopted as the proper way of feeding your guests before a matinee, a football game, or an afternoon that is to be devoted to shopping.

YOU see, now that most women don't eat any breakfast—or at most a glass of orange juice or

a cup of coffee—a combined breakfast and lunch around eleven-thirty is very tempting and fits in nicely with the prescribed schedule of two meals a day which the modern figure demands. Also, by serving a meal as early as that, one isn't rushed madly in order to get through and be at the theater or the stadium on time.

Mary Brian had a group of girl friends for brunch in her boudoir the other afternoon and then took them to a matinee. Most of them being "working girls" but happening to be between pictures, it suited them exactly, for they could sleep late and go straight to Mary's. In that case, a regular luncheon doesn't appeal much to the appetite but brunch is perfect.

Mary served a menu which gave everyone a wide choice of eating as much or as little as she wanted.

First, large glasses of chilled orange juice, with the juice of one lime and one lemon. The orange juice was served in regular full sized glasses.

(Continued on page 100)

Ever Hear of a
Hollywood Brunch?



**MARLENE
DIETRICH**

The newest personality on the screen! This importation from Germany next will be seen as a piquant lady spy in "Dishonored" with Josef Von Sternberg, who directed her in "Morocco," again in charge of production. Victor McLaglen is playing opposite, instead of Gary Cooper, who could not finish work on "Fighting Caravans" in time to take the rôle.

♥

♥

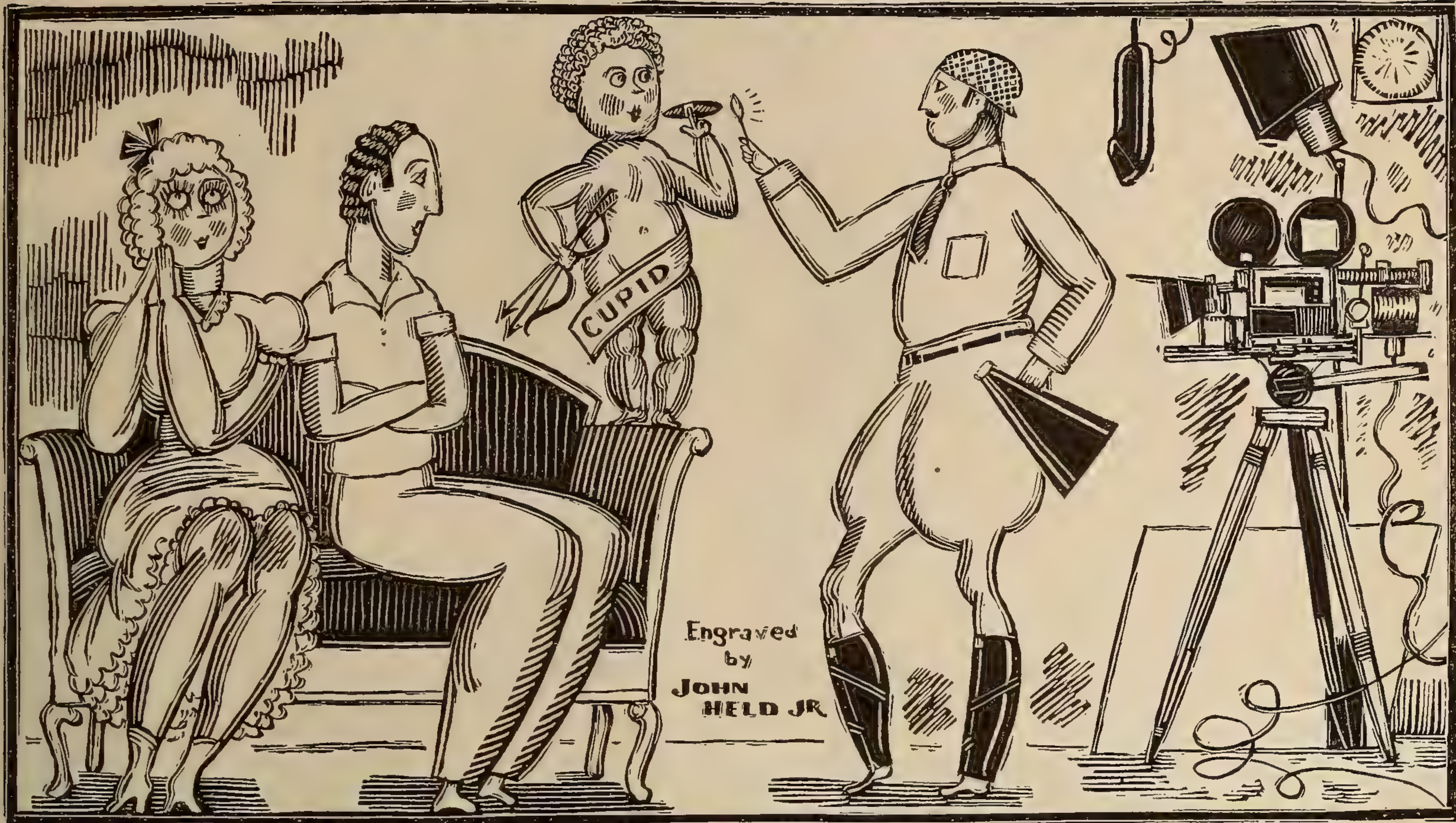
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FEBRUARY

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TO MY VALENTINE

♥

♥

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1922: William Taylor murdered in Hollywood, the town making the front pages for the first time.	15	Sun.	1882: John Barrymore born in Philadelphia. 1914: The unknown Charlie Chaplin arrives in Los Angeles to make comedies.
2	Mon.	1921: "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" released by Metro and Valentino rides on to glory. Full moon tonight.	16	Mon.	1902: Chester Morris born in New York City. 1880: D. W. Griffith born in La Grange, Ky., and General Jake Griffith is mighty proud.
3	Tues.	1916: The makers of motion pictures are told for first time that they have created an art. Imagine their surprise!	17	Tues.	1897: Anita Stewart born in Brooklyn. 1908: Mary Brian born in Corsicana, Texas. 1925: Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor married. New moon tonight.
4	Wed.	1911: The first film magazine runs the first interview entitled "The Real Jane Doe."	18	Wed.	1890: Adolphe Menjou born in Pittsburgh.
5	Thurs.	1903: Lindbergh born. 1917: Charlie Ray introduces the first butler to astonished Hollywood.	19	Thurs.	1910: Dorothy Janis born in Dallas, Texas. 1890: Art Acord born in Stillwater, Okla.
6	Fri.	1899: Ramon Samaniegos (now Novarro) born in Durango, Mexico. 1901: Ben Lyon born in Atlanta, Ga.	20	Fri.	1926: Joan Crawford claims the title of best Charleston dancer on the coast.
7	Sat.	1904: Eddie Nugent born in New York City.	21	Sat.	1926: Buddy Rogers was an anxious student at the Paramount School. Will he be promoted or not?
8	Sun.	1587: Mary, Queen of Scots, executed. 1915: "The Clansman" (later "The Birth of a Nation") opens at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles.	22	Sun.	1885: Lew Cody born. 1883: James Kirkwood born.
9	Mon.	1891: Ronald Colman born in Richmond, Surrey, England. Moon in last quarter tonight.	23	Mon.	1930: Madcap Mabel Normand dies.
10	Tues.	1926: Rudolph Valentino starts work on his last film, "The Son of the Sheik."	24	Tues.	1885: Bert Lytell born in New York City.
11	Wed.	1927: The great Garbo-Gilbert romance grows torrid.	25	Wed.	1926: Clara Bow announces her engagement to Gilbert Roland. Moon in first quarter tonight.
12	Thurs.	1912: Buster Collier born in New York City.	26	Thurs.	1981: Hollywood welcomes a foreign movie actress with open arms.
13	Fri.	1926: Paramount announces that it will film Dreiser's "American Tragedy" at once.	27	Fri.	1899: Ian Keith born in Boston. 1911: Joan Bennett born in Palisades, N. J.
14	Sat.	Valentine's Day. 1906: Stuart Erwin born in Squaw Valley, Calif. 1914: Griffith arrives in Los Angeles to make "Birth of a Nation."	28	Sat.	1815: Napoleon getting ready for return from Elba. The first comeback of history.

February birth stone: Both ancient and modern, amethyst. The amethyst betokens sincerity, according to the wise men of history.



Photograph by Hurrell

Kay Francis' mother was an actress, Katherine Clinton. Kay had no idea of adopting a stage career until her marriage crashed. She was a divorcee at twenty. Ten days after applying at the managers' offices, Miss Francis landed a job in a Broadway production. It was just luck, she explains. She had no particular ambitions at that time. Broadway knew her as something of a playgirl. Now that she has made a hit on the screen, Broadway wouldn't recognize the transformed Kay. She loves work. Indeed she says work is the most important thing in life to her right now.

Working GIRL

Broadway Knew Kay Francis as a Girl Who Lived for a Laugh but Hollywood Has Transformed Her

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



THERE was a terrible storm at sea. The great ocean liner fought its way through giant waves that pounded against the steel sides with a crash of cymbals. Above, the black clouds menaced with blots of lightning and mad downpours of rain. The ship seemed to struggle through chaos toward an unseen goal.

A girl wrapped in a heavy coat, a tam pulled down over her eyes, stood at the rail. No one else had ventured on deck, but the storm fitted her mood and she was recklessly careless of consequences.

For behind her lay what seemed the wreck of her life. An ex-wife at twenty. At twenty she had lived the span of a great love, a romantic sixteen-year-old marriage, two and a half years of bliss and agony combined, a Paris divorce.

No wonder her eyes were smoldering.

WHILE the storm raged, young Mrs. Francis faced the problems which have confronted thousands of ex-wives. The liner floundering up and down in the boiling waves under dark skies was very like herself. The storms of life had torn this girl from her moorings. The only life she had known since she came to adolescence lay behind her, a mere black and white record upon a French court.

A divorcee at twenty.

What should she do with the long life that stretched ahead of her? How was she to fill up that endless procession of days? Must she drift as so many ex-wives drifted, filling her days with any sort of thing called fun?

Her heart ached, not for the man she had divorced, but for the shattered dreams, the torn illusions. Such a short time before she had stood at the altar with all a very young girl's high hopes and rosy faith in love. She had seen ahead to the days of Darby and Joan, as they two grew old hand in hand.

Now that was gone and life looked very empty. She

"It's wonderful how helpful Hollywood folks are," says Kay Francis. "When I worked with Clara Bow, she was simply grand. She said to me, 'Now, Kay, I'm the star, so naturally they train the camera on me. But, if you cheat a little, you'll get in it just right, too. You've got to keep that face in the camera, you know, darling.'"

wanted no more of love that could do such brutal things to anyone.

But she was by no means an ignorant girl. Though she had been brought up in convents, she was of her generation. Facts were to be recognized, that was all. A typical post-war young woman. She knew pretty well what happened or might happen to a young divorcee with green eyes, black hair, the figure of a Parisian mannequin and nothing to do.

"EX-WIFE" hadn't been written then, but she knew. On the trackless waves she saw written the old story. The pathetic effort to fill empty hours. The fear of being alone that leads to cocktail parties and night clubs. The surface laughter which passes for happiness and for which nowadays so many ex-wives pay a high price.

Then it came to her that the ship on which she stood had work to do, a place to go, a goal to achieve. That was why it would defeat the storm and come eventually into port.

"I must do something," she said to herself aloud. "I must have work to do. I must keep busy."

She knew that she could never be happy in the aimless life of mere social drifting from one luncheon to another, one bridge party to another, one evening to another. There was too much vital energy in her.

"I will go on the stage," she said.

Her mother, Katherine Clinton, had been an actress. But Kay had never thought of the stage, because she had married as soon as she was out of the convent.

Kay Francis, Divorcee at 20, Had to Find a New Life

Now it seemed that the stage was her place. It was fascinating work that would hold her interest, occupy her time, force her to give her best to make good. Kay Francis had in her a streak that insisted upon making good at anything she tried to do.

ON the dock she told her mother and her uncle what she planned to do.

They laughed at her. Little Kay on the stage? Why, she didn't have any talent. She'd never shown the slightest interest in the theater. She had enough money. She had better come home and rest and wait—for what they didn't say, but probably for an advantageous second marriage.

Kay narrowed those amazing gray-green eyes, set in long, inky-black lashes and under severe black brows. Ten days later she was rehearsing for the rôle of the player queen in the modern version of "Hamlet."

"Luck," she says. Probably she is right. That first chance is so often luck. It's the years afterwards that count.

When they asked her her name she said simply, "Kay Francis." It was her married name, but for a long time she had regarded it as her only name and it never occurred to her to change it. She had no idea how famous it was to become.

For at first she had no great ambition. Success came without much effort. Her looks. Her alluring, low voice. Her ability to wear clothes. Auto-

matically this combination insured her getting along.

Two things she did in those New York years, while in "Crime" and "Elmer the Great" she made fairly reputable hits. She worked and she laughed. Everyone now has something of a laugh complex. Laughter fills up almost all the blank spots.

THE people who knew Kay Francis in New York thought of her as a play-girl. Always ready for anything. "A lot of laughs" was her main object. The men she went around with were nearly always the ones who could make her laugh hearty. She was the life of



Kay Francis likes to live alone. "I have to be alone at times," she says. "I don't see how people live who are never by themselves. I couldn't do it. I make a swell bachelor girl, for I'm not domestic. I want to live simply, comfortably, with as little annoyance as possible. Eliminate. That's my philosophy."

fitted, posing for photographs, studying lines.

"Once in a while I go to a party," she said. "But usually I'm so tired at night I can just get my make-up off and flop into bed. I don't have time to read. I never get a chance to play tennis. What do I do? I work, by gosh."

SHE sank down in a big chair and dragged off her little felt hat. Her face is striking, but not beautiful. It is more interesting than most beauty. The great charm for the eye lies in the coloring. But her face has a greater charm (Continued on page 124)

the party, could always be counted on for wise-cracks, quick answers, amusing ideas.

There wasn't a more popular girl on Broadway than the laughter-loving, gay, witty Kay Francis, who loved a good time and knew how to have it.

Broadway's play-girl. A straight-shooter. A grand kid. But she never took anything, neither men nor work, seriously. They didn't know that she had once taken a man much too seriously and had been badly hurt. No, Kay Francis had decided, as young folks so often do, that the way to beat life at its own game was never to take anything seriously, never to believe in anything and then you couldn't be disillusioned, never to build up any dreams and then you couldn't be rudely awakened, never to throw your whole soul into the keeping of another human being and then you couldn't be disappointed.

Be a play-girl. That was the system.

When I went to see her the other day, she came in very late whistling, "I've been working on the railroad, all the livelong day."

Seeing me, she said, "And you don't know how true that is."

Kay Francis takes her work seriously now, believe me. She works harder, longer, more intensely, than any other girl I know in Hollywood. In two years the most time she has had off is three days. When she isn't actually shooting, she's getting clothes, being

Catching Up With Dorothy

(Continued from page 79)

executives do not go down to meet trains, ever, except for Dorothy. Some way, somehow, Dorothy seems to strike off a more familiar, hail-fellow-well-met attitude that endears her to everyone she meets.

The impression seems to be that feminine appreciation is gained by being coy and winsome, but these traits cannot honestly be attributed to Dorothy Mackaill.

Should you be permitted a glimpse of Dorothy and an executive you would gain the impression that they did not get along well at all.

"Hello Dorothy."

(No answer)

"You're looking better since I saw you last."

"Which makes me worth your money!"

"Ah—er, not very much better, only a little."

"Well, what's eating you?"

"Now why did you leave Hollywood without signing your new contract? Believe me, we have more trouble keeping tabs on you than—"

"Listen, are you going to stand there and argue or are you going to help me pack this junk?"

NOW how can someone keep up an indignant and injured front when he's putting lacy doodads in a satchel? This burlesque at animosity keeps on for hours, as it did on the Twentieth Century, a whole day at the Ritz-Carlton, and right up to the gangplank of the *S. S. Paris*, on which Dorothy was booked to sail the next morning.

"No," she said, "and again, no! no! no! and no! I'm going on a vacation. Goodbye."

And so she didn't sign any contract. A pretty state of affairs. One of the most valuable screen properties in the world, to get sordid about it, meandering about Europe without being signed by the company that made her successful. And it wasn't as if First National had the promise of Dorothy that when she got back she would sign a contract. To the company this bond would have been as good as the contract itself.

But Dorothy had said peculiar things.

"Oh, I might come back. Oh, I might. And then again I might not. I hear Berlin is pretty nice to live in now. And the old home town of Hull wouldn't be a bad place to spend reclining years and all that. My credit's good there. I guess I don't know what to do. Maybe travel for ten years. Or live in a small English cottage. Or be a high diver. Good-bye I have to pack. Why don't some of you executives help?"

IT was a peculiar situation. Not having had a vacation for six years it was difficult for someone to say that she would postpone it again. Not having a contract with the company it was impossible to say that she should postpone it again.

And what worried the company as much as anything, a friendly sort of worry, by the way, was the undeniable fact that Dorothy had a whole lot of money. Wall Street was a place where there were no picture houses, to Dorothy. Marble mansions were places she lived in during working hours, not at home. And why a chauffeur when she liked to drive? Dorothy has a lot of money.

For four long months cables addressed to wherever the rumors had it that Dorothy was, came back.

"No person at this address. This is a full charge cable."

Sometimes a newspaper clipping offered a hint.

"Dorothy Mackaill, noted screen star, was fined ten pounds by Magistrate Farthingham, for exceeding the local speed limit. The patrolman reported that the star had gone so fast that he could not measure her speed, since his own speedometer halted at eighty miles an hour. Miss Mackaill raised a legal point that if the patrolman was unable to say exactly how fast she was traveling she should be released. Magistrate Farthingham overruled the point, but publicly accepted her invitation to tea."

One clipping, marked "Grontz, Germany," offered the not amusing note:

"In a crack-up of the Fokker sixteen passenger plane yesterday evening no fatalities occurred although two men are seriously injured. Among the passengers were—" and then a list of a dozen persons, and the name of Dorothy Mackaill.

REPORTS came in from friends, too. Yes, they had bumped into Dorothy and her mother at Cannes. Yes, they heard she flew to Paris. From Paris back to London, from London to Switzerland, Switzerland to Berlin. Poo! she was lost again! And all the time not so much as a picture postcard from the blond star, who was evidently sleeping in airplanes.

And then, just as suddenly as she disappeared, she was found. She was staying at a friend's in London. Jack Warner sent her a contract by cable, she signed by cable, and home she came.

The secret came out. She was a little homesick. Europe was nice all right, but they had no directors who hollered at her. Mmm, it was pleasant not to have to get up at eight every morning, but it got monotonous after the first week. And she knew she was getting homesick when she found herself sneaking away from her mother on an afternoon and going to see a motion picture—the busman's holiday.

So Dorothy's back now. Refreshed, still looking for trouble with speed cops, still Hollywood's own child. And don't think she's not appreciated. In a town where amusing personalities have long been the life of the entire country, and where an industry that has begun to settle has quieted down the more amusing characters, it is indeed a relief and a blessing to find one brave soul still Peter Pan at heart, someone, who can be depended upon to leave her car standing across the car tracks while she buys a hat, and who will hide a fish in Mervyn LeRoy's topcoat even though he bribe her with an expensive lunch. Perk up your ears. Dorothy Mackaill's back. You're going to see her soon in "Big Business Girl," her first picture under her fine, new contract.

Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 47)

Executive (Yanking pull strap)—I'll call in a supervisor. (Enter a tall, sad-faced fellow with a haggard, hunted look. He is obviously a little sour—and perhaps a bit mad.)

Supervisor—Did you call me, Chief?

Executive—Certainly I called you—whaddayuh think I got this thing for? (Gives pull strap a demonstrative yank) Now lissen—on these Bobby Jones pictures—I wanna make 'em more than educationals. I wanna make 'em super-educationals. Not just educationals.

Supervisor (A glow of light in his tired eyes)—That's wot I've been saying. Make them super-supers.

Executive—And make 'em fast, too. Use slow motion but speed it up—don't

let 'em look like a news reel, see? How about music? Got any ideas about music?

Supervisor—I've been givin' that a lot of thought, Chief. A lot of thought. I figured to put a band under an awning at the various holes and let 'em play soft while Jones gets ready to hit the apple—time the swings with the music and let the drums come in when the club hits the ball, see?

Executive—We decided to make it miniature golf. But there can be a casino with a lot of hot music and a dance going on so the audience keeps hearing the music.

Supervisor—Well, Chief, you got a great idea there—make it miniature golf. The idea of making it Tom

Thumb golf is a GREAT idea. More popular and up to the minute. Fast—that's the idea. Make 'em fast. I was telling the scenario department, Chief, to get up some lines—some fast lines—gags—for Jones to deliver. If his lines are Okay then it don't make much difference about the golf angle which is like you say—too slow and news-reely. I got the boys in the scenario department to go to the research library and clip a lotta golf gags. You know—nifties for Jones to pull.

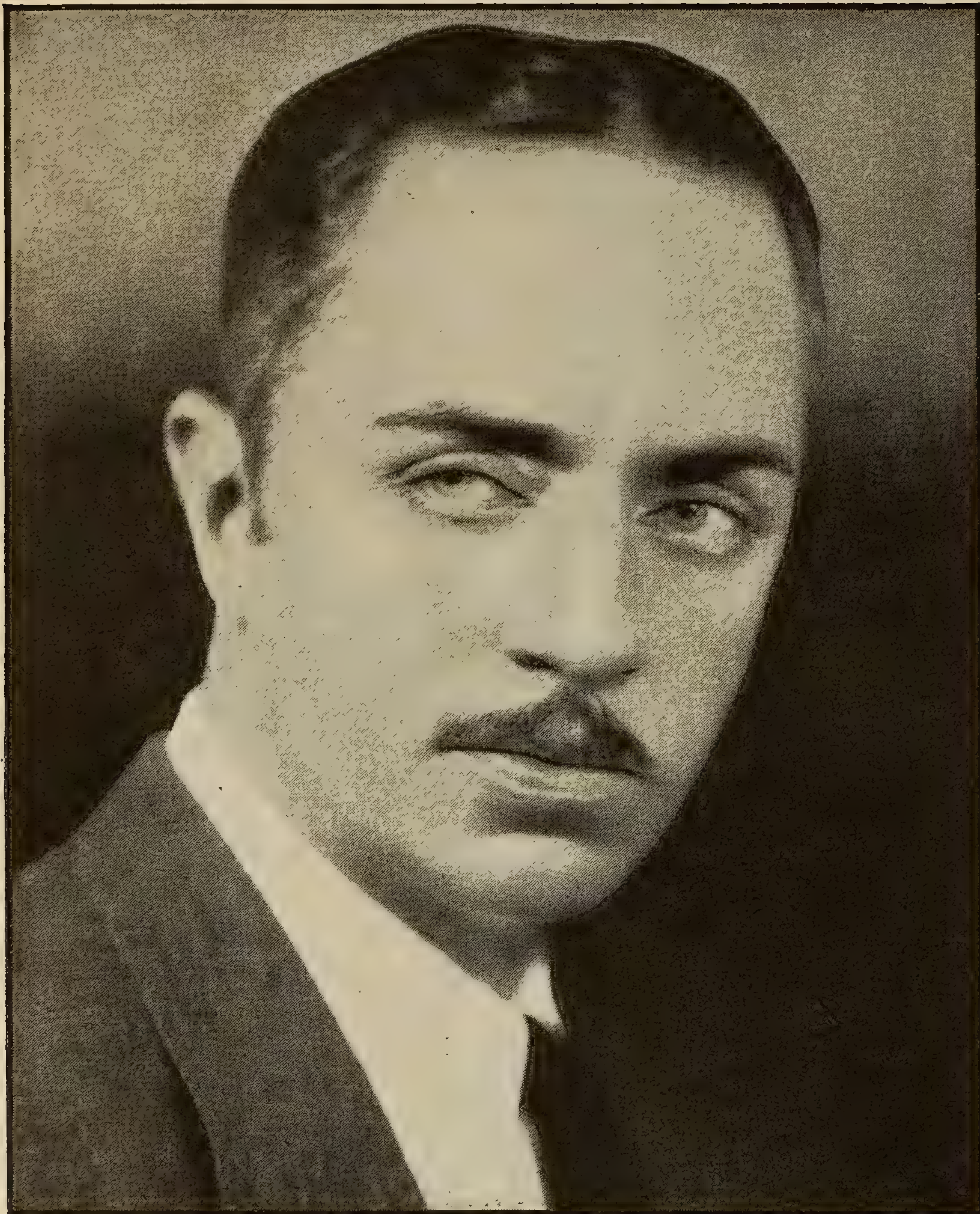
Executive (pushing push button)—Okay. I'll call in a dialogue writer.

Enter dialogue writer—a futile little man with a pair of shears in his hand.

Executive—Now lissen—and get

(Continued on page 91)

Mystery of William



© by G. M. Kessler

William Powell says that he owes a great deal to the late Leo Dietrichstein, the distinguished stage actor in whose company he played for some seasons.

THERE is no mystery to William Powell's success. It came by hard work.

Mr. Powell was born in Pittsburg late in July, 1892. The baby was named after his grandfather. Despite his south-of-Europe appearance, Mr. Powell's ancestry is almost entirely Irish, with a touch of Holland Dutch.

The Powells moved to Kansas City and Bill attracted attention in high school dramatics. That shaped his career. After graduation, he worked in the clerical department of the Kansas City Telephone Company. But he longed for a stage career and, hoping to get enough money for his tuition at the Sargent School of Dramatic Arts in New York City, he wrote a letter, outlining his hopes, to his wealthy great-aunt.



William Powell, at the age of fourteen, and a school pal named Fletcher Street. Bill is wearing a snappy pair of shorts, as you will note.

BY EVELYN GRAY

A WEEK passed. Young William Powell added figures, wrote statements and interviewed customers in the office of the Kansas City Telephone Company, and awaited an answer to the all-important letter he had written to his great-aunt in Sharon, Pennsylvania.

His mind wasn't on his work. He couldn't think about the prosaic and endlessly monotonous business before him. His brain hummed around a million questions.

Would the rich old matriarch of the Powell family send him the money to go to New York and study for the stage or would she not? Must he continue a galley slave to a business he loathed, or would she wave a magic wand and open the gates to a golden future where he could pursue the career of an actor now so dear to his heart? Would he have to wait years and years to marry his pretty high-school sweetheart, Edith, or would his aunt make it possible for him to go to New York and achieve fame and fortune overnight, so that he might dash back and claim his bride?

His fate trembled in the balance of the old lady's will, for he was only nineteen and he knew that without her help he dared not, his parents would never allow him to venture New York alone.

Then one afternoon the telephone rang.

"Will," said his mother's voice, "there's a letter here for you from Sharon, Pennsylvania."

"What does it say," demanded Bill.

"I don't know," said his mother, "I didn't open it."

"For the love of Pete," yelled Bill, "open it quick."

He waited, his heart doing flip-flops.

"It's signed Quincy Adams Gordon," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "He's aunt's lawyer."

Bill's heart sank. A lawyer. That meant that he was to be told in no mean fashion that aunt was through with helping aspiring members of her family who never paid her back.

"He says she will pay your tuition for a year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and give you fifty dollars a month to live

POWELL

How the Popular Actor Gained His Dramatic Training, How He Won the Help of Leo Dietrichstein and How He Came to Motion Pictures

on," said his mother. "William — William don't you hear me?"

THERE was no answer. William Powell was in telling his boss what he could do with his job. He didn't even wait to finish the day's work. In an hour he was home, packing.

Tearful farewells to be said. His father and mother trembled, as they saw their beloved only son venturing into a new world, a world of which they had heard so much that was evil. They saw him starting on a path which fact and fiction agreed was fraught with temptations. They had never discouraged him, but he was the first of the family anywhere to enter a theater save through the front door and they were both amazed and fearful. But they believed in him absolutely. Soon he would rival Mansfield.

He had to say good-by to Edith, too. The girl who for four years, all through high school, had been his ideal and his sweetheart. They were now definitely engaged. He was only twenty. She was still in her teens. But they were so sure that family opposition to such a young engagement was withdrawn. It wasn't puppy love. It was the real thing.

And Edith, with tears in her blue eyes, waved good-by to her man as he started out to conquer the world for her sake.

Nothing happened as they had planned it, but fortunately they didn't see into the future.

The Academy of Dramatic Arts of New York was then in Carnegie Hall. Bill got a cheap room near there, enrolled in the necessary classes and went to work.

Fifty dollars a month in those days was a lot more money than it is now. Bill didn't live in gilded luxury. He didn't cut any wide swath in the night life of New York. But he managed to do himself fairly well. He had a place to sleep, enough to wear, and at least two square meals a day. No week went by without a big box from his mother in Kansas City.

THE work at the school was just what he wanted. It was practical training, which would get him to the place where he could go into the theater.

But above all, he loved New York. New York was a big city, and it teemed with life, with drama, with color. Not one soul in the millions who filled the streets did he know. Yet he was never lonely. For he made friends with New York itself. He loved to wander on Broadway after the lights were lit. He loved to mingle with the crowd and watch their faces and try to picture to himself how they lived and where, what problems they faced of love and work and living.

He bought himself a second-hand edition of O. Henry and read avidly that great writer's tales of the Four Million. All around he searched for such adventures—and sometimes found them. Central Park was beautiful. Fifth Avenue was the finest street in the world. The Bowery, the Metropolitan Museum, the Ghetto—everything was new and wonderful.

"That was real education," Bill told me. "In some ways maybe it was better education than I could have obtained in four years at college. I came to know people, their expressions, their ways of moving and dressing, their reactions. I used to stand around staring and listening until it's a



William Powell in his first dress suit. He wore this when he took part in his first play, "An American Citizen," given by the senior class of the Central High School of Kansas City. Bill played the leading role in this play.

wonder I didn't get shot. I never thought about that. To me, it was a panorama being staged especially for my benefit."

There is still much of that observer in William Powell. There is more of the observer in his attitude toward life than anything else. He loves life, but not much of it gets very close to him. He stands back—and watches.

At the end of his first term at school, he decided he had had enough instruction and that he'd better go to work. More could be learned by actual experience. Besides, he was terribly impatient. He wanted to get about the business of becoming a great star. Fortunately, because during those waiting years he worked hard and learned important and necessary things. It never occurred to young Powell while he went through the hard grind of stock and road companies, while he fretted and raged that he didn't get his chance, that he was preparing for a day when a new art called "the talkies" should bring

him wider fame and greater returns than he had ever dreamed.

AS soon as he went to work his aunt's support was withdrawn.

But he paid her back every cent she had advanced him, with interest at six percent.

Perhaps he wasn't entirely disinterested in that. Sometimes the money came mighty hard, and after all, she had so much. Still, he had an idea in the back of his head. He was her nephew. If he proved to her how honorable and reliable and hard-working he was, he might become her favorite nephew. He had visions in his hall bedroom of the day when the dear old lady should pass to her reward and Quincy Adams Gordon would send for William Powell.

"My boy," he would say, "you didn't know your dear aunt well. But she watched your progress with great admiration. She appreciated your high standards and your honesty. She never forgot you paid her back the money she advanced you, and with interest, at that. Of all those she helped in life, you were the only one who repaid her fairly. So now, she has made you her sole heir."

Such were young Powell's dreams, as he saved his pennies and sent off money orders to Sharon, Pennsylvania.

They didn't come true. When she died, aunt left her money to found a home for aged and indigent Protestant clergymen.

His first job on the stage was in Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-Do-Well." He played four parts, most of them with beards. It was a second company, playing around New York City. Bill didn't get much of a chance to show what he could do, but he received a salary and the experience.

UNTIL 1921, William Powell worked a slow and gradual and sometimes discouraging way upward in the American Theater. He played stock in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Portland (Oregon), Boston, Buffalo and Northampton. He toured with first, second and third road companies. He played small parts and character parts in New York. He played leads, old gentlemen, heavies, juveniles, and characters. For ten years he kept at it, working steadily but seemingly getting nowhere.

Two great experiences happened during those slow, invaluable years of training.

In the road company of "Within the Law," in which he was playing English Eddie, he met a young actress named Aileen Wil-



In the oval above, William Powell is shown at the very moment of graduation from the Central High School of Kansas City. Below, Bill Powell, when he was a member of the Northampton Players, the municipal stock company of Ex-President Calvin Coolidge's home town. Bill was 23.



son. She was young and talented. She was as deeply interested in the things of the theater as he was. She belonged to the new world into which he had stepped.

With her coming, he realized that he no longer loved Edith.

Little by little, Edith's image had dimmed. The engagement had dragged on, meaning less and less. He couldn't picture her in the new life he was living. He knew things were tough for an actor's wife—on the road, moving from town to town, working nights. Separation, new interests, maturity, had gradually overcome the boy-and-girl love he had felt for Edith.

So, when he was playing in a town near Kansas City, William Powell journeyed to see the girl he had left behind him. Their letters had grown fewer, shorter, less affectionate month by month.

But nothing definite had been done.

On the way, Bill Powell tried to figure out what was the honorable thing to do. Surely it wasn't right to marry the girl if he no longer loved her. Surely it wasn't right to go through with the thing when it meant unhappiness for both of them. Yet how tell her all that? How could an honorable man break with a girl to whom he was bound by his word?

THEY met. They started to talk. They started to say the same things. For Edith didn't want to venture on the hazardous career of an actor. There was a very nice young business man in Kansas City, who was doing well, and her father and mother thought—

Bill said he thought she was right—and departed. He was free to tell Aileen that he loved her.

On April 15, 1915, at Mount Vernon, New York, William Powell and Aileen Wilson were married.

The marriage was not destined to last, but it began happily enough. They were very much in love. But it was typically a theatrical marriage. Both went on with their careers. When possible, they got engagements together. When that couldn't be done, they were separated for long periods. There was very little home life possible. Still, in the beginning they were romantically thrilled with life and with each other.

The other important thing which happened before 1921—the year which fate had destined to change William Powell's fortunes—was his meeting with Leo Dietrichstein and his engagement to play in "The Great Lover" with him.

Dietrichstein was at that time one of the distinguished stars of the New York (Continued on page 116)

Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 87)

this—I just told these fellas that I want some good golf gags—nifties—for these Jones educational special supers. Have the boys dig through some funny magazines—wot's that funny magazine? *Judge*? Anyways, get a whole pot full of golf laughs. Laughs like—what was that one Jolson used to pull in the Winter Garden shows a long time ago? Oh, yes—he makes a swing like he is swingin' a golf bat and misses the pill. Then he says—

“Trouble with my golf is that I stand too close to the ball after I hit it.”

Get the gag? Get it? Put it down.

(Production manager, supervisor and dialogue writer suddenly join in a belated and forced hearty laugh.)

Production Manager—A perfect gag, Chief! Perfect for Jones.

Supervisor—Use that one, Chief—it's a belly. A sure-fire belly.

Dialogue Writer—I'll find a spot for that line, Chief! It's a great line for Jones.

(Executive, obviously pleased with himself, suddenly awakens from self-contemplation to answer a phone buzz. He takes up the gold plated French phone and speaks.)

Executive—“Yes. Yes. Yes. No. No. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. No. No. No. No. Jones? Send him in.”

(Hangs up the phone and addresses his three confrères.)

Executive—Jones has just arrived at the studio. I figured I'd better not have anybody meet him at the station. He might get the swell head. We don't wanna let him get the swell head—he'll be trying to tell us how to make a golf picture if we ain't smart. These guys think nobody else knows anything about golf. Just treat this Jones like you would a song writer. I mean don't make no fuss over him. Keep him in his place.

(Enter BOBBY JONES, Amateur Golf Champion of America, Open Golf Champion of America, Amateur Golf Champion of Great Britain, Open Golf Champion of Great Britain, Attorney-at-Law and Gentleman, of Atlanta, Georgia.)

Jones, rather shy, stands and smiles genially as he says “How do you do”, a little confused to the assembled gelatine artists who remain seated.

Executive (who finally shakes hands from his chair but does not introduce the other specialists)—Jones—or I guess you are Bobby to your friends—well Bobby, they tell you are going to try to make some pictures.

Jones, still standing, nods his head.

Executive—Well, these boys are going to show you how to make pictures. Now listen, pal, if you just lissen' and try to learn, everything will come out Okay and we'll make a lot of money. Don't be a mug, though, and act like some of these guys who come out to

Hollywood and don't know what it's all about and try to tell us something. I gotta bellyful of listening to monkeys who wouldn't know a piece of negative when they seen it. This is a business all by itself, pal, jus' like golf or any other business. You can't pick up the picture business over night—some of us studied it for years. Naturally we become proficient in our line just like you are proficient in yours if I can believe what I see in the newspaper headlines, although these sporting writers spill a lot of tripe, if you ask me.

(There is an awkward silence. Jones is obviously embarrassed. A worried look comes into his face. He starts to speak but before he can say anything the executive cuts in.)

Executive—Now you all clear out of here. I got to make some long distance calls to New York. Business there is colossal—but I think it will pick up. I gotta fly to Agua Caliente this afternoon, Jones, by plane. I gotta fly down by airplane. If there is anything you want to know about pictures just ask these boys. They'll make a test of your voice. By the way, can you sing or play a ukulele? Well, we can double if you can't do anything good enough. Just don't worry—there's nothing for you to worry about because I'm going to direct these shorties myself. Understand? Okay, Pal, and keep your nose clean.

The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 6)

The other fellows controlled most of the larger theaters and the Warner boys were not invited to the party. Today it is different, but that is another story.

Harry was in New York reviving the bankroll. This was 1925. Sam and Jack were spending plenty in the California studio when the telephone officials submitted their first talking film to Hollywood producers. Sam, like others who heard the rasping squawks, thought they were terrible. But he didn't tell Harry that in his wire to New York. “Come right away. Important” was his urgent request and the head of the House of Warner went.

Within a week, Harry, Jack, Sam

and Albert were together in earnest conference. Harry didn't think much of the metallic sounds coming out of a corner of the screen. For a while, he favored a continuation of silence, as did the other production magnates. The chances of revolutionizing the industry appeared slight and the attempt would be expensive. Negotiations extended over several weeks during which the big companies, one by one, dropped out. Harry waited. He waited until the telephone company's representatives were ready to slash the price. He decided to give talking pictures a trial, but at his own figure and under a name of his own choosing—Vitaphone. His terms were accepted.

Grand opera, concert and musical-comedy stars introduced Vitaphone to a doubtful public. Martinelli, Zimbalist, Anna Case and a number of others gave dignity to the innovation before Harry Warner sprang a full-length talking picture, “The Lights of New York,” in the summer of 1927. It was a noisy monstrosity, but a curious crowd packed the New York Strand and other Strands to see and hear it. Then came Al Jolson in “The Jazz Singer,” a sure enough sensation. The talkies had clicked with Harry Warner leading the procession, buying in other companies, buying music publishers, buying chains of theaters—or, to state it briefly—buying everything in sight.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

BETTY COMPSON recently gave a party at the Saturday night Embassy dinner-dance, in honor of Hugh Trevor's birthday. Betty and Hugh, who is making an impression on movie audiences as a rising young juvenile at RKO, are still very much “that way” about each other. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Helene

Costello), Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, Richard Dix and Tom Mix.

* * *

THE engagement of Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli is expected to be announced any day. Virginia went to New York with Colleen Moore and expected to stay all Winter, but she rushed back inside of a few weeks.

Charlie and Virginia have been devoted now for a couple of years and probably will be married some time next Spring.

* * *

EVELYN BRENT has closed her Beverly Hills house and moved to the Beverly Wilshire for the winter. She says she can't keep house and work in pictures at the same time.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 69)

he often sings himself to sleep at night! Like his father, he delights in singing at night. The waitresses at the studio cafe tell me that, when Lawrence comes into the restaurant for dinner, when he is working at night down there, he always breaks into song as he enters. They say they enjoy his humanness, for he sings quite as naturally as he would speak.

"But coming back to the children, Richard is bookish. He reads four or five books a week. His favorites are history, fairy tales and adventure. He writes very good verse, and indeed has penned a book of poems which we are going to have published."

Bert Wheeler's Little Girl

DOLORES PATRICIA WHEELER will be given plenty of good, wholesome food, including spinach; she will be given as much education as she will absorb; she will be allowed to play outdoors as much as possible; and, as long as we can get away with it, Mrs. Wheeler and I will see to it that she is in bed at a very early hour," said Bert Wheeler.

"We will not worry Dolores nor ourselves with what she is going to be when she grows up, for it wouldn't do any good anyway. We hope that she will develop spunk enough to know positively what she wants to do, and that she will want it badly enough to do and be whatever that is. If she wants to be a waitress, we hope she will be a good one."

Dolores, aged two, is already developing qualities that would indicate that the Wheelers have taken the wise course. She is a very determined young lady.

She is being brought up carefully.

Charles Bickford's Children

I FEEL that my children's birth-right is health," said the charm-

ing Charles Bickford. "Beyond insuring that and a good education for them, I want them to feel free to do what they want in life. I believe in letting a child's mind shape the child's ambition."

Mr. Bickford's children are a girl, Doris, thirteen, and boy, Rex, aged five.

"The children are out of doors most of the time," Bickford continued. "They are either on the beach or out in the hills riding horseback. Even Rex rides. They have their own horses—in a way. That is, they always use the same horses at the riding academy. Of course, Doris's horse is the liveliest horse in the stable! And if she ever went down to ride and found her horse gone, the riding master would have a tough time of it! The children ride all over Beverly Hills.

"As to their education, they have a tutor. Both are fond of history and geography. I hated school myself, and that's why I don't send them to school. They have regular hours of hard study and sometimes they do their lessons out-of-doors. They enjoy nature study this way. I shall send them to college later on if they want to go. That is up to them.

"We have a hard and fast rule about their going to bed early and rising early. But anyway I find that the California climate makes early risers of them. There is a vast difference between these mountains and beaches and New York City. There I had an apartment on the top floor of a hotel and by arrangement we had exclusive use of the roof. So the children had a little playground, but it was by no means like their playing on mother earth as they do now. The principal reason I am in the West is the children.

"The children swim well, especially Doris. She is a marvelous swimmer.

"Yes, the children like pictures. Doris saw me in a picture the other

night that I myself am not enthusiastic about, and she informed me frankly that if I didn't get better in my acting I should go back to New York and go on the stage before I forgot entirely how to act!

"Rex thinks that his dad makes all the movies! When we are going to see a picture, he always selects it.

"Doris wants to act. She is a born actress. She even imitates her dad! She is always organizing little plays in the neighborhood, and she is both director and star. She writes the plays herself. When she sees me in a picture, she goes home and goes right through the thing, imitating the whole cast, especially me. I have really learned a lot from her.

"The children go to Sunday school, and enjoy it. They are Christian Scientists, and go right for it themselves if they don't feel well. They never have a doctor."

Jane Harriet Brown

THE Brown household fairly revolves around little Jane Harriet. I mean Johnny Mack Brown's daughter.

Her hours of sleep and nourishment are consulted even in the matter of inviting guests to the house. If little Jane Harriet isn't feeling well, there won't be any party. Also there won't be any acceptances to other people's parties.

Naturally she is the pride and joy of her dad's heart, and he is putting in a lot of time planning for her future, just as all people do for their first-borns.

Johnny is quite firmly decided that he doesn't want his child to be an actress. All the old Alabama spirit rises up within him and declares that he wants his Jane Harriet to be a home girl, and his wife agrees. He is willing that his girl should go through college if she wants to, but he wants her to grow up in a perfectly ordinary routine of girlhood, meet some man and marry young. He wants her to go to school in Alabama because he and his wife went to school there.

He hopes with all his heart that she won't want a career.

Jane Harriet is being brought up carefully as regards food, sleep and outdoor exercise. She was a year old last July, but already is having her play supervised in order to get the most healthful exercise out of it.

Jackie Coogan's Brother

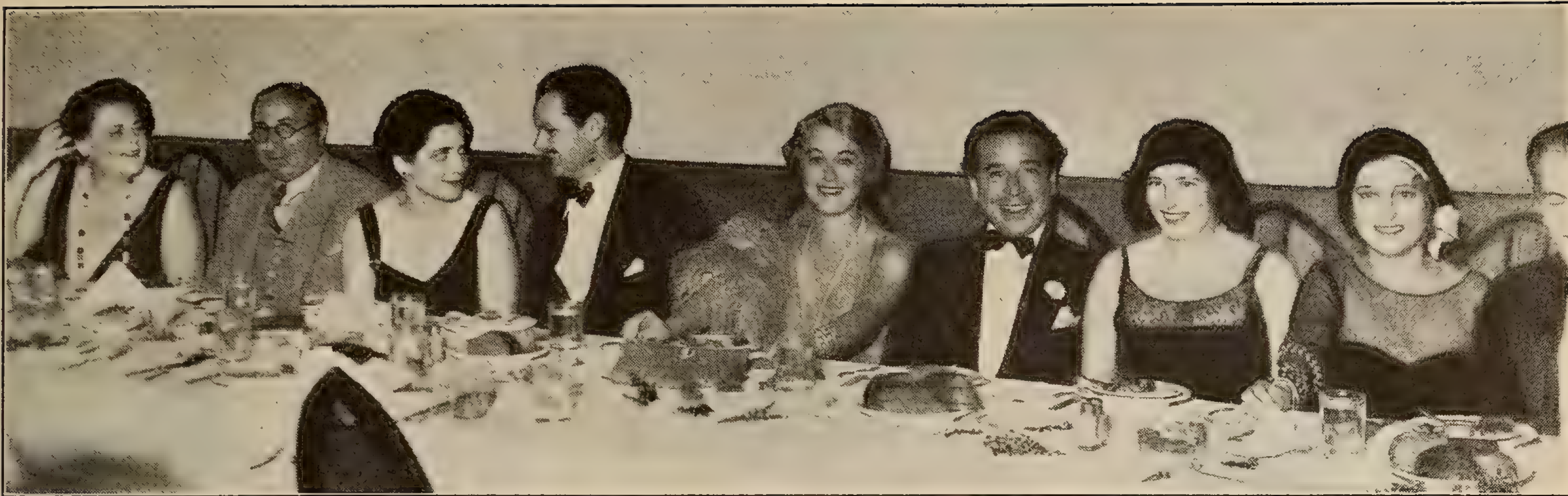
I SEEM to have been fortunate in selecting my children," smiled Mrs. Coogan, Jackie's and Robert's mother.

On no child is more care and thought expended than on Jackie Coogan, the only child, who, in all the world's history, ever earned a million dollars by his own efforts before he was nine years old. His father and mother spend their lives in thought and care for him and his charming little brother.

"My children are being brought up in the old fashioned way," his mother proceeded. "I wouldn't try to plan out a career for them, for they may according to system, put to bed at a certain time, fed at a certain time, etc.,



Winfield R. Sheehan, vice president and general manager of Fox Films, visited Will Rogers on location at Lake Tahoe, Calif., while the comedian was filming "Lightnin'." Mr. Sheehan appears to be congratulating Mr. Rogers upon the merit of his wisecracks.



The Screen Women's Press Club of Hollywood gave a dinner recently at the Russian Art Club. Marie Dressler was mistress of ceremonies. The guests, left to right: Miss Dressler, Louis B. Mayer, vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Eleanor Packer, president of the club, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Edgar Allen Woolf, the playwright now in Hollywood, Polly Moran and Jeanette MacDonald.

turn out to be as different from what we expect as day is from night. Just now Jackie thinks he wants to continue in his career as an actor, but he may change his mind, especially as he is now in a Catholic boarding school. I should love to have him become a doctor or a lawyer, but I shan't try to force it.

"Perhaps little Robert will embrace a profession. He is very bookish, and very thorough in what he learns and does, much more so than Jackie, who is content just to get by. Robert doesn't care a bit for pictures or acting.

"The children are very obedient, but on the other hand I never demand blind obedience. I always give them a reason for what I say.

"Jackie is beginning to grow up, he is beginning to resent a little my telling him what to do. He went away to school my little boy, but he is going to come home with his own ideas.

"I don't let my children run around without supervision. The other night at eleven o'clock two fifteen-year-old boys drove up to the house and wanted Jackie to go out with them. They had girls in the car with them. I told them, 'Jackie is in bed.' 'In bed—at this hour?' they demanded incredulously."

Robert worships Jackie, it seems, and Jackie takes a lot of care of Robert, although naturally he looks upon him with big-brother toleration.

"I never waken my children in the morning unless Jackie has to go to work. I let them sleep. I consider sleep even more important than the matter of their food," said their mother. "And yet I am always very careful about their food, too. So far as Jackie is concerned, though, I don't have to bother much. He likes plain, dry food; but Robert loves rich gravies and sweets.

"Robert was a system baby. His nurse was a wonder. She would push everybody out of the kitchen to get his food. We started at four weeks giving him vegetable broth taken from a bottle, four ounces twice a day, and from four weeks old he drank a pint of water a day.

"So far as food and drink are concerned, malted milks and hot dogs are their dissipation.

"Neither child drinks tea or coffee.

"The children are both athletic. Robert is a fine swimmer, but we don't

permit the children to swim in the ocean very much. We have a swimming pool at home and Jackie and Robert are always free to invite their playfellows to swim with them.

"Jackie drives a car when he is at the ranch, I mean about on the country roads where there is little travel and on the ranch, but he never drives in the city. Jackie wants a speed boat, but he cannot have it for a while. We are not close enough to the water, and I would not be satisfied to let him go alone.

"Jackie likes books, and has a tremendous library.

"Jackie goes to mass on Sundays. He is studying religious dogma at present, and it wouldn't surprise me if he took a notion, after all, to become a priest.

"First and foremost I want my children to be good, honorable men. I want them to be cultured and well educated. I want them to travel. I want them to have education by which they can earn their livings. I want them to do something constructive in the world."

The Ford Children

JACK FORD, the director, delegated to his wife the task of telling me about bringing up his children, just as, being a very busy man, he entrusts most of their care to her.

"We are bringing up Pat and Barbara like good everyday American children," said Mrs. Ford. "I don't like hot-house plants as children, and my children are being given a rugged training in athletics. Pat is nine and Barbara is eight.

"Jack and I want them to do what they want to do in life as regards careers.

"Pat goes to military school, and will go either to Annapolis or West Point when he finishes. The men in my family are all in the American army or navy, and Pat seems to take after them. One of my uncles, you know, was Admiral Victor Blue. Pat has won several honors and medals at school.

"Barbara loves dancing. She says that she means to be a professional dancer, and she already dances nicely. I am going to let her adopt that calling if she wants to. She is very athletic, plays tennis and ball games.

"She goes to public school. Being inclined to be a snob, we don't allow

her to go to private school, as we don't want any snobs in our family.

"Pat is inclined to be very religious, but he has decided that he won't take up the priesthood because he wants to get married. Both children attend Sunday School at the Catholic church, and I always go with them myself.

"The children still go to bed at half past seven.

"They never wear shoes and stockings if it is possible to avoid it. Of course I mean when they are at home and at play.

A Villain's Kiddies

JOHN MILJAN married the mother of two children, both boys, Robert and Creighton.

John Miljan is a villain on the screen, but after he has erased the lines of crime from his face, out at the studio, he goes home, and if one of the children happens to be sick, he will sit up all night with him.

The actor adores his step-children and they adore him. Nevertheless he is fairly strict with them.

"The other day," John related, "I told Robert not to do a certain thing. But he did it. I had told him that if he did that thing, I should have to whip him. So I said to him, 'Well, I promised you a whipping if you did that thing, and so I shall have to keep my word. If I promised you something nice, you'd think I ought to keep my word, wouldn't you?' The argument worked, but it proved a boomerang.

"In an unguarded moment I had promised the boys to take them up into the mountains the first time it snowed. One cold Sunday morning at five o'clock, following the whipping, when I was sleeping, oh, so cosily, after a hard week's work, I was shaken from my slumbers.

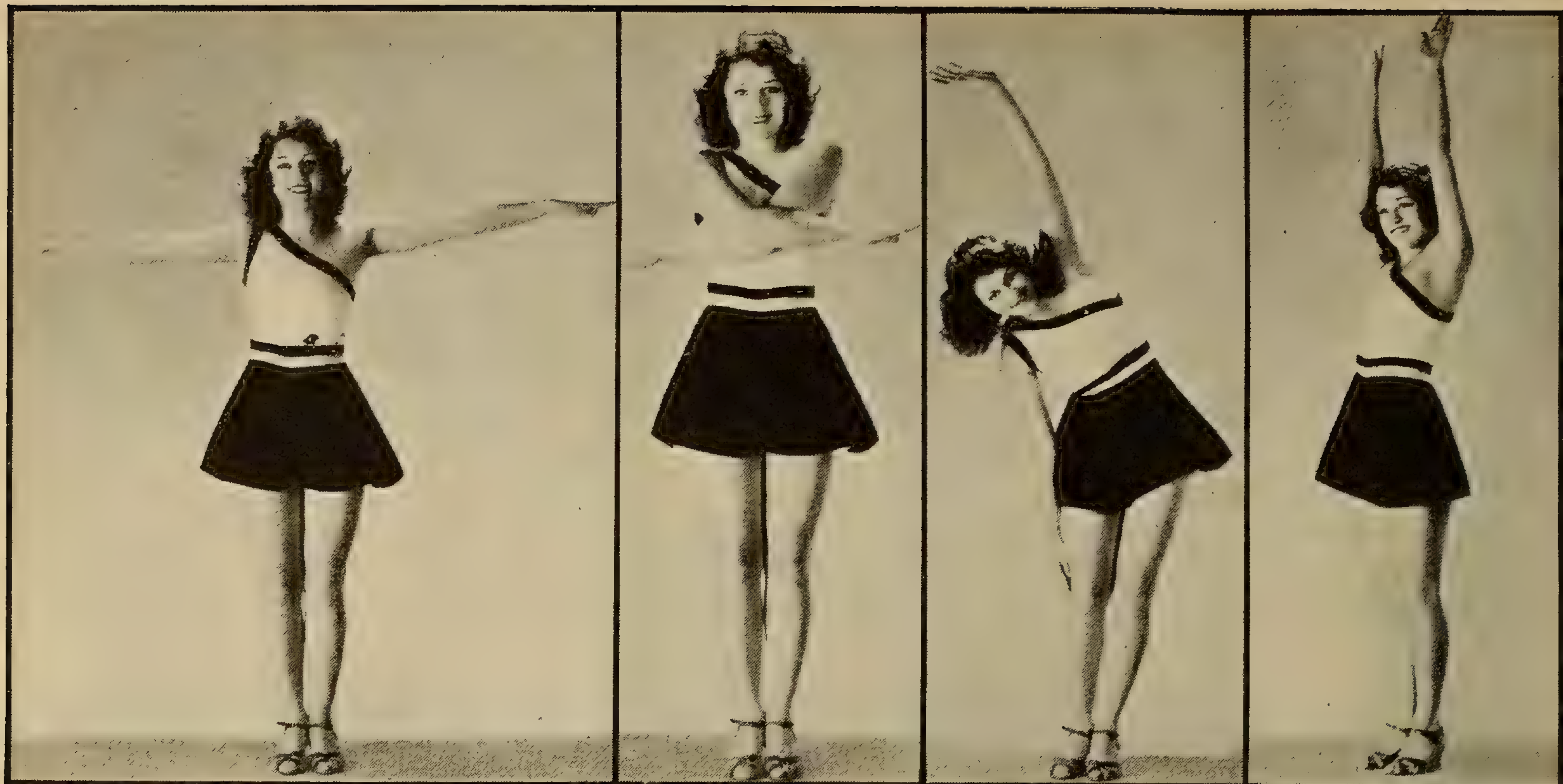
"'Wake up! You promised you'd take us to the mountains the first time it snowed!' the boys exclaimed, 'and the paper says it snowed yesterday!'

"Nothing for it but to roll out of bed and take them on the trip.

"The boys are receiving education in the public schools, and they may select whatever callings they like. I don't think they have any leanings as yet.

"They are hardy, athletic little fellows, and they eat plain food and sleep eight or nine hours."

(Continued on page 96)



Above and below Lillian Roth shows you how you can bend for beauty. First, standing with feet together, spread arms to the side vigorously, extending the fingers. Second, swing the arms to the front, crossing them at the elbows, fling out to the sides again and repeat for 25 counts. Third, bend alternately right and left at the waist, raising the opposite arm upward. Fourth, extend the arms upward, rising up on the toes. Fifth, shown at bottom of page, dropping the heels, bend forward at the waist, swinging the arms to alternate sides.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

What are "stenographer's hips" and what can you do about them?—
Advice on Your Problems of Make-Up

By ANN BOYD

NANCY of Pittsburgh comes forward this month with a beauty problem that affects nearly all business girls who must spend many hours a day at their desks. It is that very modern, very up-to-date defect known as "stenographer's hips." Now, a generation ago, the average figure was wedge shaped. Women achieved this by lacing their corsets tightly around the hips and waistline and by pushing the bust-line up high. And the favorite beauty exercise of twenty-five or thirty years ago was the very simple one of remaining standing for twenty minutes after eating. At fashionable dinner parties, the men remained at table over their coffee and cigars, and the women adjourned to the drawing-room, where the vain ones paced up and down for the conventional twenty minutes to preserve that slender line from ankle to waistline.

All this is not as silly as it sounds. If I were Nancy, or if I were any girl threatened with stenographer's hips, I would buy a good girdle, being careful to select a model that would fit snugly on the hips and keep them from spreading. Nancy writes me that she is tall and slender, so

she probably feels that she doesn't need a corset, or, if she wears one, it was very likely so selected to confine her hips.

Then I would make a point of never remaining seated at the office, when it would be possible to stand. I would walk for a few minutes after luncheon and I would walk part of the way home. Then I would go in for kicking. The simplest exercise is raising the foot to the knee, pointing the toes and giving the foot a good, vigorous kick straight ahead.



JOSEPHINE of Chicago writes a very friendly and chatty letter that fairly bristles with problems. Josephine, alas, still clings to the childish habit of biting her nails. There are hundreds of remedies for stopping this habit, but who wants to go around with alum on her finger or glove tips or any such unpleasant things? There are only two cures for nail-biting. The most important one is will-power. Simply say to yourself, Josephine, that you positively *will not* lapse into this disfiguring habit. The other cure
(Continued on page 117)

How long have you had "pink tooth brush"?

YOU probably don't *remember* when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What *then*?

It's time to stop "pink tooth brush"

Pale gums, unhealthy gums, bleeding gums, are an open invitation to various diseases of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, pyorrhea.

But far more serious than this—"pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest, whitest teeth. And that often means the loss of otherwise good teeth.

Yet it's the simplest thing in the world to check and to defeat "pink tooth brush"—before it does any serious harm!

You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana is the same ziratol used by dentists in toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

In a few days, examine your teeth. Whiter, aren't they? With some of that sparkle they used to have when you were



very, very young. They're *clean*, too. Reassuringly clean.

In a month, examine your gums. Any change? Well, *rather!* They're firmer, now—pinker, harder, healthier. They're not bleeding—now. Keep on using Ipana and massage—and there'll never be any more "pink tooth brush" to worry about!

If you wish, send in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana. But better still—get a full-size tube from your

druggist, *today*, and see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and your gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-21
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street

City.....State.....



IPANA Tooth Paste

How Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 93)

Farrell Macdonald's Daughter

"I want first of all for my daughter, Lorna Edith, that she develop a beautiful, strong and healthy body, so that she will be physically fitted to accomplish anything she wants to do," declared J. Farrell Macdonald, the character actor.

"As for that career of hers, I don't mean to limit her, but shall encourage her in any calling or any line of work she may choose. When I was a boy, my father was determined that I should be a lawyer, and as a consequence I graduated in law at Yale, but did not find it to my liking, and after taking up various other callings, I finally decided that acting was my vocation. So I'm not going to have my daughter waste time, as I did, on studying something she doesn't want to do.

"Lorna attends a girls' school. She is fourteen. She has a great gift for painting, and has already distinguished herself at school in her original drawing work. She is also clever at designing clothes and at interior decorating. Since she was a tot of five, she has selected and been allowed to buy her own hats, coats and frocks, sometimes to the dismay and annoyance of saleswomen, when her taste clashed with theirs, but her mother and I believe that her taste is always good.

"Lorna also has a gift for languages.

"As to her athletics, when it comes to swimming, fencing and playing volleyball, she is a match for any girl her age at school. She learned to ride horseback when she was five, and is an accomplished horsewoman. She is also a good dancer.

"Indeed she was interested in classic dancing for a time, but of late, for some reason, has lost all interest in acting and dancing.

"Lorna now wants to go to college, and we shall let her do so."

Jack Mulhall's Boy

JACK MULHALL, Jr., fourteen years old. He is attending Junior High School in Hollywood.

Jack's hobby at present is building airplanes and gliders, which he sells. He has a chum who aids him in his work.

But although he makes the toy airplanes and sells them, his dad says that he is a terrible spendthrift and is always applying for money.

"Although he is fourteen, we want him to go to bed early, but it's out of the question to get him to do it. In other words," said his father, "he is growing up, and is beginning to want his liberty."

Young Jack is a musician, and plays the piano marvelously. He is really interested in music and may turn to it as a profession. However, being also a talented mechanic, he may turn inventor.

Josef von Stroheim

JOSEF ERICH ST. RITUS VON STROHEIM, second division Black-Foxe Military Institute of Los Angeles,

at the age of eight can click his heels, go through the manual of arms and wear his uniform like his father, but there the resemblance hesitates.

Young Erich's present ambition, after seeing a number of Tom Mix's pictures, is that he wants to be just a cowboy! Indeed his parents' plans to have him complete a military education and qualify some day for West Point have no bearing on his choice of a career in the future, except that they consider this the best kind of fundamental education.

Josef Erich has a rest period after lunch every day and goes to bed at seven o'clock, according to an old Austrian custom, but his father has to lie down beside him till sleep comes, which is more likely to be nine instead of seven o'clock. That's when Erich the big is telling Erich the little tales of his old home, instructing him in his philosophy of life, telling him stories. Or just silent in a quiet companionship until the little fellow falls asleep.

In spite of possessing a nervous stomach he eats well when relaxed by play, but prefers meat to vegetables with the exception of spinach—which he likes!

A charming, mercurial child with a vivid imagination and a prodigious sense of humor, he sees the funny side of things before anything else.

And he adores the funny papers, which are read to him every morning!

During a recent stay in Rome, Josef Erich received the Order of St. Theresa from the Holy Father, and at the end of the school year just passed he received the Headmaster's medal for best progress made.

Little Leatrice Gilbert

LITTLE LEATRICE JOY GILBERT, daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, is a lively little girl of eight years.

She is a great out-door youngster, swims, plays tennis even now, and likes to ride horseback.

She has a lovely little nursery at Leatrice's Beverly Hills home, but as Leatrice is moving out into San Fernando Valley, she is leaving that nursery for another, a little more grown-up.

Small Leatrice was a system baby from the beginning, and is a healthy example of the wisdom of the system.

She loves to act, and is a good mimic.

Little Leatrice always has an athletic idol. When Lindbergh first flashed across fame's horizon, she had his pictures all over her nursery walls. But shortly afterward she met Jack Dempsey—and it was all off with Lindbergh.

However, she is a fickle little soul, for no sooner had she become acquainted with Tom Mix than she replaced all the pictures on the walls with Tom's.

There is a real friendship with Tom and little Leatrice and Thomasina Mix are great friends. The two children visit back and forth whenever Thomasina is in town.

Ann Harding's Daughter

DESPITE the fame of her mother and father, and the fact that the combined salaries of two stellar parents make it possible for her to have every luxury, two-year-old Jane Bannister, daughter of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, is being reared along decidedly modest, not to mention safe and sane, lines.

Not long ago over at Miss Harding's house, I asked as to whether or not she found it possible to devote sufficient time to the duties of motherhood and at the same time be loyal to her career. Ann answered by having little Jane brought into the room.

"Does she look neglected?" the blond star asked. And we were forced to admit that never had we seen a more healthy, happy roly-poly specimen of babyhood.

When Ann Harding is working she frequently does not get away from the studio until well past average dinner hour. After the day's shooting, there are rushes to be looked at. But always she hurries home in an effort to be there for her child's bedtime hour, when she likes to tell her a final good night story, tuck her under the covers and kiss her child goodnight.

No matter whether or not she is working, the first thirty minutes of Miss Harding's day are devoted to Jane. The baby is brought into her mother's room, and, with the connivance of Daddy Harry, the three enjoy a romp. When Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister do not have to be at the studio, this is usually followed by a dip in the swimming pool and a breakfast which the three enjoy together.

At slightly more than two years of age, Jane is already able to swim, having been taught by her father and mother during the past summer. She has her own shallow little pool right next to the deeper one for the adults of the household.

Jane almost lives out of doors when the weather is favorable.

There are some don'ts for her to obey, even though she has a nurse.

She isn't to put anything from the garden in her mouth. She isn't to stay in the pool more than fifteen minutes. She isn't to play with any strange children or to speak to any strange men or women.

Because of the unavoidable absence from Jane which her work entails, Miss Harding has a capable nurse who has been with her since she first signed a picture contract. But the star herself discusses all policies of diet and daily routine with the nurse, before any policy is decided upon or changed.

While Jane is young and impressionable, Miss Harding intends to take time off from her career, and, with her husband and daughter, make a world tour. She feels that with her own supervision and the assistance of a tutor, Jane's education will be broader and more memorable through travel than as a pupil of any school, no matter how excellent.

(Continued on page 102)

The Star Hollywood Authors Write About the Stars in NEW MOVIE



He thought:
 "You're pretty—but 'B.O.'
 spoils your charm for me."
 Yet to be polite,
He said:
 "I've had a very pleasant
 evening."

How a second meeting ruined their romance

'B.O.' lost her many an admirer until—
 (Body Odor)

"I—I hope you'll come again," she said.
But she knew he wouldn't. She could feel
 he had lost interest in her, just as other men
 had.

Yet last night, when they met for the first
 time, he had seemed instantly attracted—
 eager to call. Why had *this* evening been a
 failure? Why had he turned so cool and
 distant?

Now she knows the reason. Knows why
 she couldn't hold admirers—had no intimate
 girl friends. Let her tell you how she ended
 her fault—won popularity.

• • •

"It was a terrible shock to learn that *I*
 was guilty of 'B.O.'—*body odor*. But it's so
 easy to offend—and not know it! Pores are
 continually giving off odor-causing waste—

as much as a quart daily. Our senses become
 deadened to an ever-present odor. We don't
 notice 'B.O.' in *ourselves*—only in others.

"Yet no one need ever offend. Just wash
 and bathe with Lifebuoy. You'll feel so
 gloriously clean—so fresh—so *safe*. For
 Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores—ends all trace
 of 'B.O.' "

Want a good complexion?

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy is the best
 of beauty treatments. Its gentle, yet search-
 ing lather frees tiny pores of clogged im-
 purities—brings fresh, healthy radiance to
 dull, sallow skins. Its pleasant, *extra-clean*
 scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you
 Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Good News!

LIFEBUOY
 Shaving Cream

Its new, soothing lather
 protects "tender spots"
 —gives most comfortable
 shave ever. At all druggists'

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

February as It is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 39)

hold true, I am sure, in real life. The romantic lover of the Ramon Novarro type reacts to the woman in need, especially to the woman in need of him. He gives rather than takes. The straight-from-the-shoulder, take-it-or-leave-it, flesh-and-blood lover of the Ronald Colman type is much more apt to ask the question "Does she love me?" If she doesn't, he has no use for her. And if she does—well, I leave that to your imagination!

Now, considering the horoscopes of any public characters it is important to know where the Moon was in the astrological heavens at the moment they were born. The reason for this is that the Moon rules the masses and indicates whether or not we will be successful in our relations to them. Both of these men, as you might know, have Moons that are favorable for success. The difference between the two men, however, continues to show itself. Mr. Novarro's Moon is friendly to Venus, and Mr. Colman's to Jupiter. Both planets are favorable, but Jupiter in a more robust way.

IT is especially interesting to note that the Moon in Mr. Novarro's chart is in Taurus, the planet which rules the voice. Many of our most successful singers have the Moon so placed. So it was no accident in the working out of Ramon Novarro's destiny that his greatest success on the screen—coming at a time when many thought that his vogue in the silent drama was on the wane—has been achieved through the use of his beautiful voice. There is no indication on this point one way or the other in Mr. Colman's chart, so he was evidently intended to succeed with equal facility on either the talking or the silent screen. He has Neptune in that part of the heavens which rules pleasure, so he could hardly help being successful in any medium he might have adopted for giving happiness and

enjoyment to the masses of the world.

There is one contradictory aspect in the charts of these two men. They are both ambitious, but Mr. Novarro is much more dangerously so than Mr. Colman. He always wants something just around the corner. When he gets it, he wants something else. Mr. Colman, on the other hand, is just normally ambitious to succeed. The latter trait is much more apt to bring personal happiness than the former. The trouble with Mr. Novarro's horoscope on this point is that he has Saturn overhead, in the very same position that Napoleon had it. Good company in a way, I suppose. But he should be careful that he does not let his ambition lead him to try to do too much. If he does, he, too, may have difficulty in escaping a Waterloo!

However, he hasn't much to worry about just yet. 1931 should be a banner year for him, because he is coming under some of the best aspects, particularly during the summer months, that he has had for a long time. In fact, things look better for him financially in the summer of 1931 than they have for four years' time. He is almost sure to receive large and unusual benefits. In 1933, he will have another big period; but the good things he is likely to receive at that time will be personal rather than financial. It would be a most propitious time for marriage.

MR. COLMAN'S outlook is also excellent. During 1931 and 1932 he may be more than usually serious in that Capricorn mind of his, and inclined to worry about his fortunes; but this will be due, not to any real threat to his career, but to the astrological fact that both Venus and Saturn in his horoscope will be temporarily unfriendly to the disorganizing and upsetting planet Mars. Jupiter, however, which is the planet which rules honor, glory, money and success will be in that

part of the heavens ruling partnerships. This might mean marriage-partnerships, or it might mean business. There is an indication also that he will be called upon to make some very momentous decision in 1933 and 1934. If he makes them wisely, he can have every expectation of greater success than he has ever before achieved.

I cannot leave these two very interesting men without calling attention to the fact that each has been true to his stars not only in the matters in which their horoscopes diverge but in those points where they coincide. For example, Uranus, the ruling planet of the sign Aquarius, and the dominant factor in matters relating to travel, was in that part of the heavens, when both of these young men were born, that made it inevitable that each should leave his native land and find his success in far places. I mention this detail, not because it is itself important, but because you may wish to remember it some of these days when skeptics tell you that "there's nothing in astrology." Think back to this article and recall what I have just told you. Recall, too, that Ronald Colman was born in England and Ramon Novarro in Mexico, but that each has won his greatest success in the motion picture studios of the United States. Which is only one more proof of the truth of astrology! You may get tired of hearing me say it, but I expect to go on repeating it to the day of my death, because I know it to be eternally true: *you can't get away from your stars!*

You can write direct to Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or you can listen to Miss Adams' broadcasts over a national hook-up of radio stations on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Station WABC in New York. Next month Miss Adams will discuss the month of March in NEW MOVIE.

ARE YOU AN AQUARIAN?

IF you were born at the same time of year as Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman, you may be the romantic type as Mr. Novarro is, or the "he-man" type as Mr. Colman is—or you may be a girl. But one thing is sure: you will have *some* of the traits which these two men have in common, because you, too, are a native of the beneficent sign Aquarius, which rules all people born between the 21st of January and the 22nd of February.

If you are a true Aquarian, the two most outstanding traits in your nature are your humanitarian instincts and your unfailing loyalty. The great object of your life is to help others. Your great danger is too much trust in human nature. You have good powers of concentration, mental poise and endless patience. You recognize no such word as impossible. You are modest and unassuming in manner—and in your heart.

The poise which Aquarius gives you makes you more nearly the master of yourself than the native of any other sign. You also have unusual foresight and intuition. These traits in some Aquarian person amount almost to prophecy. They are often taken for prophecy.

Your tenacity of purpose is very great. Once you

have made up your mind that a plan is right, nothing can swerve you from your purpose to carry it through. This trait, combined with the mental traits already mentioned and the natural good health which is the inheritance of most Aquarius people, gives you every reasonable chance of success in anything you undertake, especially if it involves the happiness and welfare of others. Aquarians make excellent nurses, secretaries, social workers, physicians, teachers, lecturers, journalists. They are often inventors and technicians. And they invariably shine in posts connected with humanitarian enterprises or philanthropic institutions.

One thing you should be careful about. Unless you push yourself to it, you are not a good mixer. Your natural modesty holds you back. Don't let it. Put your best foot forward, and don't be afraid of putting it forward too far.

Another thing: The choice of a life work is more important to you than it is to many. You must have peace of mind; and you can get it best if you are engaged in congenial and stimulating work. Choose carefully. Apply your energies where they will do the most good—for yourself and, since you are an Aquarian, for mankind!

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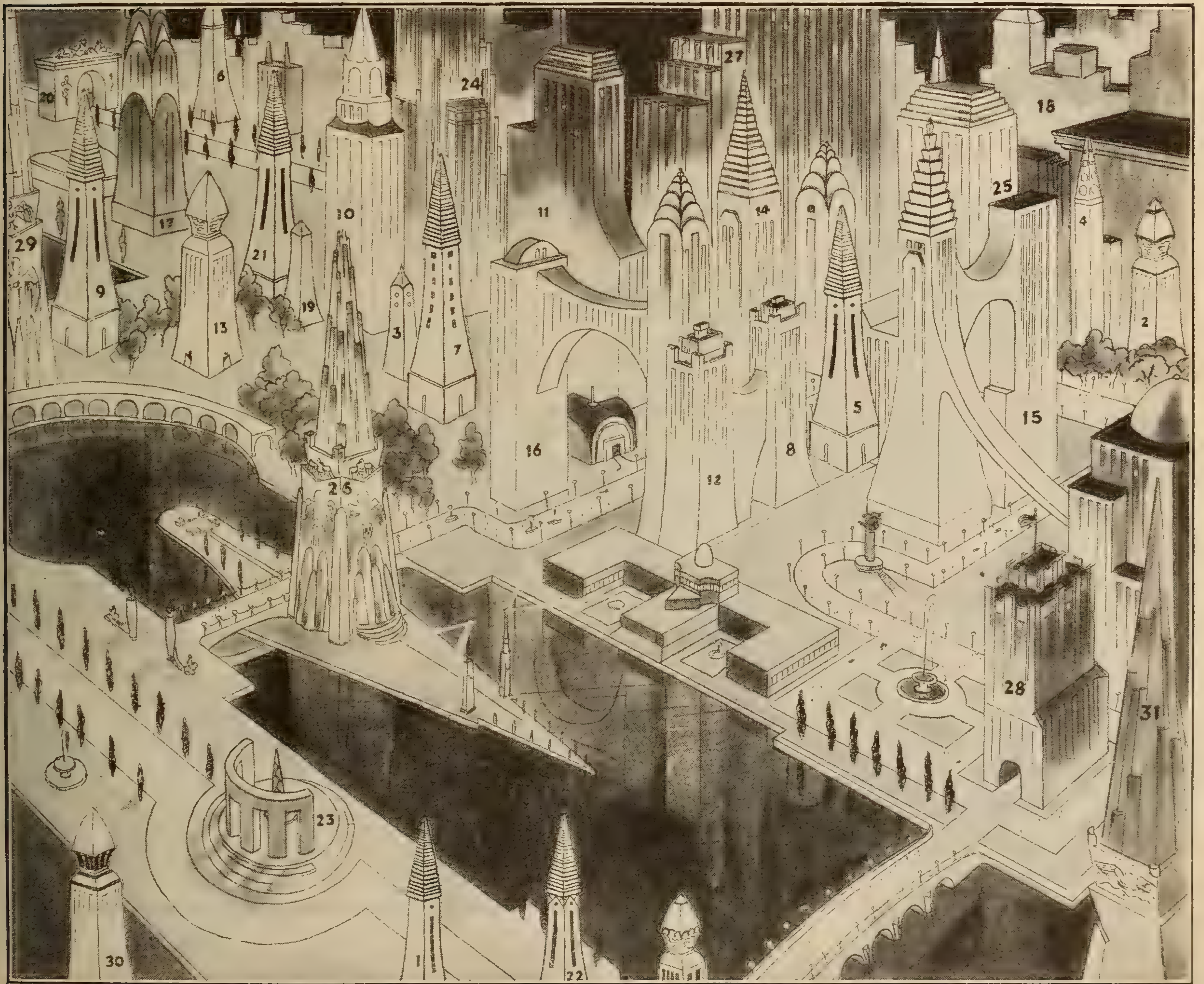
AN illustrious Chicago artist presents below his dream conception of the coming Chicago Centennial World's Fair. When he had completed his drawing, to his surprise he found he had drawn two of the towers exactly alike—**IDENTICAL TWIN TOWERS**. There are well over two dozen towers here. Many of them look alike. But—only two towers or buildings among those numbered are exactly alike—exactly alike in size, shape, width and design. How quick is your eye? Can you find the **TWIN TOWERS**? Be careful now. It will not obligate you in any way, or cost you anything. If you can find the **TWIN TOWERS** you will be qualified for a chance to win the Grand Prize in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once.

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gether with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. First Prize in the **TWIN TOWERS** contest is Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid by us—with the first prize there is an extra prize of \$850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

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ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR

Reviews

(Continued from page 55)



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*"Natural Color
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of the moment"*

"The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones," says this world famous fashion magazine, "are the ones which flatter all types alike and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931."

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BECAUSE Otis Skinner's rascally Bagdad beggar, Hajj, was one of the picturesque performances of the last stage generation, you will want to see First National's filming of "Kismet." I can still remember the thrill of the stage production, when Hajj, holding his enemy beneath the waters of the harem pool, reported pleasantly upon the bubbles rising to the surface. Today "Kismet" seems not a little ornate and not a little tedious.

"The Big Trail," photographed in wide measure Grandeur films by Fox, is another panorama of the hardships of pioneering. Raoul Walsh directed, but the film lacks the rough and lusty gusto of his "What Price Glory" and his "Cock-Eyed World." The panorama of covered wagons and plains dwarfs the human romance. This is spectacle, rather than drama.

King Vidor filmed "Billy the Kid" for Metro-Goldwyn in Realife, another wide film effort, but the result is not much to brag about. This biography of a real Brooklyn boy who made good with his gun in the West lacks a lot. Johnny Mack Brown is pretty fair as the soft-spoken outlaw.

The Russians long have had the theory that real workers, rather than actors, should play workers in their films. I always have believed however that the most authentic looking plumbers, electricians and bricklayers can be found at the Lambs' Club. However,

Metro-Goldwyn tried the Russian idea with "A Lady's Morals." They hired a real opera singer, Grace Moore to sing and act the rôle of Jenny Lind. The result is not nearly as effective as was obtained by a non-singer, Greta Garbo, as the nightingale of "Romance." In fact, "A Lady's Morals" is pretty mild entertainment.

THE popular Lewis Ayres plays a baby-faced Chicago killer in the effectively titled "Doorway to Hell," produced by the Warners. This is a grim and exciting presentation of a boyish beer baron who gets put "on the spot" eventually. It has enough kick to hold your attention all the way.

"War Nurse," (Metro-Goldwyn), is a disappointment. There was a real story in the humanitarian work of the women behind the lines in the Great War but the theme is buried here in pettiness of sentiment and jazziness of dialogue. The epic of sacrifice turns out to be the seduction of Anita Page.

"The Dancers," (Fox), is a story of a young remittance man in the Western lumber camps. There are two girls, a dancer of the camp halls and the girl back home who falls into the whirl of after-war abandon. What is the poor lad to do, when he is called home to assume his title and his lands? Lois Moran is a bit the best of the cast, as the girl who rides her Rolls to forgetfulness.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

Following this, a dish of fresh figs was put at each place, with powdered sugar and cream. Of course, any fruit can be substituted for this course if fresh figs are not available, or are not your choice.

THEN each guest was given her choice of the way she wanted her eggs. And the eggs were prepared while the figs were being eaten. Mary recommended especially scrambled eggs with fresh tomatoes and they proved very popular. But Frances Dee wanted hers three-minutes boiled. When the eggs were brought in, a platter of small, browned sausages was passed. And a choice of popovers, bran muffins, and melba toast was offered as an accompaniment.

On the table were marmalade, honey and strawberry jam.

Coffee and tea were also served and to add the "lunch" part, a small plate of French cakes was there for any girl who wanted a little something sweet when she had finished.

The table was set informally, with a beautiful lace and embroidered table cloth.

It took the girls about an hour to eat, then they had an hour for gossip, fixing make-ups, and relaxing before Mary's car arrived to take them to the theater.

Her guests were Elva Boggs, who is at present visiting Mary Brian, and whom Mary wanted her close friends to meet in an informal, intimate way before giving a big party in her honor.

Frances Dee, June Collyer and Rosita Moreno were present.

OF course, the girls all dressed most informally. If they had been going to stay indoors and play bridge—or hearts, which by the way, has come back into favor with the Hollywood group—most of them would have worn pajamas. The popularity of pajamas for all sorts of indoor wear grows daily.

Mary herself wore a simple frock of lip-stick crepe, its only ornaments two shiny artificial gardenias, one white, one red. Her felt hat matched the dress exactly.

June Collyer wore a suit of dark green tweed, with a collar of white Galyak fur, a white crepe blouse and a green felt hat.

Frances Dee looked stunning in a dress of dark bottle green crepe, with a small felt hat to match. In fact the party looked quite Irish, for green seems to be the favorite color in Hollywood this year. Rosita Moreno also wore a blue-green dress of very heavy silk crepe, with a coat to match, trimmed in red fox fur. Elva Boggs, Mary's house guest, had on a biege crepe dress with a long tunic blouse, edged in a heavily tucked panel, long wide sleeves trimmed in the same way, with a plaited underskirt.

Tickets for "Min and Bill," Marie Dressler's success at the Carthay Circle Theater, had been reserved and afterwards the girls all went to the Embassy for tea.

“YOU AND YOUR HOME”

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for the best set of two photographs or “snapshots”—one of yourself and one of your home—submitted in the “YOU AND YOUR HOME” Contest

This contest is in no sense a “beauty” competition. It is primarily a contest to bring out the best possible efforts of the amateur in the interests of home photography.

National recognition for the successful contestants in the Amateur Photographic field will be afforded through the May, 1931, issues of TOWER MAGAZINES.

AWARDS

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BASIS OF AWARDS

1. Skill in operating a camera.
2. Clearness of detail.
3. Composition of pictures submitted.
4. Uniqueness of view and pose.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Photographs or “snapshots” of your home may be either an exterior or interior view—or both.
2. You may submit as many of your favorite “snapshots”—of yourself and your home as you wish; we would suggest at

- least two different ones of your home and two or three of yourself.
3. No limitations are placed on the size of pictures to be submitted—your camera will decide this.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must fall within the “Amateur Class”—Pictures taken by professionals are not acceptable.
2. No employees, or members of their families, of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., are eligible to compete in the contest.
3. All pictures, prints, photographs, etc., submitted in the Amateur Photography Contest become sole property of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
4. All the usual rights and privileges incident to material transmitted and information given, with its use thereof, in such contests are reserved to the sole discretion of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

5. Contestants submitting pictures for entry in the contest will complete the form furnished below or a copy of it and securely attach it to their set of pictures and mail intact.
6. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must be placed in the mails not later than midnight, February 28th, 1931.
7. Failure to observe any of the above RULES and CONDITIONS of the contest disqualifies the entrant.
8. Mailing of your set of pictures and the completed FORM will constitute your unqualified acceptance of these RULES and CONDITIONS.

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W. T. Benda, Creator of Benda Masks, New York City.	Frederick J. Smith, Editor, The New Movie Magazine, New York City.	Andreas Randel, Art Director, Tower Magazines, New York City.
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THIS CONTEST WILL APPEAR IN TOWER MAGAZINES IN THE FEBRUARY, 1931, ISSUES ONLY.

LOOK FOR THE DECISION AND AWARDS OF THE JUDGES OF THE CONTEST IN THE MAY ISSUES OF TOWER MAGAZINES, ON SALE IN WOOLWORTH STORES, APRIL 15TH, 1931.

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TINTS AND DYES

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 96)

A person of great energy herself, thoroughly convinced not only of the feasibility but the wisdom of a woman having a career in addition to her home and family, Miss Harding does hope that Jane will be cast in a similar mold. However, a rebel against parental theories herself, she does not intend to impose any on her child. If she wants to be an actress, that will be perfectly all right with Jane's mother.

In the meantime Ann Harding Bannister is trying to create a mental, moral, physical and cultural background for her child, which will fit her to look on life's problems with clear-seeing eyes.

At the Harry Careys

AS linguists, Harry Carey's children are unique in filmdom or anywhere else, I imagine.

The two youngsters, called by their nicknames of Adobe and Cappy, nine and five years old respectively, have spoken two or three Indian dialects since they were infants in charge of Indian nurses at Harry Carey's ranch, where both were born.

The youngsters recently went to South Africa with their parents, when Carey and his wife, known professionally as Olive Golden, played parts in "Trader Horn," Harry playing the name rôle.

Down there in South Africa the children were left at Nairobi with a tutor, while their parents went into the jungle. From the little black children in Nairobi and on the way back on the boat—there being a number of Swahili natives along with the company—the youngsters picked up the Swahili language.

But the children didn't like Africa because they couldn't play out of doors, and they got jiggers under their finger nails if they played in the dirt—jiggers that would cause sores that would fester. They were used to playing out of doors and the confinement irked their young spirits. Then, too, they had to wear hats all the time, if they went out, on account of the heat.

Now that the children are back in Hollywood, 'Dobe attends the Urban Military School.

Thereby hangs a tale. On 'Dobe's birthday, his mother said to him, "We will invite some of the school children up to the house and have a party for you."

That was enough. 'Dobe took the inviting into his own hands. He stood up in assembly room that morning and invited the whole school! And when Mrs. Carey saw the horde advancing, she nearly fainted. But she is a good sport, and hastily sent out for avalanches of ice cream and mountains of cake, and 'Dobe's party was a huge success.

Cappy goes to a private school, the Brentwood Town and Country School, the same school which Ann Harding's little niece attends. But Cappy's deportment is terrible, says her mother! That is, she is used to living the wild free life of the country, and the school-room irks her and cramps her style considerably.

However, they are both good, wholesome, normal children.

There are a few "Don'ts" in their lives, but not many—only such as refer to their health and happiness. They swim as long as they like, because it doesn't hurt them, but as for sweets, they are pretty much taboo, though given sometimes as rewards of merit.

Both children ride horseback, and have since they were tiny tots, and the saddest punishment that can be given them is to be told they cannot go riding when they wish. Or 'Dobe is denied his beloved football.

They were not system babies, being administered to, as I said before, by kindly and indulgent Indian nurses, who adored them. These nurses kissed them when they bumped their heads, and crooned them to sleep. And they played with them and taught them to model in clay and to shoot with bow and arrow.

"There was no special supervision, other than common sense, about their diet and sleeping hours," said their mother. "As soon as they could sit up in a high chair to eat, they ate with their parents, and they still do, often even when there are guests.

"As to their careers, it all depends," says Mrs. Carey, "on what the children want to do. 'Dobe says one day that he will be a prizefighter and the next that he will be a musician.

"'Dobe looks like a prizefighter, but he is crazy about playing the piano," declared his mother. "He also loves football. That reminds me that I bought him a football and outfit of clothes the other day. I went over to school to visit him, and he was stripped down to his undershirt and trousers. I asked him what had become of his football togs, and he said, 'Oh, I loaned them to the other kids.'"

Cappy is taking music lessons on the piano, too, and both the children, marvel of marvels, need not be devilled to make them practice.

"I don't believe in nagging the children to practice or to study, and I guess that's why they don't mind doing either," their mother said.

Harold Lloyd's Gloria

HAROLD LLOYD'S little girl, Gloria, named for Gloria Hope Hughes, wife of Lloyd Hughes, and Mildred Lloyd's bosom friend for many years, is the image of her dad.

Here is a child who was a system baby, down to the last if, and, and but.

Yet she is a great pal of her parents, who take her everywhere with them that they possibly can, sometimes even to evening shows and parties.

She has always had a nursery governess. She learns very fast and is inclined to be a bookish little person.

A most observing little person is Gloria, and I remember once seeing her at a wedding with her dad, who was lifting her up on his shoulder that she might see everything that was going on.

"She notices more than I do," Harold told me with laughing pride. "Not a thing escapes her."

She is inclined to be an imitative

child, too, and her mother told me that after May McAvoy's wedding, which she had attended with her parents, she played bride for a week.

Harold is seeing to it that she gets a lot of outdoors, and she is a familiar little figure, with her nurse, about the great grounds of Harold's Beverly Hills home; and when Daddy Harold is at home, he delights to swim with her and take her canoeing on his estate, or to play golf on his own tiny golf course.

Her mother told me once, when she was a tiny tot, that she had never tasted candy, and I understand a strict rule prevails in the house that nobody, guest or playmate, shall give her sweets other than the natural sweets of fruit.

Always during one hour a day, just before her parents' dinner and right after her own, taken in her nursery, her parents spend their time with her. This has been so since she was a tiny infant. Harold and Mildred visit her in her nursery, play with her, tell her stories and romp with her until time for her to go to sleep.

Buster Keaton's Boys

THE Keaton estate in Beverly Hills is really planned for children, one suspects, looking it over.

There is a swimming pool where the two boys swim every day; there is a big playhouse, stored with every kind of mechanical toy; and best of all their dad joins them in their games.

Just one punishment is meted out to the children, Bob and Joe, when they disobey—their father withdraws the light of his countenance from their games. That is sufficient punishment for anything they do.

Bob and Joe attend public school, and Buster says that they are being brought up like any other normal boys, with only the hazard of a doting grandmother, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, and two indulgent aunties, Norma and Constance Talmadge.

Buster, of course, is an athlete, and his boys love to mimic his funny falls, which they do sometimes with dire results, but so far without receiving much hurt. But their father isn't taking any chances—he is teaching them how to take falls so as not to hurt themselves.

They have shown no decided tendencies as yet regarding careers, and Buster says he is going to let them choose for themselves.

The Keatons do not believe in whipping their children, but punish the boys by depriving them of things which they want or by not permitting them to do things which they want to do. And as I said before, the worst thing that can happen to them, they think, is not to have their father take part with them in their games.

And, by the way, they are very game youngsters—never cry at a little hurt. They learned this from their dad, who has told them of the terrible falls he was made to take as a youngster by way of training him for a stage athlete, and this knowledge has shamed them into taking hard knocks standing up.

Zasu Pitts' Children

"WHICH is your own child?" somebody asked Zasu Pitts the other day concerning her own child and her adopted child.

(Continued on page 104)



Are your children using the *correct* TOOTH PASTE?

Perhaps you have wondered why so many thousands of Mothers use only Listerine Tooth Paste on babies' teeth whether temporary or permanent.

The reason is that this remarkable dentifrice at 25¢ is amazingly gentle in action. Countless tests prove it safe for the most delicate teeth. Contrast its performance with ordinary dentifrices containing harsh, gritty abrasives.

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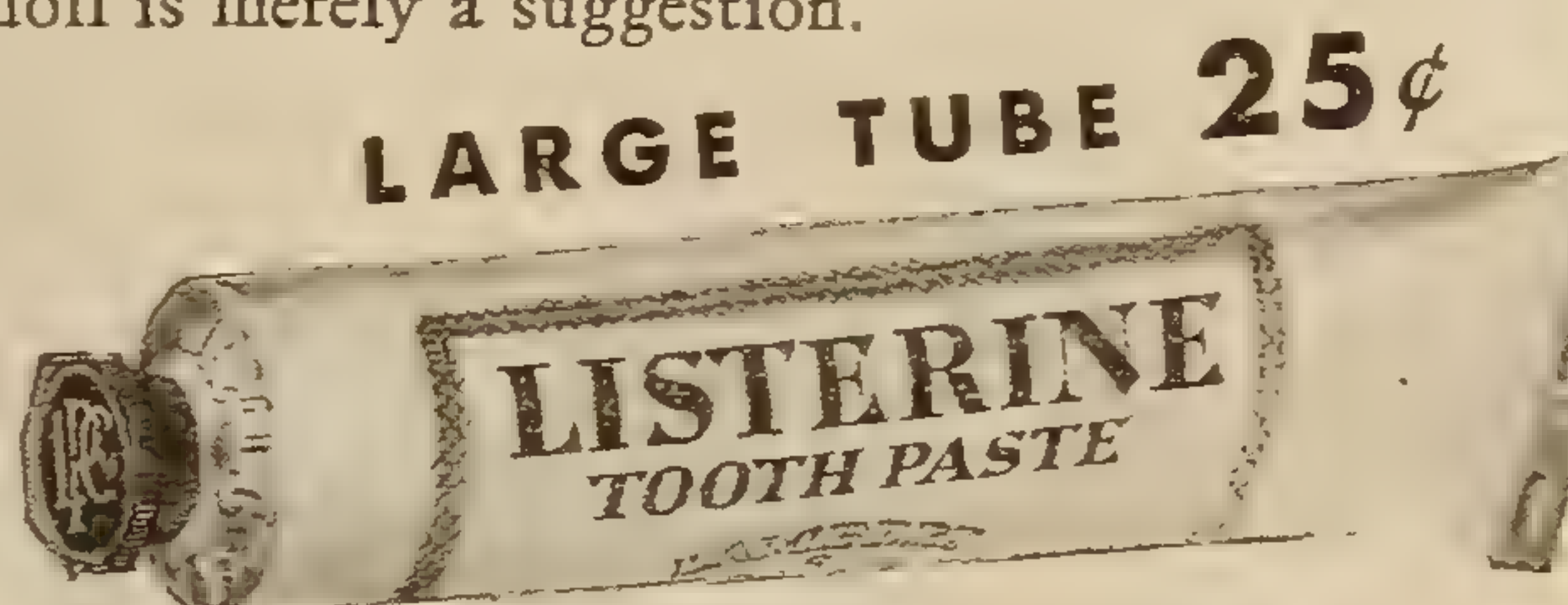
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**TOWER BOOKS
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How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 103)

"Both are my children!" Zasu responded instantly. "I don't make any difference between them."

The girl, Zasu-Ann, is her own child, born to her and her husband, Tom Gallery, then her leading man, eight years ago. The other, the boy, Don, is the little adopted son of the ill-fated Barbara LaMarr. He, too, is just eight years old. Zasu and Tom took him when Barbara died.

Zasu lives with her family, husband and children, in a beautiful old English mansion in Beverly Hills.

I dined there one evening, and the children were on hand. They had supped together in their nursery, however, but came forth to the living room to greet us, and henceforth played about with their toys and frolicked together, sometimes a bit noisily, but never really disturbing. They seemed entirely unself-conscious, with no smart-alecky, show-off tricks.

"We don't believe in separating ourselves from our children in the evenings," Zasu explained, "and often let the children stay up until nine o'clock or so."

Which reminded me of the first time I saw little Don.

It was one night at Barbara LaMarr's, when that gay, thoughtless, lovely, unfortunate actress had first adopted little Don and brought him home to Hollywood. Myself and some friends were calling on Barbara one evening, and Barbara was so proud of little Don that out she trotted him at ten o'clock at night for us to have a look at him! She adored him to distraction, but never could resist the temptation to show him off to her friends whenever the notion seized her, no matter what time of night. He wept protestingly.

Zasu was very patient and very wise, it seemed to me, to come back to my evening at her home, in dealing with her children when her little girl disobeyed her in some small thing. She didn't scold. She didn't raise her voice—but she made her daughter feel that she had made her mother unhappy and that what she had done was wrong—and the child responded nobly.

Don is being taught great gallantry toward his sister, by the way—and there have been two or three battles in the neighborhood over some trivial wrong done the little girl in some childish game or other. Don won.

I was not, by the way, to use my visit for publicity, so I must apologize to Zasu for not being able to resist putting her young family into this story.

That evening was last year. This year Zasu tells me that she and Tom decided that, as she was away all day at work, perhaps the children would be better off placed in boarding school.

"But I'm so lonely," Zasu confided to me in anguished tones the other day, "I think I'll have to go and drag them home again. Especially as they are heart-broken at the separation, too. I've about decided to send them to public schools again next year, and Tom agrees with me."

"We want the children to be real children, and we haven't seen any marked tendencies toward any calling as yet. They are studying French and music and seem clever at both."

"We haven't any hard and fast rules for bringing them up, except that we try to treat them as we wish to be treated by them, with kindness and consideration. And we mean that they shall have strong, healthy bodies. Neither was ever raised as a system baby other than that."

"We never whip the children. Yet there are certain taboos, which the children know are for their good, and do not often transgress. When they do, we try to let the punishment come naturally of itself—which it usually does."

When the children had gone to bed, that evening of our visit, we heard a mysterious rap on the wall.

"That's for good-night—they always do that," Zasu explained.

Charlie Chaplin's Children

NEITHER Charlie Chaplin nor Lita Gray Chaplin, strangely enough, wants their children to become actors! That is one thing on which these parents agree, at any rate.

However, time alone will tell.

In the meantime, the two children, Charles, Jr., and Spencer, have been surrounded by the greatest care. They have a nurse and governess, and young as they are, have short daily lessons. Charlie is five and Spencer is three.

They live with their mother in her pretty Spanish home in Beverly Hills when she is in town; when she is away on tour they stay with their grandmother, Lita's mother. Just at this writing, however, they are with their mother in New York.

Charlie seems to be completely satisfied with the way the children are being reared. He adores his youngsters and they worship him. They visit him about once a fortnight, sometimes weekly, at his Beverly estate, and there is a big corner of the lawn, shut in by shrubs and trees, which is their especial playground.

I saw the boys scampering about there, one day when I was lunching with Charlie.

Charlie is always shopping for some new toy to give them, and they consider their Saturday afternoon or Sunday visits to him as red letter days.

"Oh, we have lots of fun here," he said, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, too.

His bright fancy plans games for them, one being a sort of Robin Hood game which they especially enjoy.

He takes them automobile riding, too, during which trips the dissipation of all three is ice-cream cones.

Both the boys love music, but so far they are without instruction.

Though full of pep and regular he-boys, they will sit quiet and listen in rapt attention to Charlie when he plays his pipe-organ for them.

Charlie never lets anything interfere with his visit with his children unless it be absolutely necessary work or business. Not long ago, some

English notables were in town and it was planned for them to spend the day with the comedian, but he explained calmly, "It's my day with my children"—and the notables went their way.

Both boys have their father's big blue eyes, but they have their mother's olive Spanish skin and her robust health and figure.

When Charlie wants to punish his children—which is almost never—he merely kids them. But this method is said to have an immediate effect.

Gwen Pickford

"G WEN," said Mary, the other day as we sat chatting in her pretty studio bungalow, "really belongs to a syndicate!" And she smiled in that droll little Pickford way. "My mother was the president, Lottie is vice-president, and I guess I'm treasurer. But Gwen has her own money, you know, which my mother left her."

Gwen, Lottie's daughter, stays nearly all the time with Mary and Doug. And she is with Mary every moment she can get, since she worships her aunt. Lottie has been ill of late, and she has been with her a part of the time, and divides her allegiance between mother and aunt. She lately returned to school abroad.

"It broke me all up to send Gwen away off to Switzerland to school," Mary explained, "but I felt that it would be best for her. For one thing, she would learn self-reliance. For another, being there with girls from all nations, she would learn a broader view of life. And then, think of the cultural value to be won from speaking foreign languages abroad."

"Gwen is, oddly enough, a mechanical minded child. So I'm going to have a laboratory fitted up at home where she can try all sorts of chemical and mechanical experiments."

"She doesn't seem to care about acting; but of course if she should finally want to become an actress, it would be all right with us."

"I do not have to punish Gwen. She has a lot of sense, and will always listen to reason."

Gwen can no longer be called "little Gwen." She is five feet eight inches tall.

A quiet, observing young girl, little given to making friends quickly, she looks everybody over with her big brown eyes before deciding to take them into her confidence.

Harry Langdon's Children

"N O matter how tired Harry is when he comes home from the studio, he never is too tired to romp with the children, and they wouldn't miss that hour for anything."

Mrs. Langdon told me that a year ago when I first met her.

The children are hers. Virginia was born to her by a former marriage, and the other, Edith, is a little girl who was adopted by her several years ago; but neither seems to know any difference in the care and love bestowed.

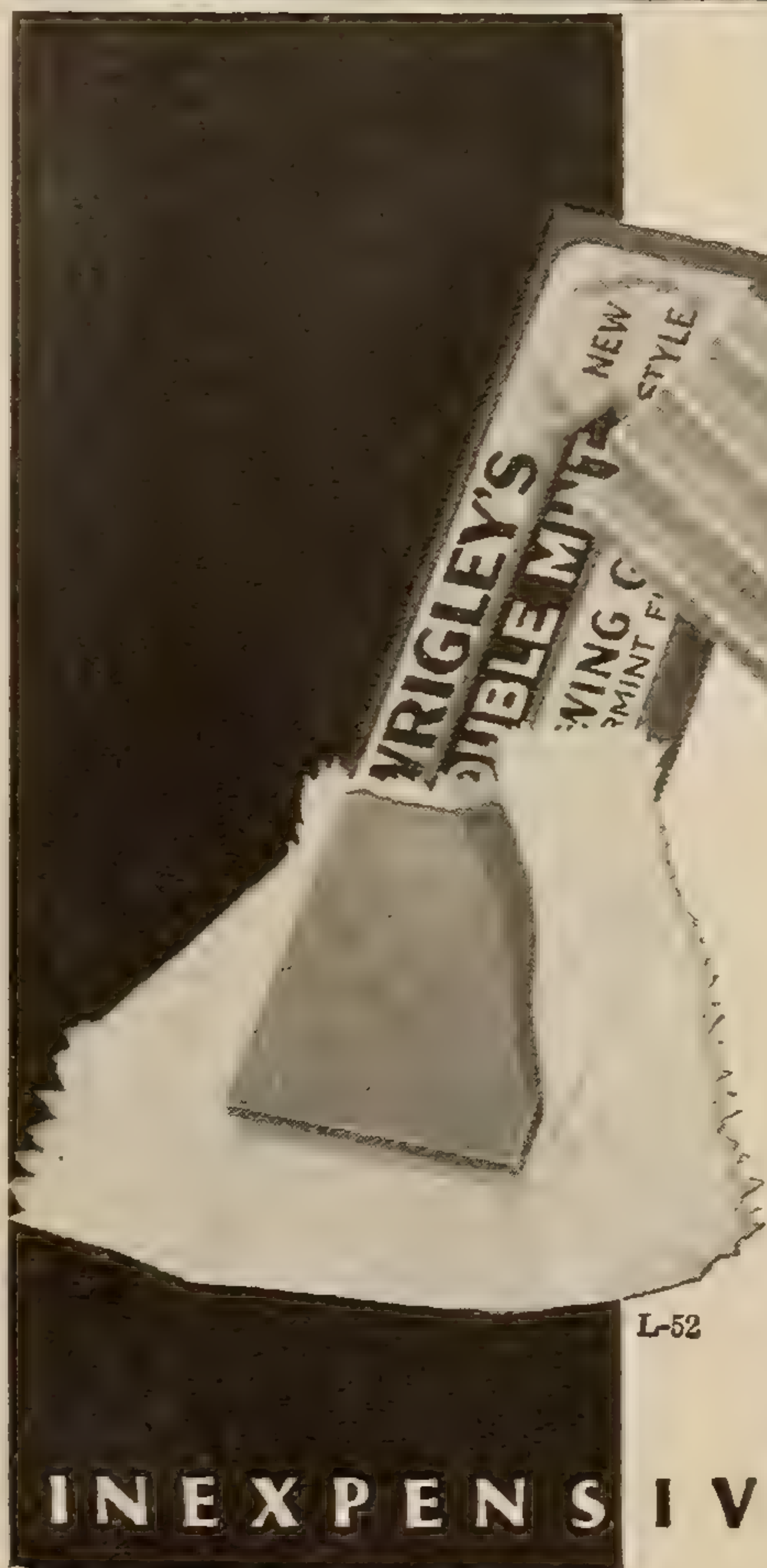
They are hardly children either—young girls, rather, now both in their early teens, and lately placed in boarding school.

But they weren't in High School nor in boarding school when I met their mother.

Virginia looks like her mother, and Edith is an oddly fascinating, though

(Continued on page 106)

Why has SHE so many admirers?



IT'S
her dreamy
LIPS
and lovely
TEETH

Any girl can be popular who follows this girl's inexpensive Beauty Secret...which is chewing Wrigley's every day. Watch the dreamy curves play around your lips when you chew Wrigley's. See your teeth glisten. Nothing in all the world fascinates faster than a fascinating mouth.

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For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



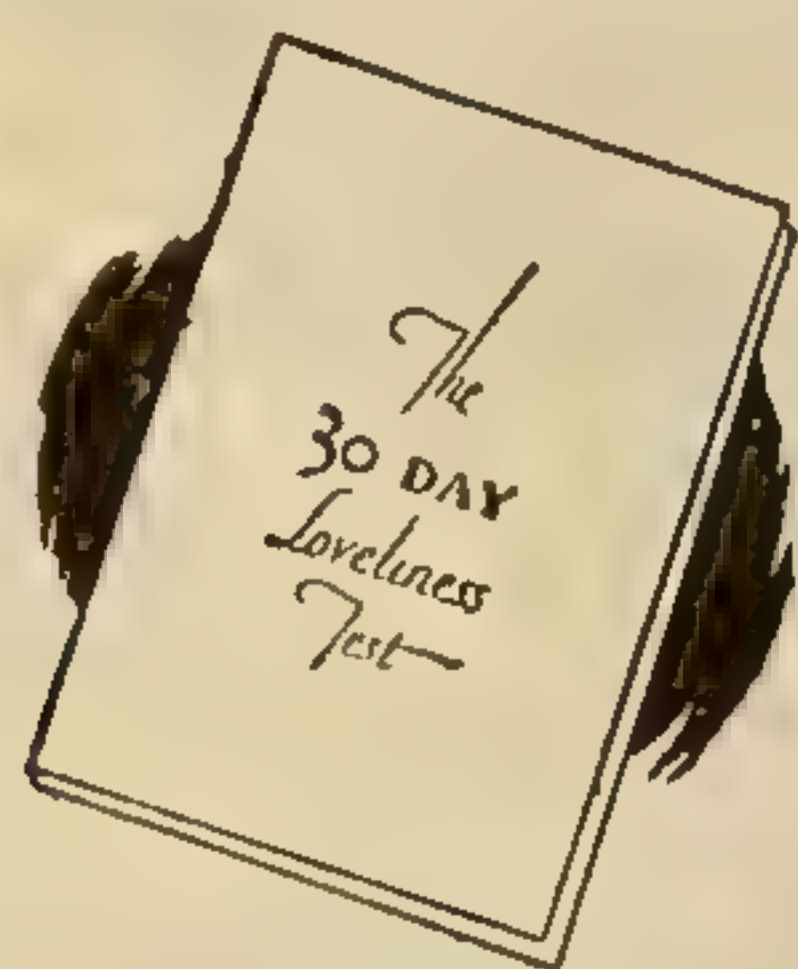
For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



For a new smart look to your clothes

Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*. Easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Free for the asking; use coupon below.

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Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."

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An interesting historical tapestry, woven especially for J. L. Warner, vice president of Warner Brothers, at Aubusson, France. It is entitled "Romance of the Southland" and shows the vast change that has taken place, within a quarter of a century, upon the land now occupied by Warner studios. It was once the old Beesemeyer Ranch. The tapestry was woven from a painting made by Paul Grim. Irene Delroy stands before the tapestry.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 105)

quiet child, not really pretty, but piquant and chock full of personality. The girls adore Harry and have taken his name of Langdon.

Both girls are gifted, the adopted daughter, Edith, having a glorious soprano voice, which is to be cultivated when she is old enough.

Virginia is very talented in music and drawing, and is studying painting and drawing at boarding school. She also writes stories, and looks forward to a career of writing tales and illustrating them herself.

When the girls first came to Hollywood with their mother, people urged that Mrs. Langdon put them into pictures, but Mrs. Langdon firmly refused, desiring that the girls should have a more normal, wholesome childhood than she felt could be found in the acting profession.

Both daughters are athletic and love especially swimming and riding horseback.

The girls are always allowed to join in the festivities when Harry and Mrs. Langdon give parties, and Edith nearly always helps entertain by singing.

Harry is the pal in all the girls' joys and sorrows. They call him Pop. I was at their home not long ago, and came across a photograph of Harry on which Virginia had written, "To the sweetest pop that ever was or ever will be."

"When we go away at night to spend the evening," said Mrs. Langdon, "we always find notes pinned to our pillows when we return, written by the girls. 'Dearest little mother and daddy,' they invariably begin."

Present at the Langdons the other evening, the place seemed deserted without those bright, pretty girls.

"The first week the children were in school, I could hardly bear it," said their mother. "Harry felt the same way. The house seems like a morgue without them. I thought the change in surroundings might be good for them. But I don't know. They are begging to come home, and I think I shall let them."

As to careers, Virginia and Edith wanted to go to work in pictures last vacation, but Harry Langdon set his foot down on it.

"They have always wanted to earn some money of their own," said Mrs. Langdon. "When they started in at high school, I was ill, suffering from an auto accident, and couldn't go with them to enroll. When I did visit the school, I found that the little rascals had decided they wanted to earn money and so had enrolled for the business course. But as that course doesn't provide credits for college, I had them change, as I'm sure they will want to go to college when they finish their high school courses."

Wally Reid's Children

THE late Wally Reid's children are growing up to be fine youngsters—Bill, aged thirteen now and Betty who is eleven. Betty was an adopted daughter, you know.

The children, who are being brought up with all the care in the world by their mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, are in school. Bill goes to Junior High public school, while Betty attends the Greenwood School for Girls, a private institution.

This school, oddly enough, began its existence in the old Wally Reid residence in Hollywood, after Reid had passed away and Mrs. Reid felt the necessity for providing money for the support of herself and her children. Afterward Mr. Greenwood moved into the old Thomas H. Ince home on Franklin Avenue, taking his school with him, and said school is now housed in the home of Dorothy Farnum, the screen writer.

"The children don't care about acting at all," Mrs. Reid told me. "Bill shows a great mechanical ability and also much musical talent. Both, he inherits from his father.

"I should like very much to have Bill become an electrical or a civil engineer, but shall have to let him pick his own vocation.

"Betty has as yet shown no decided talents nor desires for a calling. She has grown beyond her years, and is a little too fat.

"Both children are athletic, Betty being an admirable swimmer as is Bill also. Bill likewise plays tennis and is a good shot.

"Bill delivers papers, and works hard at his job. He says that he is sure, though, that people sit up nights trying to figure out a way to get out of paying for their subscriptions."

The DeMille Children

CECIL B. DEMILLE has four children—two of them adopted.

Richard, aged eight, and John, seventeen, are the adopted children, Katherine, eighteen, and Cecelia, twenty-two, are his own children.

But he is chary of talking about two of his children being adopted. To him all are equally well cared for, and I am sure know no difference one from the other in the care and love bestowed by himself and Mrs. DeMille.

Little Richard attends the Carl Curtis School in Hollywood. He is much interested in music, and his dad feels that he has a real musical career ahead of him.

John, who is a brunette, is attending Black-Foxe Military Academy, and has developed a pronounced flare for mathematics and business problems. He is also a very clever mechanic, and for several years did all the mechanical work on his father's speed boats.

Katherine, a brunette, graduated last year from Santa Barbara school for girls. She is a very clever amateur sculptor, but her main interest is acting. She appeared in "Madam Satan" and on the stage in San Francisco, and is working steadily in small rôles in various studios. She is also studying painting.

Cecelia is now Mrs. Francis Edgar Calvin. She was educated at Hollywood School for Girls. Her hobby is horses. She has three blue-ribbon winners in her stable, and her best

(Continued on page 108)

"You don't know what cold weather is" says RUSSELL OWEN

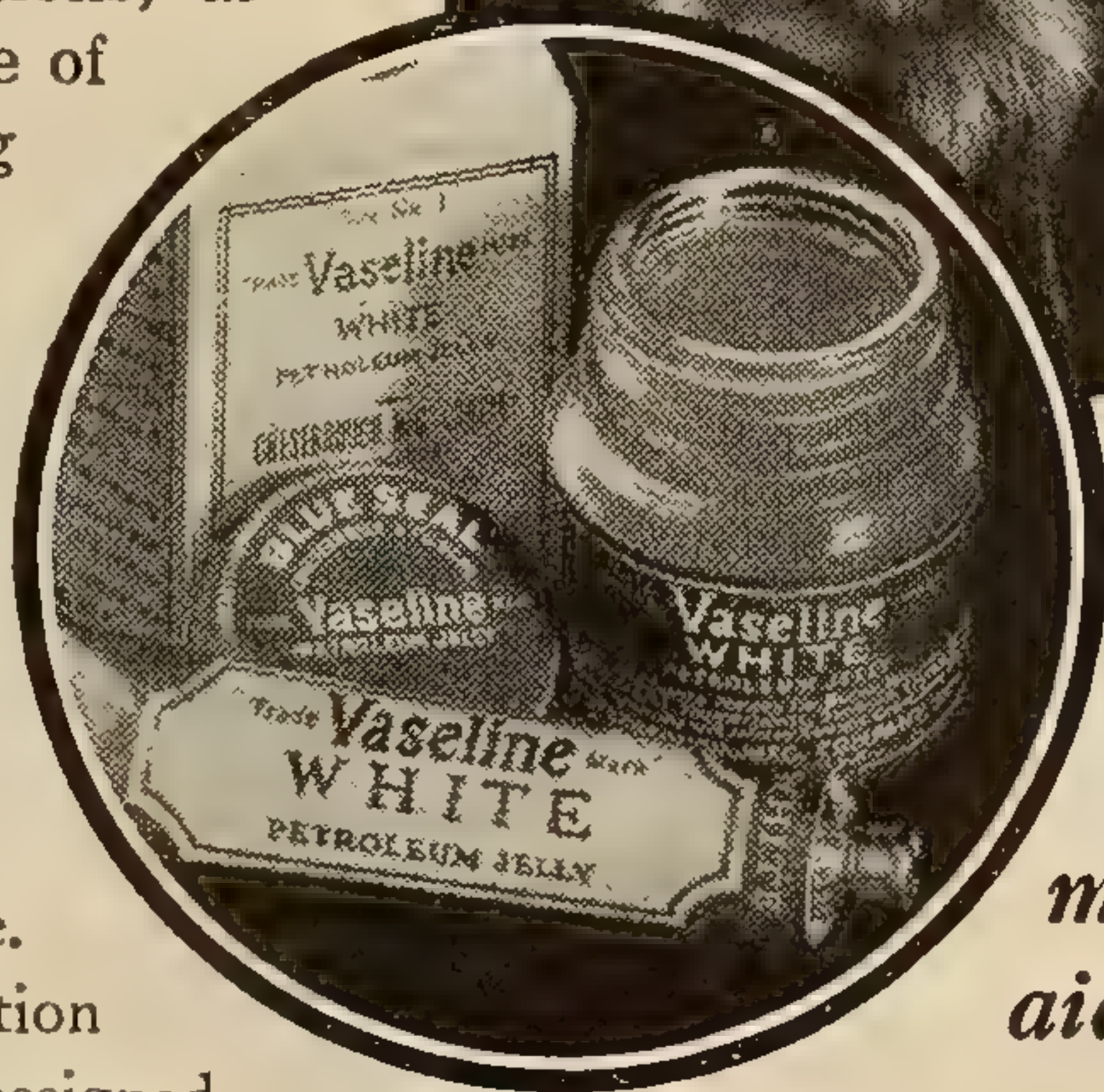
CAN you imagine travelling on foot. Over a great snow plain, almost interminable in extent, burned by the sun and wind, frozen by chill winds, marching hour after hour, day after day, with no living thing within many miles? Then the cheeks burn and crack, and lips become blistered and swollen so that they puff out in ugly and painful scabs. They become so sore that it hurts to eat and one cannot smoke for the sting of tobacco on broken flesh.

But when the lips chap and swell under the combined influence of the sun and wind, they must be softened with some healing substance, and "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is used for this purpose by those who are weatherwise. For example, when Bernt Balchen was on the trail in the Antarctic, his lips were badly swollen from exposure and he used "Vaseline" Jelly on them to keep them soft. He believes that it should be in every trail kit and always carries some with him, whether he is exploring or flying planes into the far north mining country of Canada, transporting dynamite and tools. Balchen was born in a cold country and has spent many of his years outdoors under the most trying conditions, and with him always takes a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly for protecting his skin against exposure.

Russell Owen

RUSSELLOWEN is one of the greatest reporters of all time.

When the Byrd Antarctic Expedition was about to start, Owen was assigned by the New York Times to go with it. This isolated part of the world was described by Owen for fourteen months—the period during which he stayed there. He saw the departures of the planes on all the flights, including the South Pole flight, the returns, and during the four months that the dog teams were away on their 1500 mile trip received bulletins from them and kept the world informed of what they were doing. His work there won for him the Pulitzer Prize, awarded for the best reporting of the year. Now Mr. Owen has a new assignment. From time to time he will tell you in these pages of the interesting uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which he has seen on his wanderings from Pole to Pole. Watch for his next story!



*How millions
meet daily first
aid emergencies*

Burns and Scalds: Cover burned area with "Vaseline" Jelly, bandage with clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Cuts (minor): Wash under running water, apply "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly.

More serious wounds: Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly.

Sore and tired feet: Use "Vaseline" Jelly to massage feet after warm bath.

Head colds: Place "Vaseline" Jelly in nostrils to lubricate them and soothe inflammation.

Throat irritations: Take "Vaseline" Jelly internally, a half teaspoonful every few hours.

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How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 107)



GRAY HAIR?

Would you know the secret of lovely color treasured by millions of women? A simple way, entirely safe! Coupon brings you FREE OFFER.

TODAY youth calls . . . but the whole effect of an enviable complexion and ideal figure is lost if hair is dull . . . drab . . . gray. Mary T. Goldman's way to youthful color for gray hair can mean more to smart appearance than almost any other secret of modern beauty science.

No Experience Required

With Mary T. Goldman's you cannot fail to get successful results if simple directions are followed . . . Just combing this clear, colorless liquid through the hair imparts lovely, lustrous color.

Entirely Safe to Use

This method is SAFE, successful, time-tested and approved. Used by discriminating women for more than thirty years. A toilet requisite for society leaders, business women, and stars of stage and screen.

Nothing Artificial Looking

Any color can be successfully matched: black, brown, blonde or auburn. Results defy detection. Nothing to wash or rub off on linens or hat linings. Hair stays soft, fluffy . . . easy to curl and wave.



Test Package FREE

See for yourself what the results will be on a lock clipped from your own hair. We'll send complete Test Package FREE. Your druggist can supply a regular bottle with money-back guarantee. But if you prefer to make this test free, just use the coupon.

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✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

horse, Love Lee Dare, could be covered up with ribbons, she has won so many. Cecelia is considered perhaps the South's finest horsewoman.

Regarding the upbringing of children, Mr. DeMille said:

"It seems to be a very common mistake for parents to forget that their children are human beings. The difference in age, too, frequently makes us forget our own earlier years. I find that parents err in two principal ways: First, by a too strict discipline which irritates children by making it seem that they are totally devoid of intelligence of their own; second, by an indifferent and lax attitude wherein youngsters stray aimlessly about, unguided in any way. The proper course, obviously, is the middle one.

"My children have been encouraged to seek their own paths in life. No undue restrictions have been placed on their ideas and thoughts and ambitions. Every effort has been made to have them develop distinct individualities, but at the same time there are certain family rules to which they must conform—especially rules which keep them from impinging on each other's rights.

"Perhaps the most important thing one must fight in children is the growth of selfishness. Thought for others is of course the main thing that should

differentiate a civilized man from an animal. The richer parents are, the more acute this problem becomes."

Young Bill Hart

LITTLE BILL HART, son of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover, spends his time with his mother, who is bringing him up.

He goes to school at Santa Monica, his mother driving him to and from school, since they live several miles away, at Malibu Beach.

Young Bill keeps close to home, though he loves his school fellows. He is a quaint, gallant, little old-fashioned boy, nine years old, who looks very much like his father, but has his mother's dimples and smile.

He says that he means to be President of the United States, and he is very much in earnest about it. He has said this ever since he could talk. He is even now planning to study law.

To the end that he may first be a foreign diplomat, he is learning Japanese, attending a Japanese school several hours a week.

"It was his own idea," his mother told me. "Little Bill thinks things out. One day he said to me, 'Mother, I think the United States is going to have very close relations with Japan some day, and I'd like to be our representative. I want to learn Japanese.'"



Gary Cooper inspected the oldest house in Los Angeles. Located at No. 14 Olvera Street, it dates back to 1818. It has been unaltered since 1847, when Commodore Stockton used it as his headquarters. It is known as La Casa de Dona Encarnacion Avila.

Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 41)

and Janet, always "Lolly" to her father, really had seen more of "Jonesy" than her real father, the former having married Janet's mother after her separation from Frank Gainer, when "Lolly" was eight.

Anyhow they had their visit. Nobody knew anything about it and Janet, after brief visits with relatives in the Germantown and Olney sections of Philadelphia, left town. Frank Gainer remained as obscure as he had been before his famous daughter's arrival, and went cheerfully back to his paste-bucket and wall brush.

THEN, just a few months ago, something happened and Philadelphia began to discover who Janet really was, and pride came into another neighborhood, not far removed from the great textile mills, a neighborhood in which most of the residents earn their living manipulating the looms which spin cloth and over the buckets which dye it. A neighborhood of real movie fans.

A police bandit chaser drew up in front of a two-story brick, porch front home at 1372 Gillingham St., in Frankford. Here, with a nephew, Ralph Gainer, lives Frank DeWitt Gainer, the paperhanger and painter.

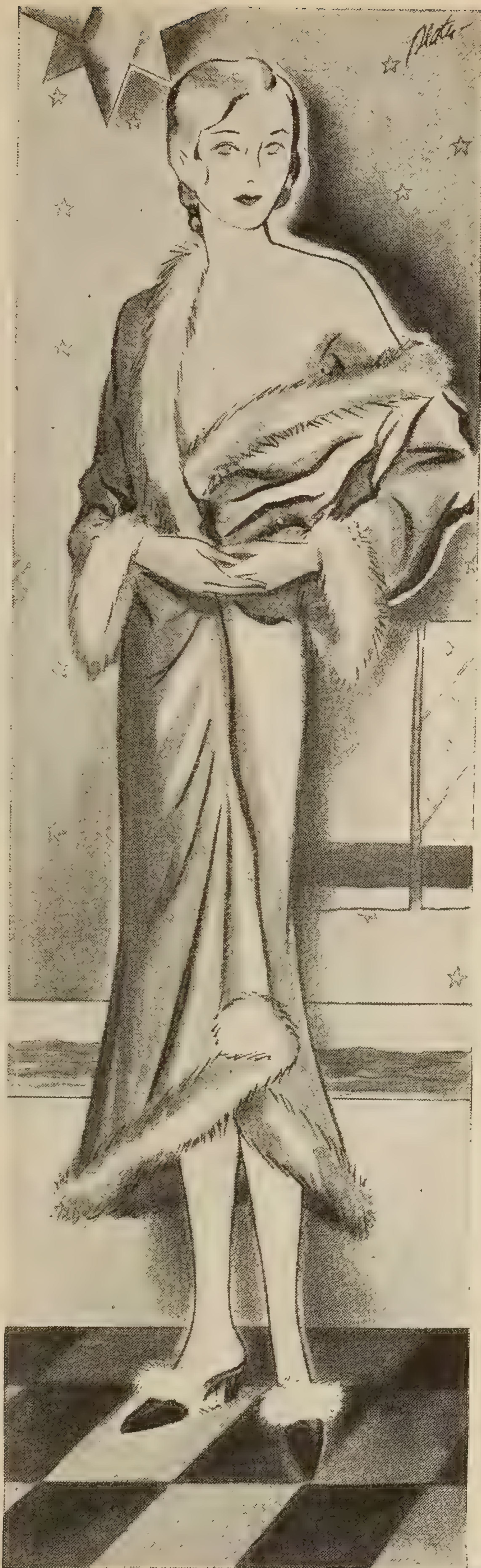
A policeman got out, rapped at the door, said a few words to the occupants of the house, got back into the little red police roadster, and drove away. It was about 7 P. M., and dusk was settling. Some of the neighborhood's residents already were on their way to the first show at one of the moving picture houses on "the Avenue."

Within a few minutes after the policeman had departed a boy, in childish delight, rushed from the house. He had joyful news for all the youngsters on the street, and he couldn't tell it quickly enough. "Janet's coming," he cried delightfully. "She wanted to keep it a secret so she told the police to tell us."

The word spread quickly from child to child, then to the grownups, and within ten minutes it was on every tongue. In less time than it takes to read this a great crowd had gathered in front of the house at 1372 Gillingham St. Presently the police bandit chaser came back, clearing a pathway, and behind it a limousine.

TWO big men in uniform opened the door of the limousine and, with their hefty shoulders, broke a path-

(Continued on page 110)



*This is the famous
Linit Beauty Bath
test that INSTANTLY
proves you can have*

A SKIN

**SOFT AS
VELVET!**

Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a handful of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.

Watch for Next Month's

**Great Love Story
of Hollywood**

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

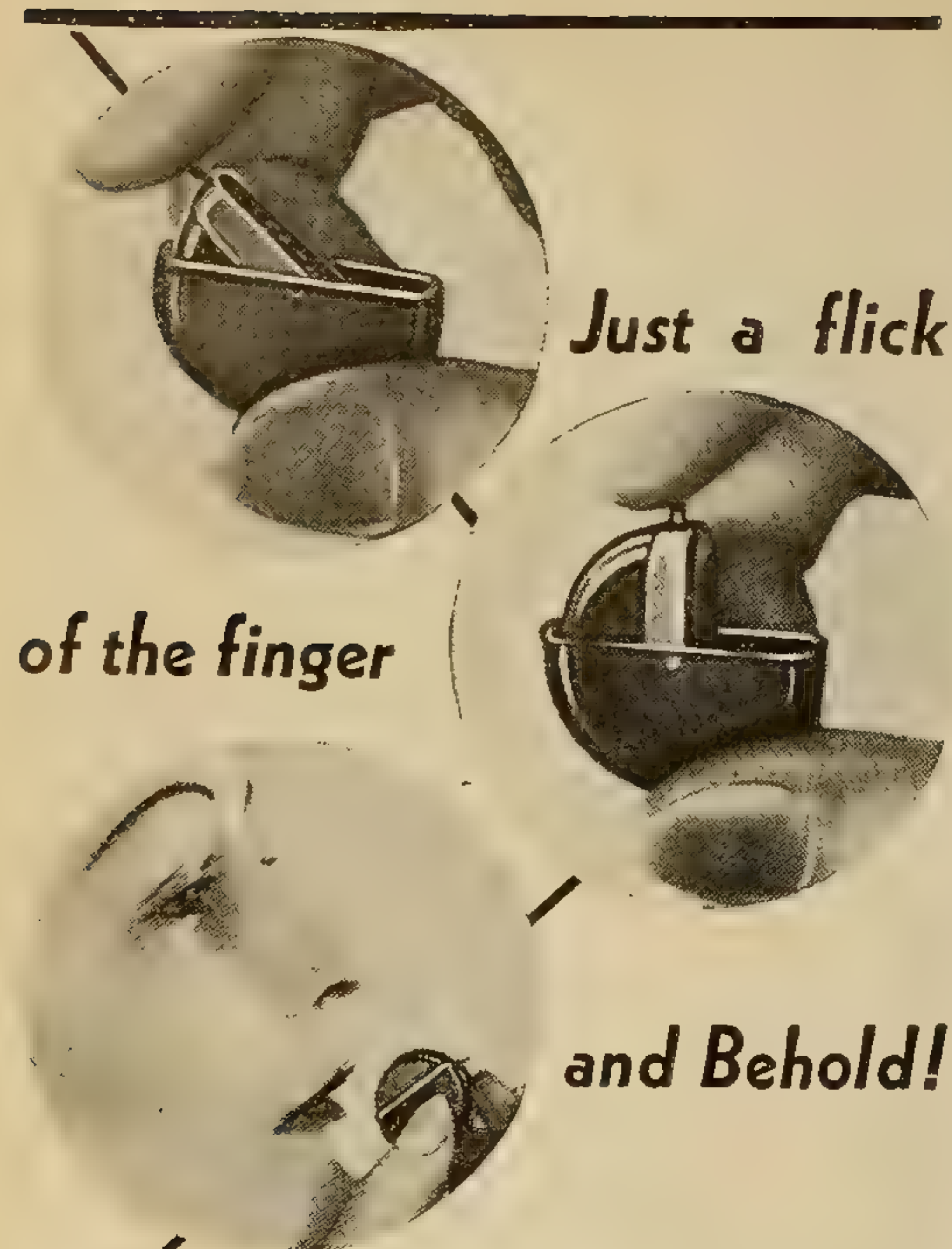
**The Romance of Doug,
Jr., and Joan**

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THE BATHWAY TO A
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BEAUTIFUL LIPS INSTANTLY *this new way*

NEW You've never feasted your eyes on anything lovelier than this new, petite, red and golden vanity created by Heather. Small and shapely as it should be. Just a half circle. Chic enough for the Ritz. Far richer in appearance than the mere ten cents it costs you.

NEW Utterly new. No cap to lose or slide to bother you. Just a quick flick of the finger and the lipstick is ready to use. It is curved to fit the lips, the narrow edge outlining a cupid's bow and the flat side covering the lips perfectly. A lipstick of supreme purity and quality, lasting, neither messy nor sticky.

NOW Give your lips alluring loveliness and seductive shapeliness. Treat yourself to the new Heather Vanity Lipstick. Among its four shades you'll find just the one to suit your type of beauty and coloring. Sold by all 5 and 10-cent stores with other famous Heather Cosmetics.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER VANITY LIPSTICK

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Some Hollywood stars are very democratic. Above you see Buster, star of M.-G.-M. dog comedies, visiting Marie Dressler. Buster, by the way, is about the only star who isn't afraid that Miss Dressler will steal his picture.

Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 109)

way. From the car stepped a diminutive girl, and a tall, slightly bald, handsome young man. They went inside, as the neighborhood folk pressed closer about the little porch and milled about for a glimpse of Janet Gaynor.

With such a crowd it was impossible of course, to keep the newspapers from finding out. And it was a human interest story, a story of a Cinderella princess trying to steal a few moments in its midst, a man who could tell more about Janet Gaynor than all the biographical sketches in the world.

Ralph Gainer, a cousin, who now points to a stubble of beard, said: "Why, I haven't shaved this spot on my cheek yet, where she kissed me. I don't want to shave it off."

So, the public of Philadelphia learned of a man who had heretofore been a rather obscure figure, most of the biographies of the star having mentioned "Jonesy," the step-father, but ignoring the man who exerted the paternal influence during the most formative years of "Lolly's" tender young girlhood.

Not that Frank Gainer wished any

glory. He did not care to share his daughter's fame. He had his pride, but he kept it in his heart. He went to see her pictures, and in them, saw the winsome, brown haired little tot he taught to sing, dance and mimic when they lived on Wister and Pomona Sts. in Germantown, and when they used to spend their summers at Betterton, Md., on Chesapeake Bay.

Even a great many of Frank Gainer's acquaintances and some of his closest friends did not know that he was the father of the star. And many people in the Frankford section of Philadelphia have known the Gainers for years—Janet has several cousins in Philadelphia—without even knowing there was any relationship between the Gainers and the Gaynor of the films.

AS you study Frank Gainer you can see Janet Gaynor from the middle of the nose up. He has the same hazel eyes, and they grow large and expressive when he's saying something that interests him. And, despite his sixty-two years, they are eyes that twinkle still, even as Janet's do.

He is proud of "Lolly." Tickled pink. You can see that. And even if you couldn't he would not deny it. But he has pride of his own, too, and it is a pride governed by a rigid code. He wants to, always has, and always will, he said, stand on his own feet.

"It was funny after Lolly went away," he said, "the questions everybody asked me. Of all the things the funniest was about money. They wanted to know how much money Lolly gave me. One neighbor said, 'You'd think, with all of her money, she'd have left you at least a thousand or so. She'd never miss it.'"

Frank Gainer paused to part the air in a gesture of disgust.

"Me?" he almost shouted, as if it were I who had asked the question. "Me take money from Lolly. Not on your life. She knows how proud I am and she knows I won't take money from anybody so long as I can go out and earn \$10 a day."

Then he softened a little and said, as an after-thought: "But I know Lolly wouldn't see her poor old Dad suffer. If ever I am in need of help, I know she'll help me. She said she would. But that won't come, if it ever comes, while I'm sixty-two years young. Maybe when I get old and decrepit—but then, my wants aren't very great, anyhow. I have only myself to keep."

WITH characteristic wit, even carried to the point of mimicking Janet's grandmother, who was among those present, Frank Gainer described how Janet first saw the light of day at 3:50 A.M., October 6, 1906, on Wister Street, in Germantown. He even re-enacted how he paced the floor awaiting the joyful tidings from upstairs.

"Not long after Lolly was born," he said, "we moved to Pomona Street. Time seemed to fly, or at least it seems now it flew, because it wasn't long until "Lolly" used to hurry home from the old Manheim Theatre in Germantown, and delight her playmates with her mimicry of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge. I used to encourage her and have her do her little stunts over and over for me."

At this time Frank Gainer himself was dabbling in theatrical work, an ambition he did not relinquish until late in life. He sang lyric tenor in a quartet, took part in many amateur and "benefit" theatricals, and upon occasions, appeared in the old Wakefield Theatre, in Germantown.

It was only natural that the father should teach the daughter the things that were closest to his heart.

"I saw as a child she had talent," he continued. "She used to mimic me, and sometimes I'd chastise her. Even that wouldn't get the best of her. She mimicked me whipping her, then, a little later, she would jump up on my lap and tell me she was sorry."

"Many persons asked me if 'Lolly' used a double in the acrobatic parts of 'The Four Devils.' I could not say whether she did or not, but I knew she didn't have to. She knew most of those trapeze stunts before she was eight years old. I used to teach her when we were on the beach down at Betterton, Md."

"Since then she often has told me that she thinks she inherited her desire for acting from me. On her last visit here she asked me if I remembered when I used to teach her tricks on the horizontal bar, and how I used to laugh at her, or get angry at her,

(Continued on page 112)

● The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing costume wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke.

Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.



The New Styles are Alluring... BUT SO EXACTING

TODAY, we stand revealed in sun-tan bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns. Never has a good figure meant so much. Yet, for every girl who possesses the correct figure, there are thousands dieting to gain rounded slimness. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular and is actually healthful—so much better than using dangerous drugs.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Be sure you get the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

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Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 111)



Now try OUTDOOR GIRL Facial Creams . . .

THE chances are that you're already familiar with the famous OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powders . . . Now the makers of those popular products offer you four delightful Creams to beautify, cleanse, nourish and protect the skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL Cleansing Cream liquefies the moment it touches your face. It searches out every speck of dirt—delivers it to the touch of your facial tissues. Leaves your skin fresh and clean!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Cream feeds and nourishes the skin . . . guards against wrinkles . . . coaxes back suppleness and smoothness . . . closes enlarged pores.

To secure the best results both creams should be used. Generous "introductory tubes" of these 2 creams—also OUTDOOR GIRL Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream—are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other chain stores. Larger sizes—60c and \$1.00—at leading drug and department stores.

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OUTDOOR GIRL FACIAL CREAMS

The Most Fascinating Way to Spend an Evening

NUMEROLOGISTS say that certain numbers, hidden in your name or birthday, may hold the secret of your success and happiness. Here's a new little book that tells you about the fascinating science of numbers. It will help you enjoy many interesting moments by yourself or with friends. "Numerology" is sold in many Woolworth stores.

If you do not find "Numerology" at your Woolworth store, we will send it to you on receipt of 10c, plus 2c for postage.

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depending upon my mood, when she mimicked me."

Lolly first began to show real talent, her father said, at the age of three. Even at that tender age, the tiny, brown-haired tot, with a ribbon tied in a bow above her left ear, could carry a tune. And get expression in it, too.

"I used to sing the songs for her that I used in the quartet, and she would sing them for me," Mr. Gainer said. "Then we would spend hours going over the songs together. Of course, I never dreamed then that she would become famous. We just did it because it was fun. She seemed to like it and so did I."

Then, as Janet was delighting the neighborhood with her mimicry, Frank Gainer and Janet's mother separated. But the father continued to see his daughter upon infrequent occasions, and never did he entirely lose track of her, visiting her several times while Janet, her mother, and "Jonesy" lived in Chicago.

LOLLY, the child mimic, became a stenographer, as everybody knows, and it wasn't until Jonesy got her the job as an extra, that the talent she says she inherited from her father, got a chance to show itself. But that she had it, even as a tot, is attested by many others who knew her as a girl.

"I can see her yet," said Margaret Tull, who used to teach the Sunday school class Janet attended at the First M. E. Church, of Germantown, and who teaches now in the Kinsey Public School in East Germantown. "She was about seven years old then and wore a little black velvet coat, lace collar and large, black beaver hat. She was very quiet and very studious and had a remarkable memory."

"Even at that age she was very particular about her diction and enunciation. She would grasp passages from Scriptures and memorize them more quickly than any girl in the class. And she was one of the hardest little workers and most unspoiled of any child in the class."

"She was always a pretty little girl," said Mrs. Hamill, "and a good dancer, singer and mimic. She used to play with my daughter, and one of her favorite pastimes was cutting silhouettes from the papers and magazines and pasting them up. Always bright, shy and of a retiring disposition, she had that same winsomeness as a child that is so evident in her acting on the screen."

And, as you talk with Frank Gainer, it comes to you that these things could be said of him also. He is certainly bright. He has a shyness that Lolly surely must have inherited. And, after talking with both Janet Gaynor and Frank Gainer, you are impressed with the idea that the thing both seem to have in common, aside from their facial characteristics, is unaffectedness.

We asked Frank Gainer if he still sang.

"If I went singing now for a mile of noodles," he replied, "I wouldn't get a shoe-string." A typical Gainer reply. And here, to give you an idea of Lolly Gainer's dad, is some typical Frank Gainer conversation:

"You know, they were kidding me

here at the house when Lolly married that lawyer fellow, Lydell Peck. They were saying that maybe I'd be a grandpop. 'Well, never you mind,' I told them. 'Maybe some day Lolly will have four children, then I'll be a granddaddy to a bushel.'

"And put this down. Lolly is as unspoiled as ever. When she was here she danced with everybody in the house. Yes, even me. I can still hop around. She never 'makes up' except for a picture, and never wears jewelry. She didn't have any rouge on when she was here, and you can say, for her dad, that her hair has turned henna since she went in the movies. It used to be brown."

At this point Frank Gainer excused himself, explaining that he had to see a prospect about papering a room.



Norma Shearer received the annual award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of 1930. The award, shown in Miss Shearer's hands, was for her work in "The Divorcee"

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

Wants a Referendum

Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Literary Digest* polled a vote on the Prohibition question and the results are well known today. Why not a similar vote to determine whether the people want the silent pictures in addition to the talkies? It is wrong for producers to have settled this question themselves. I am quite sure a popular vote would be instrumental in bringing back the silent pictures and our favorites of other days. There is room for both the silent and the talkie.

Charlotte Goldberg,
5541 Broomall Avenue.

Longs for Charlie Ray

Toledo, Ohio

Speaking as "head man" of a family of five enthusiastic boosters for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, would like to see a movement started to get Charles Ray on the screen. We, as well as many of our friends, would love to see more of Mr. Ray.

Robert G. Hubbard,
4310 Willy Parkway.

About "You All"

Elliott, S. C.

I am a Southerner and, while I know we are accused of speaking more or less of a dialect, we do object to having the talkies imitate us in a ridiculous way. For instance the expression "you all" has been frequently used in talking pictures and always to denote one person. I do not deny that we use this expression but we always use it in speaking of more than one person.

Mrs. J. H. Skinner, Jr.

Wants Human Folk

San Diego, Calif.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE should drive home the fact to movie producers that we like to meet nice people, like to see characters on the screen whom we would enjoy meeting in the flesh. Characters actuated by understandable HUMAN motives rather than mere puppets displaying crude, stupid or purely animal instincts. This would mean a medal earned by NEW MOVIE. Is this asking too much?

B. Alice Burland,
4636 Mission Ave.

Against Peace Propaganda

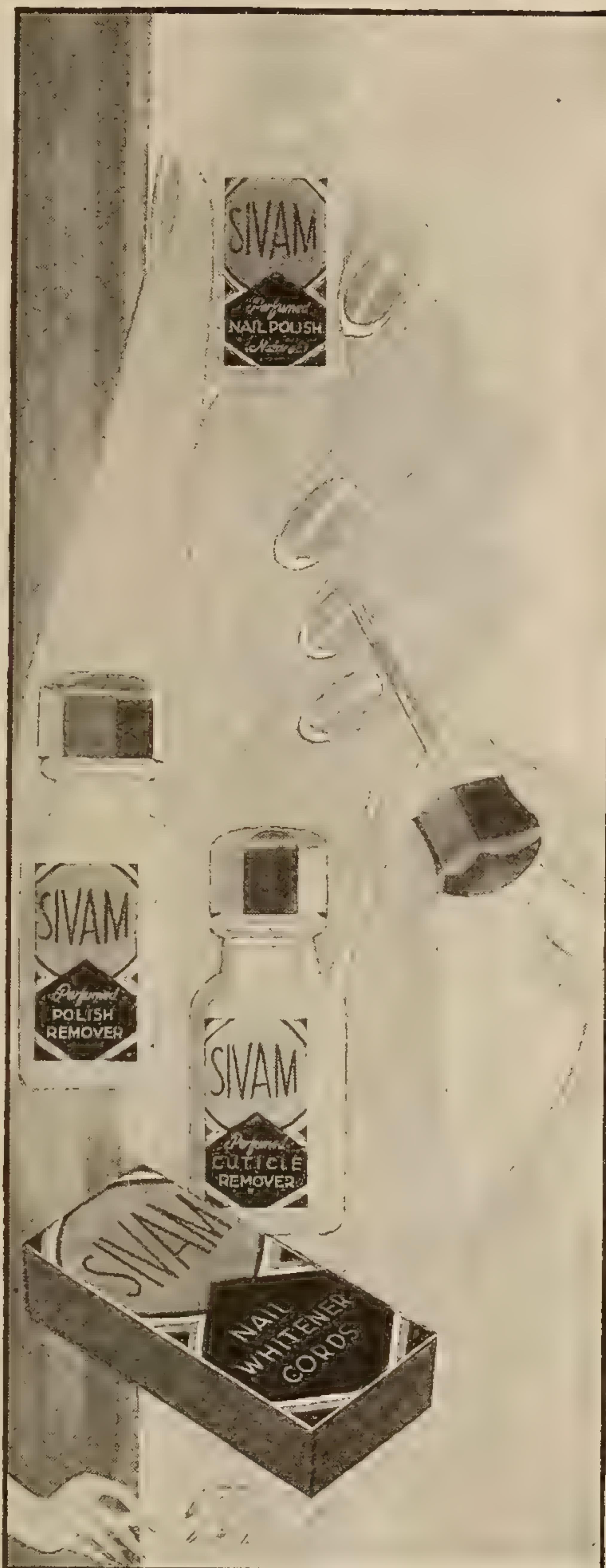
Gastonia, N. C.

Why all the propaganda against wars by the production of such films as "All Quiet On the Western Front," and "The Dawn Patrol"? Wars are inevitable. Therefore, give us some of the glamour and romance that war pictures once contained in such films. Do not try to make cowards of us and extinguish the last spark of patriotism in us by the continuance of the production of mere propaganda, minus plots or entertainment.

Dewey J. Gilmore,
Ranlo Station.

One dollar is paid for every thought published. Be sure to read the announcement on page 10 of this issue.

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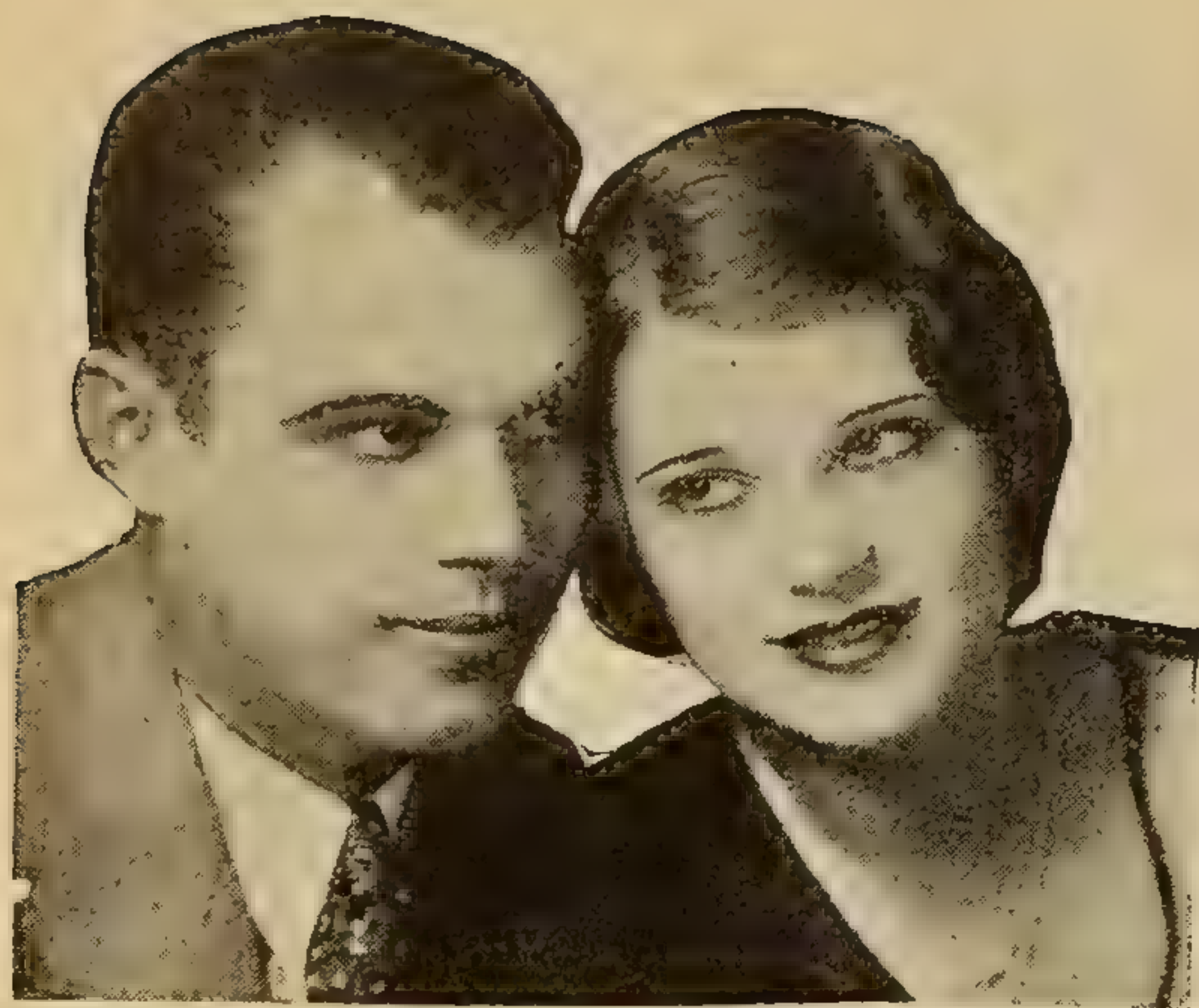
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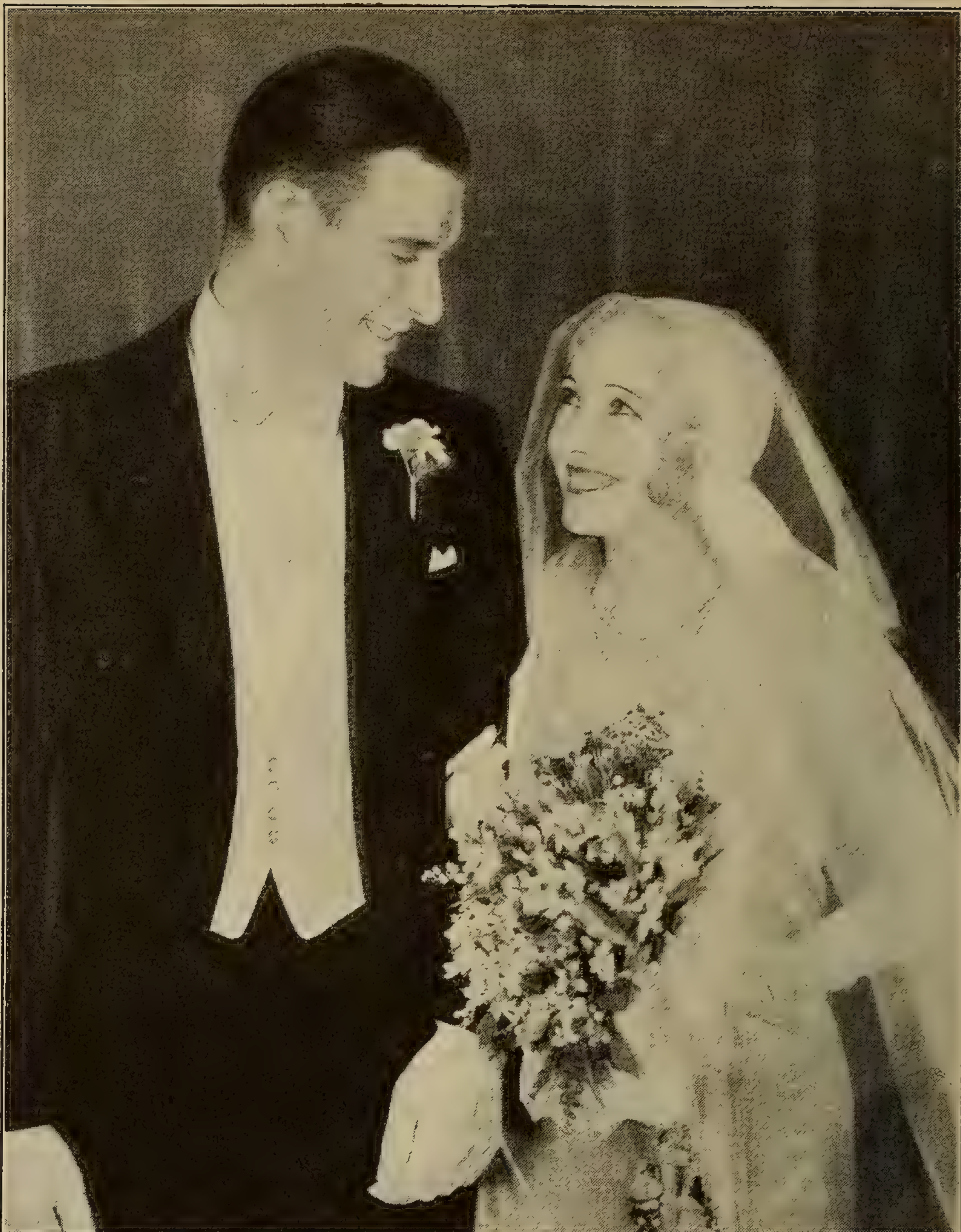
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Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks. This picture was made on their wedding day.

Noble Experiments

(Continued from page 46)

marriage. She just lives it, loves it, and gets all hot and bothered trying to tell you how wonderful it is. If you mention problems, she widens her eyes, grows pink and tells you what a wonderful man her husband is.

That one is also a first marriage.

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart were married a year ago last July. They're very modern, kid each other incessantly, go in for complete economic and social freedom on both sides, and—are getting away with it.

"Just need to use your head," says Sue. "Women have to do a bit of adjusting. You can't adjust man much. He's not that kind of an animal. But if you want to make marriage work, you can. Here or anywhere. It's my idea false pride and jealousy ruin most marriages. If you know that, you don't give in to him any more than you give in to an impulse to steal or commit a murder."

Leila Hyams, the lovely M.-G.-M. blonde who is sweeping toward the top of the ladder at a great rate, is married

to Phil Berg, a young executive in pictures. It has been going on two years now and getting worse and worse. In a quiet little bridge game at Malibu, where the Bergs live, they talk like this: "Darling, did you only go down one trick? Why that's marvelous. How did you do it?" And, "Baby, you trumped my ace so that makes it your lead, doesn't it?" Any marriage that shows those signs looks pretty good.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and T. Netcher are as devoted as ever. They live in a big house at Santa Monica, are both burned the color of mahogany, seldom go anywhere, and seem as contented as two love birds. Connie has tried marriage several times, and the third time seems to be the charm. She looks happier than I ever saw her and doesn't want to go back on the screen.

Pretty Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, the well-known writer, are travelling toward their third wedding anniversary, and declare they'll celebrate their fiftieth together. Theirs

was a real Hollywood romance, they met and married here. They have a lovely home, and off the screen Fay is so sweet and gentle and thoughtful that you'd be pretty sure any man would be happy with her. Saunders is better looking than most Hollywood leading men. They live very quietly and have a select circle of friends.

"One reason many marriages fail is that people never stay home," says Fay. "We like to be quiet, read, talk, by our own fireside at least half the time. And we do it, too. There is so much doing in Hollywood you're tempted not to, but it makes for happy marriages, we think."

Loretta Young and Grant Withers are another couple who think about marriage. Loretta has definite ideas, and is carrying them out. She believes the modern woman is more competent to handle marriage than her mother was, if she'll just admit it needs thought and care. So far, another ideal marriage.

KAY JOHNSON is married to John Cromwell, who directed "Street of Chance." They declare they work so hard they don't know anything about Hollywood temptations and are perfectly happy.

Claudette Colbert is Mrs. Norman Foster. She recently left Hollywood, in the midst of a big triumph, to follow her husband around the world.

The only recent marriage that looks to me dubious is Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire. That one is still in the doubtful column. If it does collapse, it will be because both Jack and Ina were too set in their ways to adjust themselves. If it succeeds, it will be because they are so much in love that they both sacrificed some pet habits and characteristics.

But as far as I can see, the younger generation of marriages is doing very well indeed. Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are still bride-and-grooming—so they don't count yet.



Two happy noble experimenters, Leila Hyams and her husband, Phil Berg.

Jane glimpses the sun from a skyscraper window

... yet this modern cliff-dweller has the radiant "outdoor" complexion of a gypsy queen.

NATURE is an unopened book to Jane. Oaks, pines and maples all look alike to her but she certainly knows her switchboard . . . "Number, please!—Hold the line" . . . Not much time for getting outdoors! Jane's closest approach to the sun is from her office window, yet to look at the youthful sparkle of her skin you'd imagine she lived her days in "the open."

Like thousands of alert young women whose work keeps them indoors, Jane owes her radiant complexion to a marvelously *different* face powder. With its unique base of pure olive oil, OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder imparts to the pale cheeks of the city dweller the fresh, natural beauty of the outdoors.

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Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 90)

stage. But he was more than popular. He was an actor who loved his work with an absorbing passion. To him, acting was a major art. He was an Austrian, temperamental, suave, worldly.

From the start, he took a great interest in William Powell.

"The interest," Bill told me, "manifested itself in bawling the dickens out of me. Never, before or since, has anyone had such beautiful, all-embracing tongue lashings as Dietrichstein gave me. He would call me into his dressing room and sit looking at me, as though I were some strange animal out of a zoo. Then he would begin, delicately, with polished sarcasm and a nice choice of invective, to tell me just how rotten I was. He would explain in the most minute detail how bad my performance was, how I missed every good point, destroyed every possibility.

"At first, I expected to get my notice daily. But soon I realized that I was the only member of the company to whom he ever paid any attention. When he had finished combing me over, he'd invite me out to supper and over our beer and boloney he'd give me inspired lectures on the art of acting.

"**A**'CTING' he would say, 'is both an interpretative and a creative art. It must have depth, sincerity and technique. A great composer may have symphonies in his head greater than those of Beethoven. But he must know how to express them before they can reach the ears of the world. So with acting. First, there is the depth, the understanding of life, people, character. Then, sincerity—to believe in your work. Next technique. The knowledge of how to convey to your audience what is in your mind and heart.'

"He taught me more about acting than I have ever learned in all the rest of my experience put together. If I've ever given a good performance, I owe more of it to Leo Dietrichstein than anything else. I know he believed I had possibilities, or he wouldn't have bothered to correct me. So I began to hope and not get discouraged, realizing all the time I was laying up capital which would some day bring me returns."

In 1921, William Powell appeared on Broadway in a play called "Spanish Love."

The play was a hit, Powell was a sensation. As the romantic bad man, who in the end sacrificed himself to the happiness of the girl he loved, Bill literally knocked New York cold.

"It was great luck for me, getting that part," said Bill.

Probably it was. But when opportunity knocked, he was ready. The critics applauded him with many adjectives. The audiences cheered him. He became a New York success—ten years after he left Kansas City with that as his goal.

His first picture was "Sherlock Holmes," for which he was selected by Albert Parker, a director who had seen him on the stage. Then, between stage engagements, he did such

productions as "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Romola," "The Bright Shawl," "Under the Red Robe" and others.

It was while he was making "Romola" in Italy with Lillian Gish, that he met Ronald Colman and formed the great friendship which has made them inseparable companions ever since. They are opposites in many ways, Ronny, the quiet, self-contained Englishman, ruled always by his head. Bill Powell, fiery, temperamental, emotional in everything he does. Yet they make a great team. They are always together. They're working out a scheme now, whereby they can work part of the year and spend the rest traveling or living for a few months in Italy or England or France, for the almost essential change from Hollywood.

At first, pictures were a secondary matter to Bill. A mere chance to add a few dollars to his income. He regarded them as an illegitimate child of the stage.

But as he began to get more and more engagements, he thought the matter over carefully and decided to go west and make the movies his main business. He knew well how uncertain the theatrical business is and how small the chance for even the most popular star to build up a solid competence. He never expected to be a picture star, but he was in great demand for heavies and characters and foreign rôles and he believed in the end it would give him a better chance. Besides, his two great friends, Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess, both lived in Hollywood and he'd have more fun out there.

To Hollywood he finally went, in 1925.

There was another reason for his change of base.

He and his wife had come to a final parting of the ways.

Nothing especially disastrous or dramatic had happened. Their unhappiness was more difficult because there was nothing to explain it nor to fight against. Simply, he and Aileen Wilson didn't agree about anything under the sun, moon and stars. They got on each other's nerves. They quarreled, and bitterness grew. They were separated for long periods. Then came together again, to find that they didn't belong together.

IN February, 1925, when they had been married for ten years, their first and only child was born, a second William Powell.

Oddly enough, instead of bringing them together, this event separated them for good and all. They made a thoughtful and perhaps a wise decision. In their hearts, they knew that their marriage was doomed. It seemed foolish to go on with a relationship that brought neither of them happiness. They agreed that it was better to part before the child was old enough to realize the change, or before he was old enough to sense the lack of harmony in the home.

So they parted. Mrs. Powell ob-

tained a divorce in California about a year ago. She lives quietly in Hollywood with her son, who is one of the brightest and most attractive kids you ever saw. She and her ex-husband are friendly. And big Bill is devoted heart and soul to little Bill. They spend week-ends and Sundays together. They go on trips. Little Bill comes to the big gay apartment where his daddy and his grandfather and grandmother live and passes many happy hours.

Bill isn't a recluse nor an alleged woman-hater like Ronald Colman. He adores women, loves gay companionship, likes to laugh and dance and have a grand time. But, at present at least, there isn't any serious entanglement. William Powell's name isn't connected with that of any woman.

After he came to Hollywood, Powell found himself in real demand. He scored a success with Richard Dix in "Too Many Kisses." Soon Paramount put him under contract. In "Beau Geste" he did a great piece of character work. Repeated in "Senorita" with Bebe Daniels, "Beau Sabreur" and "The Last Command."

Slowly, he built up a following and gained a reputation as one of the best actors on the screen. A good many times he stole the show from the star. But he wasn't the type of which silent day stars were made, and it looked as though he had reached his limits, and would continue as a featured member of casts, playing unusual characters.

THEN came that great era of talking pictures.

Foundations shook and the heavens of Hollywood reeled. Some went up, some went down.

William Powell, the disciple of Leo Dietrichstein, the graduate of ten years of stock, road and Broadway stage experience, shot upward in a manner unexpected to everybody. His delightful speaking voice took to the microphone as a woman takes to flattery. The new technique of the talkies approximated the stage technique which he had learned so carefully. More, with the advent of sound, the types of stories and of personalities changed.

I still think "Street of Chance," in which he played a rôle written around Rothstein, the New York gambler, ranks as one of the best talkies yet produced.

As he earned solid success on the stage, by work and ability, so William Powell has, more than any other actor perhaps, earned movie stardom by consistent build-up, and for that reason he'll probably stay a long time in his present position. At that, he would make a great director.

Meantime, he lives very quietly with his father and mother. Is a very wordly, charming, slightly cynical person, with a touch of the whimsical that is always unexpected. His love for books has grown with the years. He plays tennis, likes the ocean and loves to travel better than anything else.

Altogether, a real American in spite of his foreign appearance, a grand actor and without exception the most delightful companion I can think of.

COMING! The Fascinating Life Story of Hollywood's Most Picturesque Young Star

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 24)

is pride—or call it vanity, if you want to. Instead of feeling ashamed of your hands, devote your time to keeping your nails and finger tips in exquisite condition. Keep the nails neatly filed; use a polish; go to the manicurist once a week. Make a point of being vain about your hands and, if you keep them in the best condition, you will be ashamed to disfigure them by biting your nails.

M. F. S., of Connecticut, is puzzled about her evening make-up. She has dark brown eyes, dark brown hair and a "sort of tan or yellow complexion." Many other girls of this warm brunette type will be interested in her question. Most dark brown hair has an underlying tinge of red-orange; it is often not apparent, but is part of the color make-up of this type of hair. This tint gives you a clue to your powder, rouge and lipstick. Go in for the warm, orange shades of make-up, especially in the evening when it is always permissible to exaggerate a bit. Extremely freakish make-up accessories are no longer fashionable—by which I mean those ultra shades of greens and oranges and lavenders.

PERSONALLY, I think that a brunette should be a real brunette and that she should not try to imitate the fragile colorings of her blond sisters. If her skin has a yellow tint, this shade should be carried out in her make-up. The brunette is favored, in that she can wear warm, magnetic, glowing colors, not only in her costume but in her make-up. A milk-white skin sounds well in poetry and songs, but it isn't always a healthy and vigorous one. The tawny skin of the brunette wears well and, if it is kept in good condition, it speaks of health and life. Such a skin doesn't need to be pampered but it thrives under a systematic soap and water treatment—provided you use a good complexion soap.

For Rhoda B. and all other girls who want to be tall. You cannot, as the Bible says, add one cubit to your stature. But you can dress to make yourself look taller by choosing clothes with long lines. Most important, you can hold your head high, walk with your chest out and imitate the poise of a stately woman. Do you know, Rhoda, that Gloria Swanson is really a tiny person? But by her clothes and her posture she appears inches taller than she actually is. And don't you know that Mary Garden is much under average height. Yet, on the opera stage, she looks positively stately and dominates every scene in which she appears. She has a gorgeous, queenly carriage and her costumes, with her long, sweeping lines, give her the appearance of height. Mary Pickford is no taller than you are, and yet—although she tries for a short, childish effect on the screen—in real life she is a commanding person. In formal evening clothes, Mary is no little girl—and not a person to be overlooked. Some small girls play up their lack of inches by being cute and vivacious; the subtler women go in for slow movement, perfect carriage and great poise.



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be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one \$600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of \$50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

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That Boy from Odessa

(Continued from page 43)

success, the producers forgot who was responsible for it. They bought a sloppily sentimental story for him and insisted that Milly direct it. Milly refused on the ground that it would undo all the good work he had done in Meighan's behalf by driving his public completely away.

James Cruze took up the megaphone after Milly, getting sixty thousand dollars for three weeks as the director of "The Mating Call." Cruze had, under the Paramount banner, directed Meighan in some very bad pictures, but in none more terrible than "The Mating Call."

MILLY has, if I remember correctly, directed about seven films. His third, "Two Arabian Knights," was awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Science medal as the best of the year.

His last film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," has received the same award this year.

The night before the film was shown in Hollywood, Milly left for Europe to be gone six months. Upon his return he signed with Howard Hughes to direct "The Front Page" at \$125,000 and, I surmise, a share in the profits.

It is safe to say that within a short time Milly will be a producing director. He knows his Hollywood, does the man whose life was nearly ruined because he could not lose it in the World War. He knows that under the present system directors can be easily discarded when their usefulness is past. But when one shares in the profits, nothing is sweeter—unless it be death at the front.

Milly, in his days of struggle, lived in a little red one-room cottage facing an alley. Another cutter, still his close friend, lived with him.

He often talks of the little house.

On going back to visit it, he said to the people who now live in it—his friends—"I'd be tempted to move back here again were it not that people might think I was cheap."

And of cheapness, no man can accuse Milly. He once went in debt for a telescope which cost \$1500 for his friend, Matt Moore. When Paul Kelly who recently made the sensational hit in "Bad Girl" was in a spot, he found in Milly a great friend who remained with him through a long trial and San Quentin.

At least eighty percent of the smug sinners in silence in Hollywood and many members of the Lambs Club turned their backs on a high principled man caught in a maze.

Meighan handed \$10,000 over at once. Three other men, a Russian Jew named Milestone, Matt Moore, and another Irishman raised five thousand more. Paul Kelly did his stretch and was told by his friends to hold his head high. He did—like the brave lad he was. I had seen him in the jute mill undergoing enough punishment to kill most men—and so had Milly.

IN the darkest days, Milly went to him—laid out enough money to keep him going for months. Paul went—and Milly was in his dressing room on the opening night of "Bad Girl" when Kelly received the greatest ovation

known in New York since Lionel Barrymore appeared in "The Copperhead."

Texas Guinan was also in the dressing room. Looking at Milly, she said, "We Irish must stick together."

Milly is known on many film sets as "God's gift to the extras." For if they work in a film he directs they are practically sure of being in the film and not "on the cutting room floor."

Many directors have so much "over footage" that cutters are often forced to cut out important scenes to bring the picture down to the proper length. Chaplin, for instance, wastes a fortune in film in every picture he makes.

Milly, on a large production, has been known to save two hundred thousand feet of film. In "All Quiet on the Western Front," he covered the entire book, and kept the spirit of the souls in pain which the book contained.

As a rule the man who writes a good book, the opinion of Hollywood not being considered, is infinitely superior to the hack who is given the book to direct into a film.

Erich Remarque of "All Quiet on the Western Front," or Ben Hecht of "The Front Page" can find in Milestone a man worthy of their spiritual and mental mettle.

There are those film critics, still in mental swaddling clothes, who find fault with Milestone because there is

little love interest in his films. Perhaps he has looked about at love in Hollywood.

At any rate, he has amply proven that two insipid people need not neck all through a film to bring money into the box office.

HIS "Two Arabian Knights" has been so financially successful over the world that it will be made into a talkie.

Credit must be given Carl Laemmle, Junior, for having enough confidence in Milestone and allowing him full sway in the direction of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Milestone is superior to all the older directors, who graduated luckily from the school of ham actors that inflicted America thirty years ago when the one who could declaim loudest and cry the easiest got his name in the papers. Men like Griffith, Cruze, and other graduates of honky tonk medicine shows and one-night stands can only see life in terms of a man and woman clawing at each other. Cruze's pet saying, "You gotta have love interest" can be made the slogan for all of the breed.

Who remembers the love affair in "The Covered Wagon?" Who wants to?

One man on the film horizon can stand with Milestone—another Russian—Eisenstein.



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Will Hollywood Win a Title?

(Continued from page 53)

flourished. Whenever he ordered meat, he was reminded of that tragic trip. Eventually, she told the cook not to serve it any more. Now he doesn't eat it either.

It is indicative of the character of these two that they never mention this. But their close friends learned of it and now when the Arlisses do eat out, they get the Friday menu.

Out of this incident also grew George Arliss' great hobby—work for the humane societies. It is his most substantial charitable work and he has made contributions of money and service to organizations furthering the humane treatment of animals all over the world. He is the most active man on stage or screen in this particular work.

A stickler for detail, on and off the screen. Courteous to his director, but quite sure of his own characterization and moving through it without pause. What director would dare question George Arliss or attempt to tell him how to play a scene?

George Arliss has arrived on the American screen and we owe him much for his wonderful work. A sixty-year-old youngster who won't be called a veteran and who fitted himself into the new medium of talking pictures more quickly than most younger men.

Let's hope his success and what he has done for pictures won't deprive him of his coveted knighthood to which his many years as a great exponent of drama in English entitles him.

We'd like to see him Sir George Arliss of England—and Hollywood.

(Jim Tully is writing a feature story for NEW MOVIE every month. These are done with all the characteristic Tully vigor and sweep. His story on Wallace Beery will appear in an early issue.)

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 34)

she cared about an extra pair of gloves. Remember that Gloria Swanson then had the greatest title possible. She was queen of the movies. There had never been but two queens then. Mary Pickford first. Then Gloria Swanson.

Besides, Swanson has always been a perfect idiot where her own interests were concerned. It is a part of Hollywood tradition that the alluring Swanson has never been benefited by her love affairs. She never gets any particular advantage, financial or professional, from her beauty and her fascination. She'd marry a truck driver if she loved him.

As for Henri, he wasn't rich, of course. But his income was adequate in Paris. He wasn't particularly interested in money. His life in France had been happy, well ordered, he moved among his friends, in his favorite haunts, and had all that he wanted. If he had the money craze, no one who knew him then had ever discovered it.

I don't think either of them realized that their marriage would occupy more space and be considered a bigger news story than the wedding of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough had been.

THEY sailed to America, still in a dream.

They arrived in New York to a welcome such as had been given no woman in the memory of man. Gloria was back. She had been desperately ill. She had been away a long time. She had made a marriage which satisfied and thrilled the great American public and which was pie for the great American press.

At first, Gloria was touched, infinitely touched. She bowed her head and wept, because her people loved her. And Henri was surprised, but pleased and proud.

From that day, all through his stay in America, it always seemed to be that Henri wore a surprised expression, a slightly startled expression. His eyebrows looked as though they had gone up in astonishment and never resumed their normal position afterwards.

They stayed in New York, they came to Hollywood, and the mad welcome was repeated. The greatest ovation I have seen in my fifteen years in Hollywood was given Gloria Swanson at the opening of "Madame Sans-Gene" when she walked down the aisle with her new husband.

It was all marvelous. But I hope you can feel something of the change that had swept so swiftly upon this bride and bridegroom: The Gloria who had followed her lover so gently, so willingly, in Paris, had been reclaimed by her career and her public. Once more she was a great movie star, caught in the whirlpool of Hollywood. Once more she was a woman whose

time was never her own, who had a million calls upon every minute of her days, who was besieged by producers, interviewers, directors, photographers, newspapermen, writers, costumers, business agents.

The end was written, if they could but have seen it, in the New York papers soon after they landed. "Gloria Swanson's Husband," "Gloria's Marquis." Those were the titles which appeared beneath the photographs of Henri de la Falaise.

He became conscious, too, that Gloria was earning an amazing salary, that she must live as a movie star was expected to live, and that his income, which had sufficed to carry them through their courtship in a Frenchman's Paris, wouldn't serve to do much in Hollywood.

BUSINESS troubles piled upon Gloria. She turned down the Paramount contract to make her own pictures for United Artists. Money worries, story worries, came thick and fast. She was harassed, unhappy, going through crises week after week that would have driven a Wall Street operator crazy.

And Henri?

In a strange country, with new people, new ways, he found himself lost. He wasn't a business man and didn't desire to be one. But he tried, since that seemed an "out." He was also interested, still, as he had been that day in the Ritz bar, in "la cinema." He tried that, too. But no one would take him seriously. He was, to them, just a charming playboy whom Gloria had fallen in love with and brought back to keep her company. They didn't believe he wanted to work. They wouldn't give him a chance. He was just "Gloria's husband."

I REMEMBER sitting next to him at a dinner party one night at Dick Barthelmess' and having him tell me, bitterly, how he had tried to write, had sold a short story to a well known magazine, and how it had broken his heart to find that they hadn't cared about the story but only wanted to play up the fact that it was written by "Gloria Swanson's husband."

"We were always laboring under the belief of everyone that it wouldn't last," Gloria told me. "Thoughts are powerful things. Sometimes we'd feel them like a black wave, in the minds of everyone around us. 'It won't last.' Well," her voice dropped, "it didn't."

She told me, too, how white and haggard Henri had grown as the days went by and he saw what his life was to be. How miserable he was, away from Paris and his friends and his own life.

THERE were times when she thought of throwing up her ca-

reer, and going back to France with him, to the golden Paris where they had been so happy. But she couldn't do that. She had great financial obligations, contracts to fulfill. Besides, she loves her work passionately. She has made it her life. Though I think that had she possessed the money she needed to meet her obligations and take care of her two children, she might have done it.

When he couldn't stand it any more, Henri went back to Paris, alone. Wounded, confused, terribly unhappy, he tried to find solace in his own land. And missed his wife so terribly that he came back to try it over again.

MOST of all they were separated by their misery for each other. Henri had to stand by and watch Gloria fight for her very existence, in all sorts of difficulties which beset a screen star and which the public knows nothing of. Gloria suffered because she saw how bitterly he resented the fact that he couldn't help her, didn't know enough about the politics and intrigues and strange financial quirks of the business to help her. She felt, at last, that she was taking from him more than any woman had a right to take from a man. That she was changing the gay, bright young Frenchman, who had so bravely survived the war, into a bitter, defeated man, without self-respect.

She told him to go back to France, and he went, as representative in Europe for her own company. They knew when he went that probably it was the end. Yet they wouldn't admit it. They kept hoping, believing.

NO other woman separated Gloria and Henri. Circumstances over which they had no control separated them. And it's easy for any woman to step in and console a man under those conditions. But no one could have taken Henri away from his Marquis, if they had been able to overcome the world without. No one could have taken her away from him, if she had been free of entanglements of this business which forced her hand in many directions.

They parted sadly. I know that. Their separation brought them great unhappiness, but not as much unhappiness as they endured together in latter years.

I don't know any screen star who hasn't paid high for her fame. I say that from my heart. Gloria couldn't abdicate, even if she'd wanted to. So, like many another queen of a more acknowledged realm than the movies, she parted from the man who refused to be a prince consort.

And that is the true story of Gloria Swanson and the Marquis. I wish it might have ended differently, don't you? But it's only in the stories Swanson acts that you can write a happy ending whenever you want to.

Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Tell You the True Love Story of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in NEW MOVIE Next Month

Three Boys Who Won

(Continued from page 51)

accepted and shortly found himself being introduced to a rather profound boy of twenty who was eking out an existence as a commercial artist, while working on his masks. It transpired that the boy's name was Roy Radabaugh and that he had lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles all his life. When one of the group happened to mention that Ellerbe had tried out for the rôle of "Tol'able David," the young artist appeared greatly excited. He, too, had an eye on the part but, being totally lacking in experience, didn't know how to go about it. Ellerbe, in a burst of generosity, agreed to help. Certainly young Radabaugh suggested David in both looks and manner. Perhaps, to the disappointed actor there seemed some measure of satisfaction in putting the boy over.

ELLERBE'S first step was to enlist the co-operation of Stuart Walker, so that unwitting tool of destiny was induced to visit Radabaugh's studio on the pretext of looking over the masks. During the entire visit nothing was said about the part, this being all part of the youngster's strategy. When, on the way home, Walker mentioned that the young artist was a good type and might do for one of the smaller rôles in the picture, Ellerbe knew that his "hunch" had been a good one. He thereupon insisted that Radabaugh was the one boy in the whole world to play the title rôle and finally brought Walker around to the point where he was also sold on the idea. Immediately a plan of campaign was laid out by the two conspirators.

While Ellerbe spent many hours teaching Radabaugh how to put over the part, Walker set about the task of getting Columbia to agree to a test. Knowing that "The Big House" was playing to packed houses in Los Angeles and that Chester Morris was the sensation of the day, Walker hit on a bright idea. In submitting Radabaugh's photographs to a conference of production officials he commented, with much enthusiasm, "Now this boy is a young Chester Morris. He has the same qualities that Morris exhibited when he came to me ten years ago. I was foolish enough to let him get away. Don't let's make the same mistake in this case." This argument, backed by an imaginary period in stock, won Radabaugh his coveted test. The fact that he got the part is now history but the weeks of study and strategy leading up to his big chance have never before been told. Looks and talent were not enough to win him his chance. It took a lot of luck and someone with sufficient influence, to put him over. Radabaugh's name is now Richard Cromwell.

Take the much publicized case of Lew Ayres, who jumped from obscurity to fame in one amazing bound by his performance in "All Quiet on the

Western Front." When Ayres quit his job as banjo player to become a screen actor, he started out on the hardest and most difficult year of his life. For one whole week of that time he had to exist on an exclusive diet of peanuts! In spite of the fact that one of the most influential and best-thought-of directors of Hollywood was personally interested in his career and did all he could to advance Ayres, it took constant plugging and many discouraging experiences before Lew even had a chance to show what he could do. As most everyone knows, the director is Paul Bern and, to his efforts, much of Ayres' success is due. Bern first tried to sell Lew to M.-G.-M., but they couldn't see him at all. This was partly due to the fact that Bern was then in the midst of a dispute with M.-G.-M. executives. Besides, talkies were then coming in and Lew had no stage experience, whatever.

WHEN Bern left Metro to accept a supervisory post with Pathe, one of his first acts was to secure Ayres a six months' contract. This apparent stroke of luck proved of little value as Pathe officials could see no promise in the boy. The result was that Lew was let out after playing one bit in an Eddie Quillan picture. Meanwhile, things had become adjusted between Bern and Metro and he returned to that studio. Accordingly, Ayres was given the juvenile lead opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss," his first big break in pictures. He did well enough but nothing startling, they thought, so he was again let out—a failure with two of the biggest companies.

Ayres would have probably given up at this time, save for the encouragement of Bern, who was persuaded that the ex-banjo player really had talent of a rare kind. Universal then being on a hunt for the boy in "All Quiet," which they were preparing to film, Bern suggested his young friend to Lewis Milestone, the director. Milestone asked to have Ayres call on him but when the boy did so, forgot all about his conversation with Bern and was so abrupt that he frightened Lew away. Still determined, Ayres somehow succeeded in getting a test. Milestone since has said the test was nothing out of the ordinary, just a medium shot, but that when he saw it flashed on the screen, he knew that the search was ended. It was one of the last tests to be unreel and Milestone was about ready to give in to Universal's choice of Johnny Harron for the rôle. Then through the dark projection room, the appeal of Lew Ayres reached out and struck the exact note of mingled courage and pathos which Milestone wanted. It wasn't until the picture was well under way that he discovered in Ayres the boy his friend, Paul Bern, had recommended to his notice a short time before.

Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed



... and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they *are* her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

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NEW MOVIE Tells You of the Screen Folk You Want to Know About.

Next Month NEW MOVIE offers a colorful story of Lew Ayres. Coming, too, is an absorbing story of Chester Morris.

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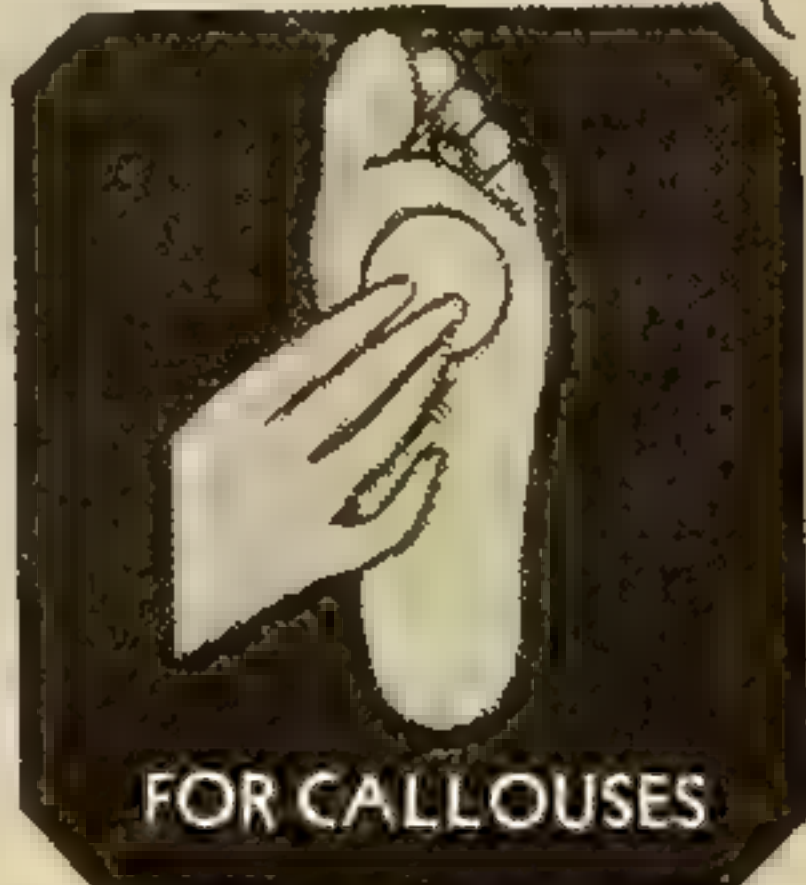


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The Strangest Story Ever Told Me

(Continued from page 37)

a party which as I recall included Marshall Nielan, Watterson Rothacker, Bryant Washburn, Townsend Netcher, Al St. John and this chronicler—watching the dancing and the notables at the various tables.

Many inconsequentials were discussed from time to time—Charlie Chaplin's flair for back-fence tittle-tattle, the intellectualism of the late Milton Sills, the sudden rise of Clara Bow, Tom Mix's inevitable white gloves and other trivia such as that.

The evening wore on and the crowd thinned out. Several corners had grown dark, tables were being piled one on another and waiters were indulging in effectual yawns while carrying on with the monotony of their waiting. While our group began to spin tales.

I RELATED my favorite story of Mabel Normand's admirable courage in affliction during her last months. Lew Cody had dropped by the Beverly Hills house where I was visiting and before leaving remarked: "Call up Mabel tomorrow and say 'Hello!'" He left her number.

The next morning I put in the call. A maid answered and I inquired for Miss Normand. She asked for my name, it was given and I was somehow conscious there was an exchange of hand-over-the-receiver whispering.

The maid finally said: "Miss Normand is taking a morning gallop but I am expecting her any time—" and then suddenly: "Here she comes up the driveway now!" I could hear the maid call out "Oh, Miss Normand, Mr. McIntyre wants to speak to you."

In a few seconds Mabel came breathlessly to the phone and with all her usual enthusiasm inquired about my wife, my dog and myself. She would have Lew phone us some night soon and have a dinner together.

I THOUGHT no more about it until several days later I mentioned to someone that Miss Normand seemed to have recovered from a recent illness and was now horseback-riding. There was an odd look and quick change of the subject. I subsequently learned that Miss Normand's phone number was a sanitarium, that she had not been out of a sick bed for many months.

All of the "business" over the telephone was "acting." Miss Normand was then slipping into the shadows of transition but she wanted everybody to remember her to the last as the joyous, light-hearted hoyden she was in the

rollicking days when she was filmdom's favorite comedienne.

While I was relating this story I was conscious of a new-comer at our table—a middle aged but snow-white haired man. If any of the others knew him they made no show of recognition. He was inoffensive and harmless enough and I classified him as one of the "assorted nuts" who are somehow attracted to Hollywood like steel to a magnet. Every street corner, every café has its quota. Many hot gospeling strange creeds, broken down seers, tank troupers filled with a new hope, touts and the like. They all drift to Hollywood and somehow in the turbulent current are snagged and remain—adding a peculiar patina that is strictly typical of the movie capital.

As a newspaperman, these peripatetic rainbow chasers have always fascinated me. They are continually aglow with some new idea, often fatuous and absurd, but almost invariably in their gropings they have evolved the most hopeful philosophy of life that I know. They are the eternally content in a troubled world.

A FEW more stories were told and the early morning California sky had chifoned into a dull pink. We all rose suddenly to go. Only one waiter remained and cleaning women were applying their rags and mops.

At the exit door the taxicabs had departed. Several with their own cars offered to give me the needed lift to Roxbury Avenue in Beverly Hills. But as there was something delightful in the freshly cool morning after several hours in a stuffy restaurant I elected to walk a few blocks knowing that eventually I would come upon a cruising cab.

We said our farewells and I started up Hollywood Boulevard. In about a half block I was conscious of a footfall behind me that suddenly became hurried. As I instinctively turned, the snow-white haired gentleman—the stranger of the café table—was by my side. I naturally expected a touch and was vaguely wondering just how much I should give him.

Instead, he inquired in a strikingly soft and cultured voice: "Do you mind if I walk along with you?" I told him he was welcome, commented on the fact that a few stars had not yet winked out and waited for him to speak. No roving taxi had shown up and we had gone a number of blocks in silence.

The Real Story of the Czar of the Movies

Next Month in NEW MOVIE, O. O. McIntyre, the world's most famous syndicate writer, will tell you the real facts about Will Hays, the man who rules the movies.

when he suddenly remarked: "I am psychic."

There, it was out, just as I had expected—another one of the army of harmless cranks. I could think of nothing to say save an inquiring "Yes?" and again waited.

He continued: "Someone in the Montmartre told me who you were. I have read your articles on and off for a number of years. You seem to have a keen interest in unusual things."

"I decided I would like to tell you a story that you may consider foolish just now but if you remember it some day you will regard it as very unusual." I again nodded for him to continue.

"You, of course, saw the little girl they made so much fuss over tonight in Montmartre when she was introduced. Well, that was my daughter." I looked at him sharply for it was common gossip that she was the only daughter of a widowed mother.

As though sensing my doubt, he explained: "Of course, everybody thinks her father is dead. I am supposed to be. When we lived in a small Middle West town I succumbed to a wanderlust. She was only two at the time and I disappeared. Since then I have roamed the world but spent most of my time in the Far East where I absorbed much of the native mysticism. I discovered there I was psychic."

"Before my daughter ever thought of Hollywood I was, so far away, conscious that she was to be singled out for some sort of fame. Finally in an English speaking newspaper I read her name in the cast of a motion picture. After that I came to America and to Hollywood." At this point I suggested we sit on a curb-bench along Hollywood Boulevard where I could hear the rest of his story and wait for a taxi.

HE went on: "I saw her first at the exit gate of a studio. I don't deserve her love, don't expect any affection from her and consequently never expect to make myself known. I work a little while and then loaf awhile—I am that sort—but during my off days I always try to be some place where I can watch her. The other afternoon at a beach I was watching her. Suddenly there was a strange light around her head. I knew it meant danger—if not tragedy. I followed her home tonight and then came back to the café. The same light appeared about her head tonight when they dimmed the dance floor lights."

A lone taxi was coming along, I got up and signaled it to stop, shook hands with my strange companion and tried to comfort him with: "I do not believe it is given us to know what Fate holds in store for any one of us. You have allowed fear to warp clear thinking. Your daughter is young, full of health and seems to have a career before her. I wouldn't worry any more about it." He shook his head and I rode away.

EXACTLY eleven days later on an Eastbound train I asked the porter to get a daily paper during a brief stop at Emporia, Kansas. When he brought it, thick headlines fulfilled the prophecy of the white-haired stranger. His daughter was mixed up in a typical Hollywood scandal—a scandal that ended in a murder. Her career was in eclipse and as this is written she is still in total obscurity. I do not know if the stranger was her father and I firmly believe his psychic prediction a coincidence—but still I think it all a bit strange!

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"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Sure—I'll play the piano for you," said Sally Barrow.

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent struck everybody as a joke. For, unfortunately, she was considerably overweight and for that reason usually played nothing but wallflower.

While they were all having their little laugh, Sally walked over to the piano. Carelessly she played a few chords. Then, suddenly, she broke into one of the latest Broadway hits. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

"You may laugh when I tell you" Sally explained, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When I saw how easy it all was I sent for the Course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was as simple as A-B-C."

Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in her set . . . and she and John Thompson are now engaged.

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Working Girl

(Continued from page 86)

for the mind. It is a very expressive face, a recklessly expressive face. Most beauties cannot afford too much expression. But there is never a moment when Kay's face is in repose.

When you are talking, she listens with her eyes and her mobile red mouth, and her very pretty nose, as well as with her ears. She's a swell audience, and so few women nowadays remember that charm. If you say anything, she shows you just what impression it has made. Her vivid interest stimulates you to talk and to talk better than you can.

William Powell, who has worked with her in three fine pictures, told me to watch for that.

"I hate talking to blank faces," said Bill, who is himself dynamic and dramatic and full of enthusiasms of every kind. "You say something. Nothing happens in the face opposite you. So you say it again, with more detail. Finally you find yourself running on and on and growing more and more annoyed. Kay is as responsive as a violin. I used to love to talk out scenes and business with her. She's a wonder, really."

Of course, Kay thinks Bill is a wonder, too. She says he was so kind to her, when she first began the new medium of the talkies.

"When I came out here," she said, pushing her black hair back from her forehead with a careless hand, "I was scared to death. I had heard about how mean picture people could be to people on the stage. I hadn't much self-confidence anyway. I didn't know what to do about the camera."

"Really, it's simply wonderful how helpful everyone has been. Ronny Colman and Bill and Clara Bow. When I worked with Clara she was simply too grand. She'd explain to me about camera angles, and say, 'Now look, Kay, I'm the star, so naturally they train the camera on me. But if you'll cheat over just a little you'll get in it just right, too. You've got to keep that face in the camera you know, darling.'"

KAY lit a cigarette and relaxed, her head back against the cushions.

Her house is small and very attractive. It stands in a group of trees, in one of those cunning little hillside canyons between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. A comfortable house. Kay lives there alone.

"I like living alone," she told me. "I have to be alone at times and the only chance I get is when I'm at home. I don't see how people live who are never alone. I couldn't do it. Besides, it's convenient. I like a small house. Even if I had a lot of money, I wouldn't want a big one. Why complicate existence? Aren't there enough things you have to do without taking on a lot of extraneous ones? I make a swell bachelor girl, really, I'm not domestic. I want to live simply, comfortably, with as little annoyance as possible."

"This house is okay for me, though maybe the sightseeing wagons will never stop in front of it. I can get anywhere quickly. That's another thing. I can't bear to waste half my life getting from one place to another. That's all poppycock. Eliminate. That's my philosophy. Eliminate waste of time, energy, effort. Leave yourself as free as possible."

"For what?" I said.

She stared at the ceiling. Her eyes have that clairvoyant look, as though she saw beyond the present, the surroundings. She looked terribly tired, almost exhausted. But at the same time terribly alive. The white tiredness of her face made her eyes bigger, more brilliant.

"Leave yourself as free as possible for what?" I said again.

"Work, I guess," said Kay Francis.

"You think work is the important thing?" I said.

"No," she said, emphatically. "You can't generalize about that sort of thing. Work happens right now to be the important thing to me. It's filled my life. I'm mad about it. I love it. I love acting. Every thing about the studio is—is marvelously lovable to me. I'm beginning to understand what acting can be."

"I love to come home at night and work out a part, visualize it, think up business, get inside the character. I love shooting, when we work hours to get results."

"It has satisfied me completely. And it seems to me something that cannot fail me."

She sat up straight, talking with voice and face and hands.

"But that might not be true for anyone else. You may be different, or the circumstances of your life may be different. Some women may find love, children, home more important. But what I say is that we had better stop complicating existence and get simpler, so that we can be free to do whatever the important thing is."

So Hollywood has changed Broadway's play-girl into a work-woman. Work has solved those problems which beset her, has answered the need of the ex-wife for something to fill her time well.

I saw her last night at a party. Her escort, as usual, was the handsome and distinguished young Kenneth Mac Kenna. She looked stunningly well-groomed, very sophisticated, with a print frock and scarlet shoes.

"I'll tell you one thing," she said, "that most people don't know. Parties are more fun when you work hard and only go once in a while."

Kay Francis is headed for big things in pictures. She's ambitious now, not for fame nor for money, but for more and more opportunity to work. To do better work. In "For the Defense" and "Behind the Make-up" she is superb.

Ex-wife has become Kay Francis, screen star. It's a great idea.

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Looks like Jack Barrymore, doesn't he? But it is Fredric March playing the mad young stage star of "The Royal Family." This drama was suggested by the famous Barrymores, it is said. Anyway, "The Royal Family," as a stage play, was a fascinating study of theater modes and manners.

The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 75)

Mary Brian was just a pretty girl. If she keeps on growing up, mentally and spiritually, she will be in the Mary Pickford class of romantic beauties. To which Lillian Gish belonged.

When I wrote the first article of this series I had not yet seen Marlene Dietrich, the new Paramount importation from Germany. In a year, she will be placed with Swanson and Garbo. She need bow to neither of them in the matter of allure.

There are three women on the screen I have not mentioned who belong in the list of screen beauties.

Norma Talmadge. She was just lovely and warm and sweet—born that way, remained that way without effort. She seems to me to belong in no special class.

The bizarre, blond Mae Murray. She had the most beautiful figure of any woman who ever took off her veils before the camera.

The wistful tomboy, Colleen Moore. I left Colleen out for a very personal reason, I hope you won't mind. Even a writer of beauty articles has a few personal feelings. And Colleen is one of those people I love so dearly that I haven't any idea any more how she looks. To me, she is beautiful. To me, her face mirrors all the generosity of her spirit, the colorful charm of her mind, the appeal of her simplicity.

To look upon the beauties of the screen is to realize, in a very big way, the all encompassing possibilities of beauty. Its many facets. Its widely differing phases.

It seems to me that there is no girl or woman who goes to motion pictures, and cares anything about beauty of any kind, but can find there her own type and the inspiration to develop it.

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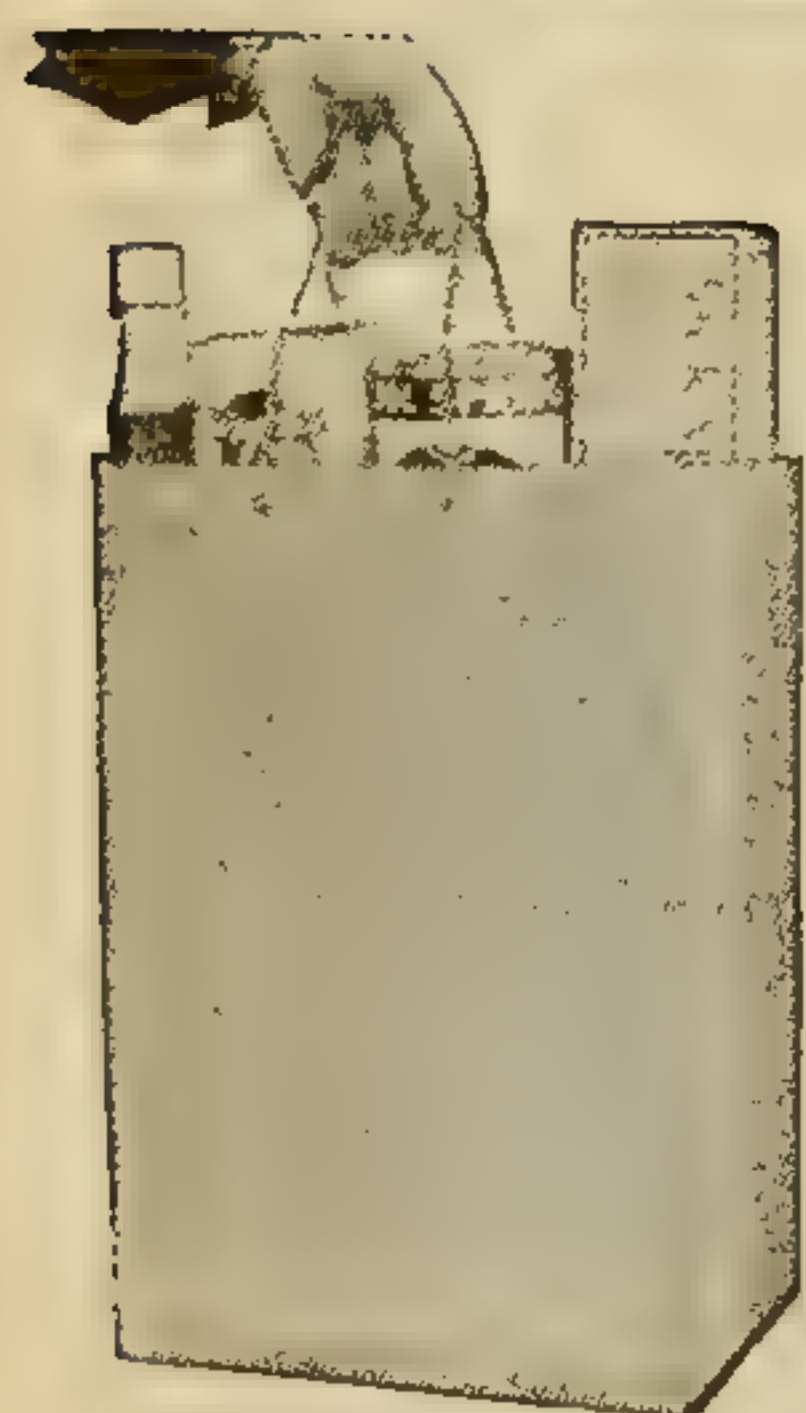
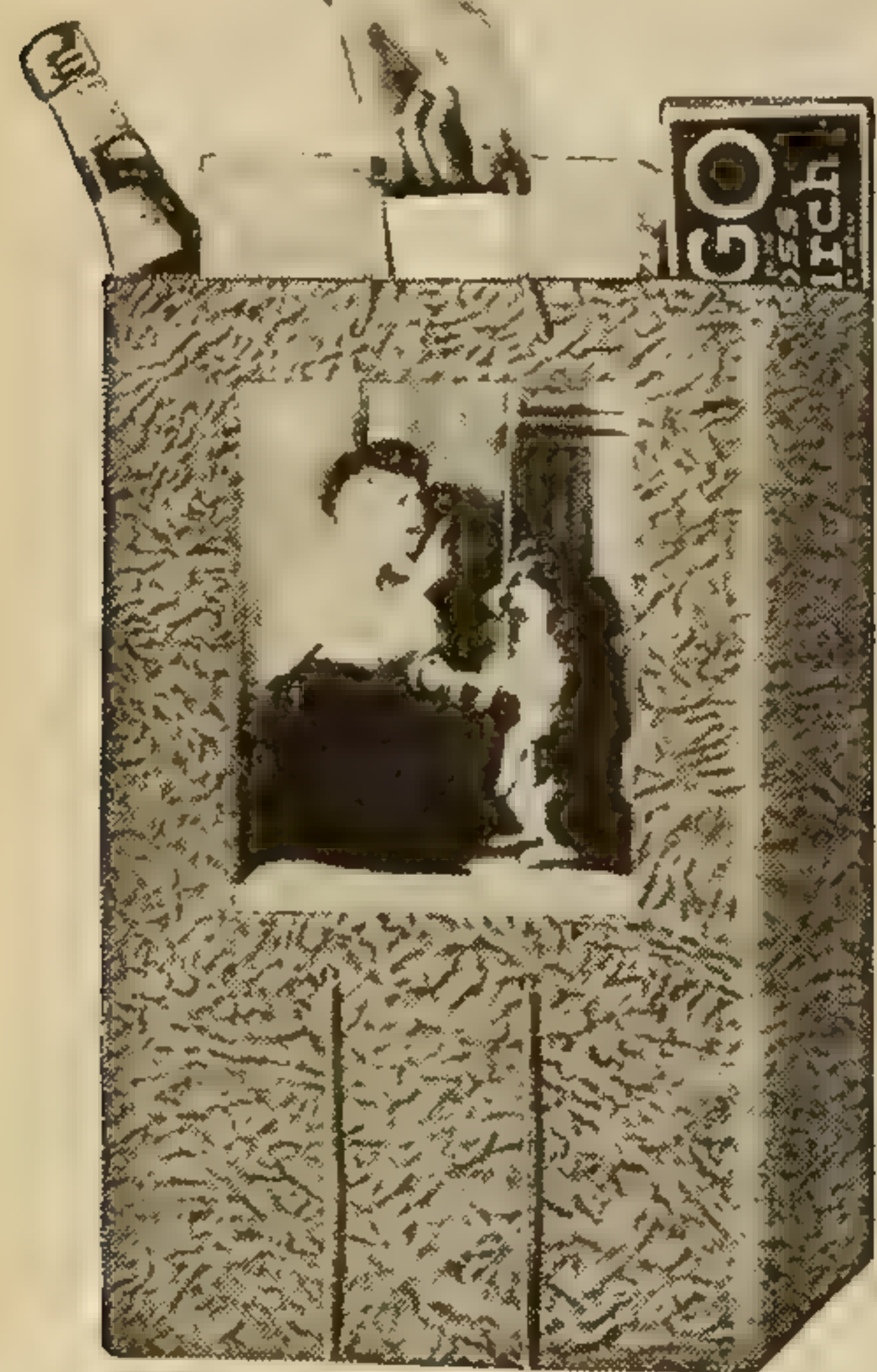
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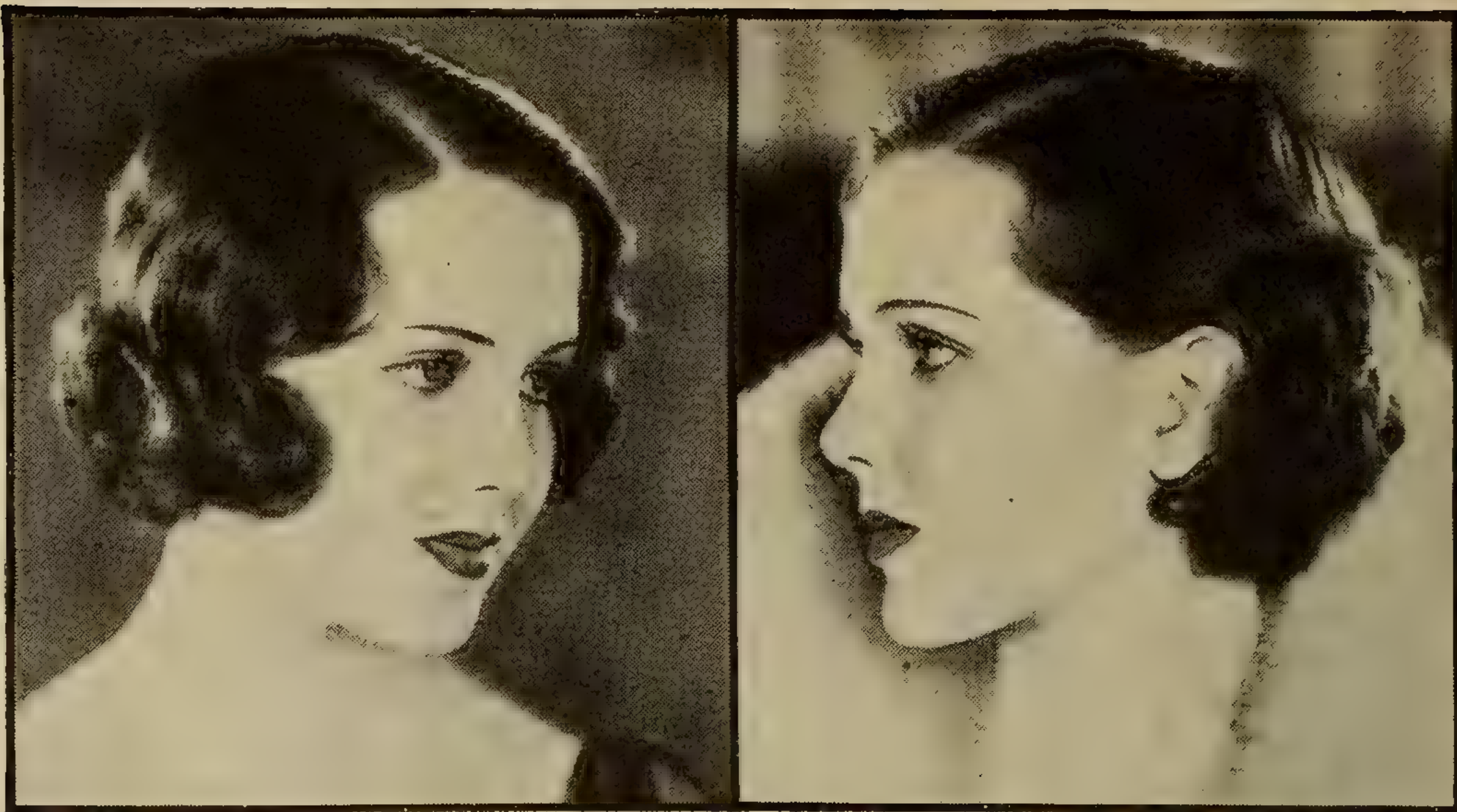
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Mary Brian demonstrates the old and the new way of dressing the hair. 1931, shown at the right, shows the feminine ear entirely exposed to view. Miss Brian, by the way, is the oldest contract player on the Paramount pay roll—and she's only twenty-two.

Beautiful Things Never Last

(Continued from page 49)

"We had the deuce of a time getting married, didn't we?"

"Surely did. It was much easier getting divorced."

"Everybody was shocked at our marriage—but they all seemed satisfied about the divorce because they expected it, they said. I wish we could have fooled them."

"It was a beautiful wedding," she mused, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands. "Too bad it couldn't have lasted."

"Beautiful things never last," he answered.

There was a little pause before she suddenly asked.

"How did your marriage with Irene turn out? The papers carry such conflicting reports—Or perhaps I'm being too indiscreet—"

"Not at all. What have you heard?"

"Why, some say you were seen in public with her and both looked very happy. . . . Others contend that there has been a separation. It's all on account of her being such a mediocre actress—Forgive me if I'm being crude."

"Go on."

"It's only gossip. Perhaps you are very happy. I hope so."

"I am."

"Yes?"

"We are divorced."

"Why—why, Larry, how—how on earth have you kept it from the press?"

"It'll be out in a couple of days. She's in Paris."

"Oh, Larry dear, I'm honestly sorry. You're a good sort and entitled to happiness."

"Thanks. I said I was happy now. That's hardly true. You know that a red-blooded man cannot get on for long without a woman—one particular woman—and for two months now I've been going it alone."

"Why, Larry—and you so handsome!"

"THAT'S just it. Perhaps I'm spoiled. They make idiots of themselves—not because they're crazy over me, but because they think I can advance them

in pictures. It's nauseating how many women are willing to do anything for success. But, I don't need to tell you. It's the same now as when we were married. You know what a time you had shooing them away—"

"Conceited!"

"That's just it. I'm not. Irene cured me. I was a fool about her, wasn't I?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. You loved her."

"Rats! She vamped me good and proper. If she was as good a vamp on the screen as she is off I'd have made a fortune out of her, but—Winnie, well, she's just impossible."

"Professionally?"

"Domestically."

"Oh!"

"You don't suppose I'd let the fact that she can't act, never could and never will—stand in the way of our life-long happiness! I'd push her regardless of ability—if that's what she wanted. No. It wasn't that. After she had made her purely commercial marriage contract with me—she just couldn't stick to it, that's all. You know, Win, some women pay for marrying without love. Irene has."

"Why, Larry, it seems impossible. You were both crazy about each other—enough to brave all the scandal that went with our divorce. No girl relishes being a correspondent you know, unless the result means everything to her."

"IT meant her name in electric lights," he answered with a trace of bitterness.

Winifred smiled and sighed.

"Well, Larry dear—I don't see why she couldn't have learned to love you." He returned her smile.

"You're being funny."

"Far from it," she discounted with a pretty gesture of her hand. "Everyone else loves you."

"You don't."

"I've had my innings."

"Yours is all dead and buried—and never can be dug up?" There was a restrained eagerness in the question. She nodded.

"Indeed, yes! It's buried under six

feet of earth and the grass is green and there are flowers blossoming on top of it."

There was a pause. Then Larry crushed his cigarette into the tray.

"Don't think I'm whining, Winnie—but, God, I'd give a million this minute if you hadn't divorced me."

"But, Larry, you wanted me to."

He raised furious eyes.

"Why didn't you refuse to do it? You loved me then."

"You didn't love me."

"Of course I did," he contradicted irritably. "I was infatuated with Irene, that's all—and you should have seen that I was."

Winifred stared. Then she laughed, ripplingly, adorably. Her eyes sparkled with the tears of her mirth and her upper lip trembled in the way he had loved.

"Oh, Larry, forgive me, but you are still your inconsistent self."

He leaned across the table with a certain tenseness. "Is there—someone else?"

"Not yet. The flowers have bloomed. They are beautiful now and waiting for someone to pick them," she said with gay wistfulness.

"THEN these stories I've heard about you falling in love—aren't true?" he asked.

She laughed again at his boldness.

"The nerve of the creature is astounding! Of course they're true. I've been in love scores of times since I left you," she admitted flippantly.

His jaw set.

"You wouldn't have spoken like that three years ago," he accused.

"Then—I've changed?"

"A lot. The magazines have hinted that you haven't been the same since our divorce; that it was grief—"

"At first it was," she admitted frankly, attacking the chicken salad "but, after a while I grew to like the new me. I thought she was much more interesting than that demure youngster with the impossible ideals."

"That's a reproach, but I deserve it." He caught her beautiful, ringed fingers—the fingers that, on the screen, could talk. "Did I make that little youngster suffer terribly?"

"Rather terribly, Larry."

"I was a brute. You were wonderful to me, Winnie. Is—is there any chance at all for me to pick the flowers from that grave, dearest?" His voice was husky.

She regarded him steadily.

"Not the least bit of a chance, Larry," she said gently.

He released her hand and downed in one gulp his drink, then he said hoarsely, "Come on. Let's dance."

He held her close and her hair brushed his lips—that gleaming, copper-hued hair. He didn't speak. The orchestra jazzed Irving Berlin's latest with their bodies as well as their instruments. Couples swirled about them; beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men. They were all scrupulously proper. One would not have imagined that elemental passions were concealed behind their lovely insouciance.

Larry's embrace tightened. She felt his fingers through the georgette of her gown.

SHE lifted her eyes, so close to his. "Be careful, honey," she chucklingly warned. "Do you want to start a scandal?"

(Continued on page 128)



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Beautiful Things Never Last

(Continued from page 127)

"Winnie," he gritted, his eyes darkening. "We were happy once. Won't you take a chance—once more? We might make a go of it this time. I wouldn't be the one to renig."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling," she pouted. "You're lonesome and a little disappointed about Irene. Any woman would do."

He missed a step in the intricate routine.

"No! No!" he cried fiercely. "Winnie—I love you. Only you. I've never loved anyone else."

"Sounds like old times."

"Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart. Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you. If I could take back what I've done, I'd give my life—but we can only learn. Do you suppose I haven't dreamed of you since we separated? I've been to see every one of your releases—like an avid picture fan. I've longed for you—but I was ashamed to go near you. If I hadn't met you tonight by chance, I'd probably never have had the courage to make this proposal. But, seeing you again—Winnie, I don't want to live without you."

"Larry, you're hurting me!"

"Marry me again. Please, Winnie—I beg you."

SHE turned her head away.

"I can't," her voice came to him faintly above the din.

"Why? Why?"

"It's—over, Larry I don't love you."

"Let me see you often. I made you love me before. I can again."

"No."

"There's someone else then!" he accused savagely.

"No—"

"That leading man you've had in your last three pictures. A nobody that you've put on the map. I might have known."

"There's nobody, Larry. Please don't look so ferocious. There's a reporter from *The American* over there. He's been eyeing us intently for the last five minutes and tomorrow it'll be all over the country that you frowned."

"Damn the reporters! Damn the public!" said Larry darkly.

The dance ended. They separated and mechanically applauded for the encore, but when the orchestra began "Body and Soul" Winifred whispered, "I don't want to dance any more."

"Finish this out."

"Promise to stop making love to me?"

"No!"

She sighed.

"All right. I suppose I can stand it if you must."

They again began their almost stationary steps.

"IT'S heaven—having you in my arms," he said. "Oh, Winnie, I don't mind you taking such delight in punishing me. I'm willing to pay all my life—but let me pay to you."

"I'm—sorry, Larry—"

"That's—that's your final answer?"

"My final answer," she echoed.

She felt his convulsive grip on her arm; then the eyes of the crowd were upon them. Their exhibition of the terpsichorean art dwarfed even the



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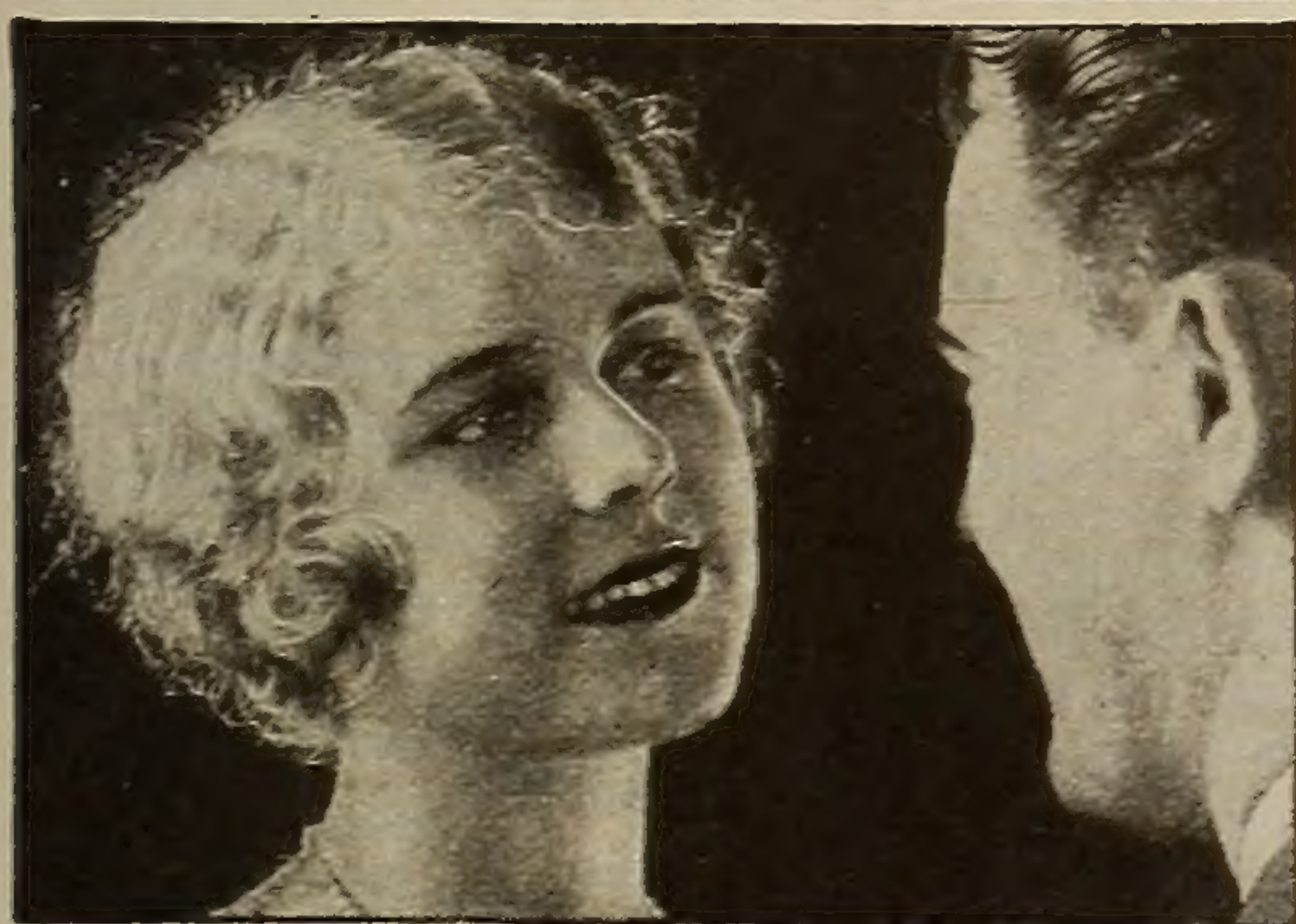


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roof's most noted habitués. Graceful, young, happy and breathless, they moved as one. The reporter took out his fountain pen.

Larry was smiling when they returned to their table. The muscles of his face were twitching spasmodically and there was something in his eyes that made her look away, but he poured drinks from his flask, and lifting his glass, cried:

"Let's drink to the love that has gone, sweetheart! I didn't mean to make you sad. Smile again. Come on. You know, the smile I used to love? That's it! Why, Winnie—what is it?"

For a tear had rolled unbidden down her round cheek and her lips were trembling as she set her glass down, untouched.

"I—I can't," she faltered.

"You mean—you don't want to drink?"

"I mean—it's—it's useless trying to pretend."

"What?"

"That—that I'm drinking to a love that has gone. It—it hasn't gone—"

"Winnie, you mean—you will care?"

"I'VE always cared!" she said with sudden passion. "I've played around—trying to forget. It's no use. You've made a fool of me again. I'll go with you—but you'll tire of me again."

"Winnie, look at me—"

"A pretty face—a little flattery—and you'll go away—"

He was shaking her by the hands.

"Winnie—don't!"

"I love you—but I wish to God I didn't."

"Winnie, look at me."

And in his eyes she saw something never there before—not even on the day they were married, four years ago.

She was crying now, and quivering.

"Larry," she whispered. "You mean it?"

"You know I do."

"You'll never change?"

"No! No!"

"Then, Larry—I'll—I'll elope with you."

"When?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Tonight."

"You darling!"

"Come on. Let's go!" she cried, gathering her cloak about her. "Jersey—or Greenwich?"

Tenderly he helped her with her cloak and for a moment she snuggled her chin against his hand. Then she started precipitantly around the room.

"Hey there!" Steve called. "What's the verdict, Winnie? And say good-bye to your air friends too."

Winnie raised her voice, her eyes luminous.

"Hello again, ladies and gentlemen," she said. "I thought perhaps you'd be interested to know that Mr. Larry Conroy and I are announcing our engagement." She paused a moment to squeeze Larry's hand and to glory over his flushed countenance. "This date is going to be my anniversary," she continued. "The anniversary of my wedding. Good-bye."

The reporter scribbled on a piece of paper:

"Winnie Conroy radiant as she leaves Marlborough Roof on the arm of Laurence Conroy. We are glad, because we always thought theirs an ideal partnership, until Larry ran amuck. But, from the expression on Larry's face, we have a hunch that this time it is going to take. Here's to you, Conroys!"

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HOLLYWOOD'S OWN COOKING PAGE

What the famous stars like to make, eat and serve their friends. A favorite recipe, contributed by a star, is featured every month on this newest service page of

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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If you want your baby to be happy and contented all thru the teething period, try this simple, harmless way that ends teething pains within 1 minute. Just rub Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the little sore, inflamed gums and watch how quickly baby quiets down or breaks into happy smiles.

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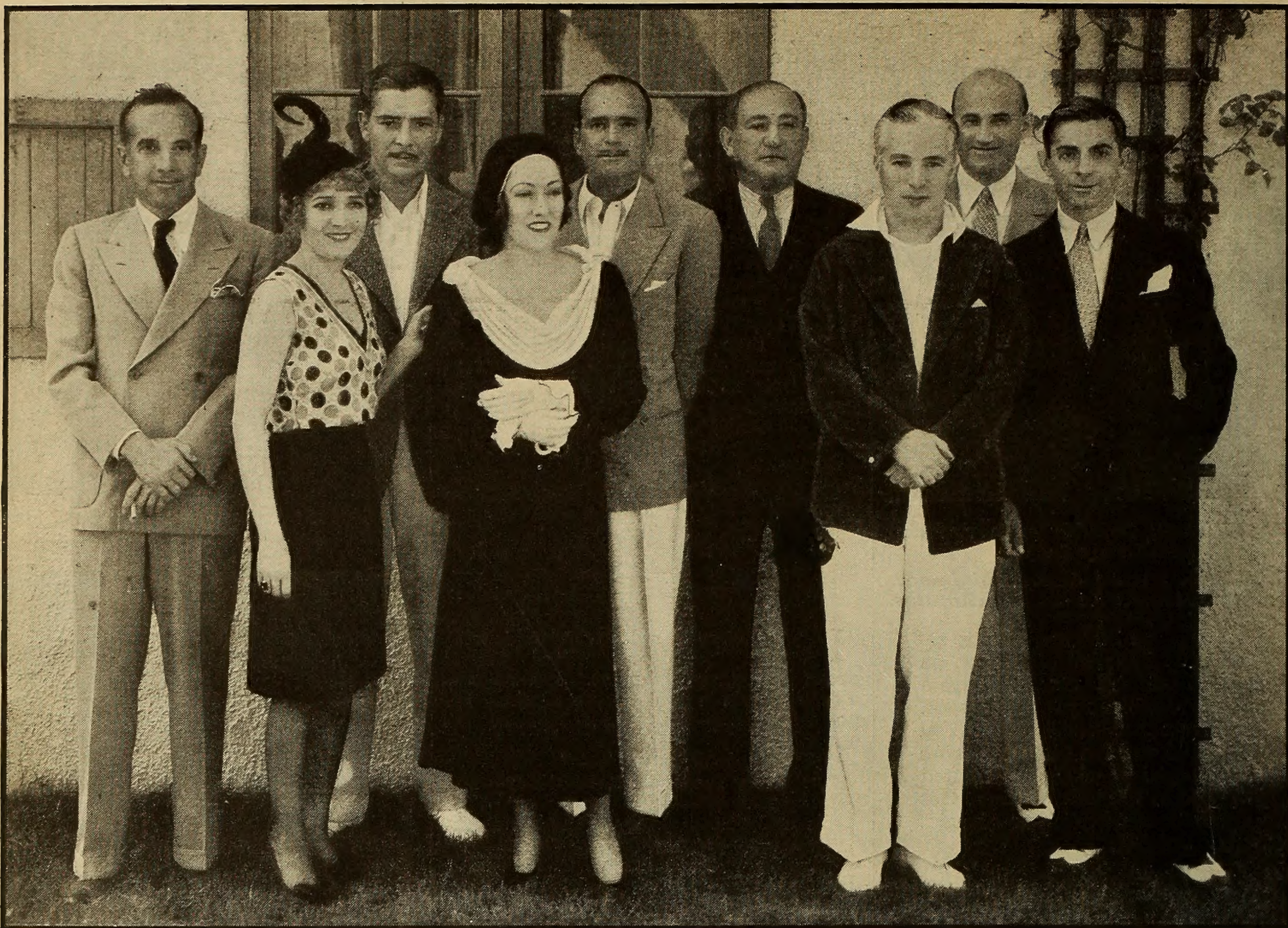
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Here is a rare photograph for your collection. It is a brand NEW picture of all the United Artists stars. These celebrated players always refuse to be photographed for portraits. Chaplin hasn't had a portrait study made in years, Doug and Mary are almost as bad, and the rest are camera dodgers, too. But here you have them all. Left to right, Al Jolson, Mary Pickford (in "Kiki" costume), Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson, Doug Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists and husband of Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, and Eddie Cantor.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

be satisfied until she is with us again. Please, Mr. Howe, tell her how much we love her and that we want her to return. . . ."

I did try to tell Pola how much I, you, we love her but she said I must wait until her divorce is final as they are very strict about such things in France.

Beauty Is Beauty: Marjorie Beaver of 110 Mulberry Street, Danville, Pennsylvania, thinks the interviewers of stars are just as important or more so than the stars themselves and so is collecting the photos of her favorite writers.

I quite agree with Miss Beaver, if not more so, but I'm one of those mean horses like Rex and Gene Tunney. The only time I've been made to see the birdie since an infant was when the U. S. Government pleaded for my likeness on a passport, putting it in such a way that I couldn't very well refuse. I suggest, Miss Beaver, that you send to Buddy Rogers, for whom I've often been mistaken, or for that matter to Stu Erwin.

An Ungodly Comment: I am reprimanded by Bernela Marie Darivage of

Toledo, Ohio, for a remark about Ramon Novarro. My comment, which she encloses, is: "Ramon Novarro tells an interviewer that when he marries he wants a woman whose faith is so great that when he tells her one thing and her eyes tell her another she will still believe him. Ramon doesn't want to be a husband, he wants to be a god. Which of course is a far more commendable ambition."

You are quite right, Miss Darivage. But the blame lies not with me but with an irreligious editor or proofreader who ruined my comment by inserting an "a" in front of the "god." Please don't misunderstand.

Death, Where Is Thy Sting? "Have just been reading in another motion picture magazine what your boy friend Ramon Novarro wants for a wife," says Miss Kathleen Greene of 2660 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia. "Next time you see him tell him to go out to the cemetery and dig her up."

Oh-oh, Kathleen, you'd better not let Miss Darivage hear you say that or you are liable to be the one dug up. And what did the poet say—"Then Heaven would be earth enow . . ."? Or was it vice versa?

Dangerous Intoxicants: My particular fan friend, Lillian Johnsonne, 5009 Sherbrooke Street, Vancouver, writes: "I see you have made good use of your time in Paris, calling upon princesses and the like. And I suppose you did not contemplate just how joyously your news, that there was another prince (Pola Negri's) roaming unclaimed, would be received. But what's the use? Constance Bennett will probably snap him up as soon as she hears he is in circulation. . . ."

Miss Johnsonne then declares that for her Chevalier is like a cup of good hot coffee while Novarro is a sip of wine, and while the coffee warms her the sip of wine—oh, oh! She ends with:

"In closing will ask of you one favor (no, I don't want any autographed photos, thank you, but simply this): Please don't get *too* sophisticated."

What about yourself, Lillian? . . . You and your hot coffee and sip of wine! . . . You know very well that neither is good for you. . . . And one thing leads to another, etc.

HAVE JUST SEEN MARLENE DIETRICH IN "MOROCCO" AND AM INSTANTLY RETURNING TO HOLLYWOOD TO JOIN THE FOREIGN LEGION. HERB.

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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. August Heckscher to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Heckscher appears on this page.

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